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NEVER PROHIBITION AGAIN

by ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, JR.

PROHIBITION is attempting to stage a comeback. Under the guise of wartime necessities, the dry forces have launched the same kind of campaign that brought about the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment after the last war.

One spokesman of the prohibition cause was quoted in the press only a few months ago as promising: "When prohibition comes in as a temporary wartime measure, that will give us a chance to rally our forces and nail it down permanently." The strategy of the prohibition movement, as he frankly stated it, is first, to try to dry up all military camps and establishments; second, to dry up all war industrial areas; and third, to dry up the entire country.

The first phase of the campaign is already well under way. Almost two years ago the late Senator Sheppard introduced in the United States Senate a bill to ban the sale of all alcoholic beverages in military camps and reservations and also in the surround-

ing communities within a "reasonable distance." The prohibition forces of the country have mobilized behind this legislation, and Congress has since been receiving a steady stream of resolutions, petitions, and letters urging its enactment. Hardly a day goes by in Congress without some member's rising to request that a new batch of petitions or resolutions on the subject be entered in the *Congressional Record*.

When the American people fell before the blitzkrieg of the prohibition forces twenty-five years ago, the circumstances were strikingly similar to the situation prevailing at the present time. For that reason, there is ominous portent in the recent effort to secure passage of the Sheppard bill by attaching it as an amendment to the last draft bill. This parallels one of the first moves of the prohibition campaign in 1917. Only a month after the introduction of the Eighteenth Amendment in Congress, legislation was enacted to prohibit the sale of all alcoholic beverages to soldiers.

In 1917, as now, the country was at war. Men and women from all walks of life were sending their sons to serve their country in the armed forces. It was only natural that there should be a deep and genuine concern

The senior Senator from Wisconsin, now in the midst of his third term, ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, JR., is one of the most respected spokesmen for the Middle West and an American whose idealism is of the highest. Parents — and prohibitionists — should take seriously these cautionary words of his, spoken in the nick of time.

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for their welfare and that every effort would be made to provide them with surroundings as clean and wholesome as possible. But in their anxiety and their preoccupation with the ebb and flow of the war tide, the people allowed the fanatics of the temperance movement to lead them away from the principles of temperance. As a result the country was plunged into an era of moral hypocrisy, political corruption, and institutional degeneration stemming from an "experiment" in national repression which proved to be thoroughly unworkable.

Then, as now, there was a growing concern over the necessary conservation of foodstuffs. We could not spare precious supplies of grain for the manufacture of liquor. In this war the Federal government has already stopped the manufacture of distilled liquors and is converting these facilities to the production of industrial alcohol for war purposes.

In 1917, as in 1942, there was a growing exercise of emergency powers by the Federal government, and the people looked to the government to deal with many problems which hitherto had been considered to be matters of local concern. Prohibition was no exception. The long history of reform through state legislation and local option was suddenly abandoned, and prohibition was thrust forward as a national issue requiring national legislation.

Within nine months after the United States entered the World War, the Eighteenth Amendment had passed Congress by the necessary two-thirds majority and was before the States for ratification. Legislation had been enacted to prohibit the manufacture and importation of distilled liquors. The President had been authorized to reduce the alcoholic content of beer and wine, and to limit or prohibit their manufacture.

But this move that started out to provide wartime prohibition ended by saddling the country with it for the following decade. It is of interest that the bill which was to implement previous legislation and make mandatory the ban on the manufacture of beer and wine as a wartime emergency measure became law ten days *after* the Armistice.

The similarity of the deadly parallel be-

tween that campaign and the one now under way should be a warning signal to the country. What happened then may very well happen again, despite the disastrous experience the nation had with prohibition in the twenties.

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Everyone approves the effort to provide wholesome conditions in and around the military training camps to which the nation's youth is being sent. Likewise there can be no quarrel with the aim of encouraging temperance among the men in the armed forces, and among the men and women in civilian life as well. But it was conclusively proved, by ten years of tragic failure after the last war, that prohibition is not an effective approach to temperance, among soldiers or civilians.

Its psychology is wrong. Among young men thrust into a life that puts a heavy premium on the spirit of adventure, an arbitrary ban on all alcoholic beverages will simply add to their temptations. Getting a drink will become an important event instead of the simple and prosaic matter of going to the Post Exchange for a glass of beer or stopping at a tavern in town. Certainly those who remember the days of prohibition and its speak-easies filled with young people enduring the worst kind of alcoholic concoctions, largely because it had become smart to break the law, will recognize the basic error in such tactics.

More than that, there is the serious danger that if the sale of liquor is forced outside the law, it will become allied with organized vice. Those who go in search of liquor — and there will be many — will be forced to find it in the lowest kind of establishments, where other illegal and far more dangerous menaces exist.

The armed forces have been doing a splendid job in controlling moral conditions in and around military areas. They have reduced the incidence of venereal diseases to a level unheard of in the history of any other army in the world. The sickness rate in the United States Army today is 40 per cent less than it was in the last war.

The cases of minor infractions of dis-

cipline, including drunkenness, which come before the summary courts of the Army, have declined 75 per cent compared with the number of similar cases during the last war, in proportion to the size of the Army.

Both the War Department and the Navy Department have told Congress in emphatic terms that any such legislation as proposed in the Sheppard bill or the Lee amendment providing strict prohibition in and around military posts would jeopardize the success of their efforts to build up and maintain morale. Secretary Stimson wrote:—

It is my view and that of the War Department that temperance among soldiers is obtained by the application of practical and tolerant measures, from education, supervision, and restriction rather than from flat prohibition. The sale of beer on the military reservations during restricted periods in our belief facilitates self-control and discourages excesses. Prohibit this and those who desire such beverages will inevitably resort to the speak-easies and bootleggers outside the military reservation. From my own experience as Secretary of War many years ago, the so-called canteen legislation then passed produced similar disastrous effects.

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The issue does not stop there, however; nor is it intended to stop there. If prohibition is to be foisted onto the unwilling backs of the men in the armed forces, it will be necessary, under the legislation proposed, to enforce prohibition in some of the largest metropolitan centers of the country where servicemen go for their recreation away from camp. It will mean prohibition for New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, New Orleans, to mention only a few. It will mean prohibition in every American port where American sailors are stationed.

There is no justification for singling out the men in the armed forces as special objects of prohibition. If prohibition is good for them, it is good for civilians. If it cannot be enforced among civilians, it cannot be enforced among servicemen.

There are problems that arise in military areas that require regulation, but the military authorities have ample power to deal with them and are doing so in a practical

and matter-of-fact way that is understood and respected by the men in service.

However, for the folks back home to attempt to legislate for soldiers standards of conduct which they are not prepared to accept for themselves will only arouse contempt from the men in the armed forces. Free Americans, especially vigorous and young Americans, are bound to resent this kind of moral paternalism.

It would be a great mistake to arouse the animosity of millions of young men who will be serving the colors in this war, by inaugurating prohibition in their absence and without their consent, as we did in the last war. I can testify from my personal contact with my contemporaries after they came back from the last war that if there was one thing, above all others, that they resented, it was the nation-wide prohibition that had been inaugurated when they had no opportunity to participate in the decision.

Now it is proposed as an entering wedge, without their consent or without even giving them a chance to be heard, that prohibition be applied to the men who are being asked to die for this country.

These soldiers are our boys. They come from our homes. We have brought them up and given them their fundamental training and character. Now we are calling them to do a man's job. To do it they must be men, not children, and we owe it to them to recognize them as men who have the judgment and self-control to conduct themselves accordingly.

The real issue then is whether or not we are going to embark upon another prohibition experiment similar to the one launched during the last war. On that issue there should only be one answer.

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For thirteen years this country grappled with the prohibition law, and finally threw it overboard with a great feeling of relief in 1933. Throughout that unfortunate period the unenforcibility of the prohibition law threatened the effectiveness of all law.

The Wickersham Commission appointed by President Hoover in 1929 made an ex-

haustive investigation of conditions produced under prohibition. The report of the Commission and the record of data presented to it should give pause to anyone now seeking a repetition of that sad experience. As the Wickersham report pointed out, the basic difficulty of prohibition enforcement is the fact that "settled habits and social customs do not yield to legislative fiat." It continued: "Lawmaking which seems to overturn such habits and customs, even indirectly by cutting off the sources of satisfying them, necessarily approaches the limits of effective legal action."

The ineffectiveness of prohibition in reducing the use of alcoholic beverages was obvious. As the Commission reported, the available statistics on the question indicated "that after a brief period in the first years of the amendment there has been a steady increase in drinking."

The serious implications of widespread disregard of the prohibition law were stressed in these words:—

To the serious effects of this attitude of disregard of the declared policy of the National Prohibition Act must be added the bad effect on children and employees of what they see constantly in the conduct of otherwise law-abiding persons. Such things and the effect on youth of the making of liquor in homes, in disregard of the policy, if not of the express provisions of the law; the effect on the families of workers of selling in homes, which obtains in many localities; and the effect on working people of the conspicuous newly acquired wealth of their neighbors who have engaged in bootlegging are disquieting. The widespread and scarcely or not at all concealed contempt for the policy of the National Prohibition Act, and the effects of that contempt, must be weighed against the advantages of diminution (apparently lessening) of the amount in circulation.

Between 1920 and 1933 the bootlegger became a national institution. Disregard for the prohibition law encouraged disregard for other laws. Racketeers and gangsters were given a new and highly lucrative traffic that was accepted and even encouraged by the most substantial element of our citizenry. The public winked at political corruption connected with the lack of prohibition enforcement. Our courts were bogged down with liquor cases and were therefore unable to give proper attention to other more important crimes.

Where once the Federal law had won the respect of the criminal world, the farce of prohibition made Federal law enforcement an object of scorn and ridicule. Another quotation from the Wickersham report emphasizes the importance and seriousness of this aspect of our experience in this field. Before prohibition, "the professional criminal, who sometimes had scanty respect for state tribunals, was careful so to conduct himself as not to come within the jurisdiction of the Federal courts. The effect of the huge volume of liquor prosecutions which has come to these courts under prohibition has injured their dignity and impaired their efficiency, and endangered the wholesome respect for them which once obtained."

Since repeal in 1933 we have come a long way in rebuilding the prestige of Federal law and law enforcement. It would be a tragic blunder to risk another fiasco, especially at this critical time when democratic government is being tested to the limit. We cannot afford to start again the cancer of corruption eating at the vitals of democracy and law enforcement under prohibition. In a troubled post-war world, democracy cannot stand such an added burden and strain.

THE AGE OF ALCHEMY

by GARET GARRETT

I

STATED simply, the one most important institution in our complex scheme of material civilization — universal in it — is breaking up before our eyes. World War I rocked it to its foundations; World War II may well finish it. The name of that institution is international trade.

People will always be free, we suppose, to exchange with one another unlike and unique goods, and may find endless satisfaction in doing it. What we speak of here is international trade regarded as a necessity.

In its origin there was no element of necessity, or hardly any, except in special regional cases. The spirit was adventure, the motive was profit, the method was one of ruthless exploitation of the innocents. The fact of necessity evolved, and as it evolved the profit declined, until profit alone — private profit — was not enough to sustain it; whereupon governments began to take foreign trade out of the hands of private traders to control it for political ends and to subsidize it with public funds, because at last the necessity had become vital, and was of this kind: —

First, that a people who had abandoned agriculture for industry were obliged to import food and raw materials in exchange for manufactured goods, in order to live.

Second, that as the machines of the industrial nations multiplied, the output of manufactured goods came to be more than could be absorbed by the people who produced only food and raw materials and had gener-

ally a low standard of living. Then came the specter of surplus and unemployment in the industrial nations and the struggle among them to sell their similar and competitive machine wares in one another's markets. At the same time, each put up tariff barriers against the others; that is to say, each was trying to invade the markets of the others while desperately defending its own.

At the beginning of the modern machine age, Adam Smith, writing on the uses of foreign trade, said: "The land and labor of Great Britain produce generally more corn, woollens, and hardware than the demand of the home market requires. The surplus part of them, therefore, must be sent abroad and exchanged for something for which there is a demand at home. It is only by means of such exportation that this surplus can acquire a value sufficient to compensate the labor and expense of producing it."

This was about 1776. If we have the faintest idea of what the standard of common living was at that time in England, we know that there was no surplus of human satisfactions. The same labor, land, and capital that produced what Smith calls a surplus might have been employed to produce more of the goods people wanted at home instead of goods they had to send away. At least, that was true then. We know also that the goods they sent away did not all come back in the form of things the people wanted; a great part of what was exported took the form of investments in foreign countries — tramways, railroads, docks, London façades in Shanghai and Hong Kong.

The kind of trade Adam Smith was talking about was trade for profit, and the profit

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was so great that England sacrificed her own agriculture to industry. In a little while there was no more surplus corn to sell (corn in the Old World meaning small grains, not maize). Instead, she found herself importing not only the materials of food for human consumption but the raw materials her machines devoured. In a little while more her "umbilical cords" ran to every part of the world; and since these cords were vital to her preferred way of existence she had to protect them. In order to protect them she had to control the seas.

The system worked very well and was wonderfully profitable so long as she had what amounted to a world monopoly of machine craft. The first nation to threaten that monopoly was Germany. The second was the United States. At the outbreak of World War I, these were the three principal industrial nations of the world; Japan was coming.

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One effect of the war was that the machine went migrating. Every intelligent nation wanted machines of its own, because, in the first place, it was seen that a nation with no industrial power of its own was helpless in time of war, even as a neutral; and, secondly, there was no longer any doubt that a people who produced only food and raw materials for export, and exchanged them for manufactured goods, tended to become fixed in the inferior economic status, with a low standard of living. Thus, new machine industry became apparitional all over the world; and no sooner had a country found its own way with machines than it began to want markets for a surplus of competitive machine products and a favorable balance of trade.

At a luncheon in London, Lord Astor turned to me, saying: "Do you know, as a result of the war many countries now have industries that are not entitled to have them." My answer was to ask: "How does an Englishman determine what countries are entitled to have industry?"

Besides the countries that now had industries of their own for the first time, the three principal industrial countries had enormously increased their capacity during the

war, especially Germany and the United States; and meanwhile, Japan had arrived.

Such were the conditions under which Great Britain argued that even if she could afford to pay her war debt to the United States Treasury, we could not afford to receive payment. Why was that? Because she would have to pay us in competitive industrial products — in textiles, machinery, and hardware; and if we took such goods from her, what should we do with the American labor that was employed in producing like goods — not only enough for the American market, but a surplus for sale in foreign markets? If she should sell her goods elsewhere in the world to get the money to pay her debt to the United States Treasury, it would come to the same thing, for she would be taking away our customers.

What we did was to raise our tariffs against all foreign manufactures, those of England included, to keep them from displacing American goods in the American market; and then we loaned Europe eight or ten billions with which to buy the surplus product of American industry. All of those billions we lost. Worse still, a very large part of what we loaned to Europe and lost there in the 1920's was used to increase the industrial capacity of Europe, both in countries that had industry before, like Germany, and in others like Poland and Czechoslovakia. We were buying competition for ourselves.

And yet, because the political and financial ruin of international trade was an event the world was not prepared to face, all this immense absurdity was passed over.

The idea of economic self-containment now runs in bad company. It is associated with political isolationism. But we are not discussing self-containment as an idea or an ideal. We are trying to look at what has happened to international trade, and at the impending ruin of it; and if this does at length force the world into several great regions of self-containment, the people inhabiting those regions need be no more isolated from one another than farmers who lived side by side on the kind of farm plot that once was natural and ideal, beginning at the stream and running to the top of the next hill. Each farmer had, therefore, water, pasture, low-

land, upland, and on the hillside his woodlot. But he was not, by reason of this perfect self-containment, isolated from his neighbors.

With the profit gone out of it, and with the supply of docile people willing to perform the drudgeries of its primary production coming to an end, one would say that international trade had outlived itself; but one would say also that if the necessity for it were vital a way would be found to go on with it. Let it be a question of survival for the industrial people, of living or not living, and such a thing as profit really does not count.

But if the vital necessity is in a state of decline, tending to disappear, then the ruin of international trade as we have known it, and as we continue to think of it, is very clearly indicated. The startling premonition that this may be so has its strange occasions.

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Not long before Pearl Harbor, reflecting on what might be the next state of the world and what we should do with a conquered Japan, I was turning the pages of the *Japan Times Weekly*, especially the advertising pages, for it was a number devoted to foreign trade, and there were the things Japan was going to make and sell all over the world at competitive prices, save in Asia; she would enclose Asia from competition in order to sell them there on her own terms. What things? Well, all the things she once bought from the machine people of the West before she learned how to make them, first for herself and then for export. And these are the things, moreover, that the Western machine people still want to sell in the East: for example, machinery, tools, hardware, electrical equipment, glass, perfumes, pharmaceuticals, chemicals, motorcars, garage equipment, guns and munitions, typewriters, plastics, rayon, cotton goods, agricultural implements, surgical instruments, optical goods, engines of all kinds, tires and rubber goods, wire cable, leather belting, and so on and on. And for nearly all these things Japan has to think first of importing the raw materials.

In the same number of the magazine there was a continuing discussion of the Greater Asia Co-prosperity Plan. Under this plan

the inferior people will be the hewers and drawers — and the “inferior” people are all others than the Japanese. Thus, from China, there will come to Japan coal and ore; and perhaps the culture of the silkworm, as seeming now to be below the dignity of an overlord people, will be transferred from Japan to China. From what was French Indo-China, rice, corn, and rubber will come to Japan. From Thailand, rice, rubber, lumber, and lac. From what were the Dutch East Indies, rubber, sugar, tea, tobacco, copra, and oil. From the Philippines, sugar, hemp, tobacco, and more lumber. Food for the Japanese and raw materials for their machines. Five or six hundred millions of Chinese, Javanese, Malays, and Balinese performing the tasks of primary production for ninety millions of Japanese; and for the Japanese, industry, banking, shipping, administration, profit, power, empire.

There is nothing new in this plan, save only that it is Japanese — that is, it is Japan doing to Asia what the West did to the East. Nor is there anything new in the naïve Japanese words: “In this way the relationship will become one of give-and-take, and will benefit both parties.”

But there was a Japanese editor, too, thinking his own thoughts, as an editor sometimes will; and suddenly all this grand thesis collided with something the Japanese propaganda bureau had not put in his mind — namely, the premonition we spoke of. He did not intend this to happen. It was as an accident. He was writing an editorial about what would happen to Japan if the United States stopped buying her silk, and he said, defiantly: “As the United States believes it is ready to do without much or most of its silk, by the substitution of nylon, this country also has to learn to do without some of the things which silk dollars could buy. Synthetic methods are not confined to one country.”

And from there he went headlong to the accident. “The growing power of chemistry,” he said, “is doing much to provide the have-not countries with the products they need, even as Germany has been able to make a synthetic rubber of great practical value, whose quality is improving monthly.

No research or manufacturing chemist to-day would hesitate to predict that most countries, in a not too distant time, will be able to find all the essential things in their own back yards. There will be merely the necessity to pass soil and rocks through machines or processes for the recovery of wanted materials. The outlook offers a distant solution to the problem of international trade. It should not be necessary for a country, in order to live, to send its manufactures to distant lands or to import the necessities.²²

Now what had he said? If it were true, then neither the China affair, as they speak of it, nor the contemplated total conquest of Asia and the South Pacific which was about to begin, could be regarded as a rational adventure. There was pride of idea in what he had written; he believed it. Yet what would the censor say?

Therefore he added this: "Japan in due time will have to find her opportunities within her own economy, but the situation today demands interim measures such as the government is working out."²³

Here is, perhaps, the strangest thing that was ever defined: an interim war; a war belonging not to the future but to the past; a war not to perpetuate international trade but only to keep it alive for a while.

This consternation of doubt, taking place in the mind of a Japanese editor, is merely a vivid and unexpected exhibit. The economic thought of the world is in the same way stultified. When the war is over, shall we have to scrap our synthetic rubber industry, keeping only a few plants to remember it by in case we need it again? And if so, why? In order that we may go on buying natural rubber in Asia, for unless we do go on buying rubber in Asia, instead of making it for ourselves, it will be very bad for international trade and ruinous for the people of Asia who have learned to live by rubber — to say nothing of our friends, the Dutch and English, who own the rubber plantations.

We can now begin to make out dimly the economic evolution that is taking place. We are passing from the age of machine techniques to the age of alchemy. It is a momentous event. Future and past are in conflict. One remembers the saying of Walter

Bagehot, on history, that many times it had seemed that people were about to make a great step forward, they had prepared for it, they knew what they were doing and where they were going; then they had looked back, and did not advance.

If one takes the Anglo-American projection to be authentically represented by the Atlantic Charter, the system of lend-lease agreements touching the world that shall come after, the Hull Doctrine, the apocalyptic economics of Henry Wallace, the guilt theme of Sumner Welles, the Report of the London Chamber of Commerce on the General Principles of a Post-War Economy, and what may be called the British Confession by Sir Stafford Cripps, one will see that it begins with contrition and proceeds from a certain assumption as to what was wrong with the world before. Those who mainly controlled the raw-material resources of the earth were too selfish, too much concerned with their own profit, too unmindful of the needs of others. That was wrong. That was why international trade became a moral and economic nightmare. Hereafter it must be different. Nations must learn to think not only of themselves but of one another, too; and all people must have access to raw materials and markets according to their needs.

All of this, says the other side, is Devil's holy water. The aggressor mentally assumes that those who control the sources of raw material will be selfish and heedless. What is possession for? Sources of wealth are not to be shared. They are to be exploited by those who are strong enough to take them.

But what is left out — missing both from the Anglo-American projection and from the brutal aggressor thesis — is the fact of economic evolution.

4

As we pass from the age of techniques to the age of alchemy — if we do — we shall cease to think of raw materials as deposits of solar energy that must be dug out of the earth's crust, or as a kind of plant life that will flourish only in a certain place. The sources will be such as no one can conquer, possess exclusively, or exploit selfishly.

In forgotten textbooks, one finds that less

than a hundred and fifty years ago the political and economic thought of the world was sunk in gloomy meditation on the food supply. A man named Malthus had written a treatise in which he demonstrated what was then a fact — namely, that population in a natural way tended to increase much faster than the food supply. The number of arable acres was a limited quantity, not by any means increasable, whereas the impulse of the human species to reproduce itself knew no limit. If this were true, then the human race was doomed to be limited by a tragic fringe of misery and starvation, unless it could think of a way to limit itself by continence. The reason no one could reason away this doctrine of Malthus was that no one could imagine what was going to happen.

It was not that vast areas of virgin land were opening, as in North America; there would soon be an end to that and the situation would be again as it was, according to the Malthus formula. Primitive agriculture was passing; scientific agriculture was coming. Knowledge was increasing. The application of scientific thought to agriculture, plus modern transportation, so increased the power of man to bring forth food from the earth and to make it available that in the hundred years after Malthus population increased as it had never increased in any century before; and the more it increased, the more food there was, to the absurd point of surplus.

From this unpredictable solution of the food problem there was a tremendous release of human energy. The measure of it may be imagined from the fact that in two generations the amount of human energy necessary to be spent in agriculture fell at least one half. That is what made the industrial age possible. Otherwise it could not have arrived. The labor for it could not have been spared from agriculture.

But with the rise of modern industry appeared a new kind of food problem. There was a new stomach to fill. Machines had to be fed. They devoured raw materials insatiably. And as it had been once supposed that the human food supply was limited by what the art of primitive agriculture could produce from an inexhaustible number of

acres, so, when we began to worry about enough raw materials to feed the machines, it was supposed that the supply of these was limited, too. A coal mine here, an oil well there, a kind of tree that would flourish only in a certain climate — and whoever owned the coal mine and the oil well and the area where the tree grew could feed their own machines and starve the machines of rival people. So there came to be a Malthusian doctrine of raw materials, and it was implicit in the power politics of the world.

Like the original Malthusian doctrine, this one was true in the making — true, that is to say, in relation to the then state of knowledge. Today it is true mainly for the reason that we continue to think and behave as if it were, war being one form of that *as if* behavior. In a little while, if we advance, not only will it not be true: it will be remembered as a superstition. Already we know better. The disparity between what we know and what we do is the supreme tragedy.

Liberating knowledge — it is scientific knowledge we speak of — does not come as revelation. It grows by accretion. Its beginnings very often seem frivolous.

What happened to the ivory trade? Man wanted more and more ivory, especially for billiard balls, and the supply was failing. It would not pay to cultivate elephants for the tusks; besides, it was perhaps impossible ever to get enough that way. Where did ivory come from? Not from the elephant, really, but from what the elephant ate. What the elephant ate was grass. Therefore, ivory was from grass. The elephant was merely a natural chemical works, converting something that was in grass into a thing called ivory. Even then one might have been sure that when the demand for more ivory, or for something that would do in place of it, became very urgent, so that the incentive was high, a brooding chemist would begin to think like that and end by finding what that something was, in the grass the elephant ate, that made ivory. At any rate, that happened. He found it. And then it was possible to do purposefully in an artificial laboratory what the elephant does naturally without knowing how. After that there were plenty of cheap billiard balls.

Such, very roughly, was the beginning of plastics, and yet it is only now, under stress of necessity, that we perceive the possibilities of plastics in structural uses, in place of natural raw materials like iron and lumber. Now we begin to see plastic automobiles, plastic airplanes, plastic houses, even to imagine plastic cities and to speak of the plastics age, as once we spoke of the iron age and then of the steel age. And the source of this amazing, versatile material is as free and as wide as air and sunshine.

For many years one of the great driving gears of the international trade machine was named textiles. The people who had invented and perfected textile-making machinery, especially at first the British, imported the raw fibrous materials, such as cotton and wool, made them into cloth, and exported the cloth to all parts of the world. Among the principal buyers were those who produced only the natural fibers and made no cloth for themselves. Anyone looking at this situation might have believed it was permanent. It represented a division of labor between peoples — those who had the suitable areas and climate to produce the fibers and those who had the textile machines to make the cloth. One result was that the common kinds of cloth were very cheap. And how else but by this division of labor and this exchange could the world be well and cheaply clothed?

Then the meddling chemists, with nothing better to do, and only to see if they could, found a way to make textiles without natural fibers — that is, without wool, flax, cotton, or silk. They could make it out of a chemical mess that lay at the cellular base of all plant life; and as they went on, they found they could make it out of coal and air and water, or out of sand. But they needed a machine, too; and impish mechanics obliged them by inventing a machine that is in fact an immense silkworm, to spin their sticky stuff into threads.

For a generation we have been staring, with a kind of stupid wonder, at the prodigious rise of the artificial textile industries, loath to accept the economic implications; so loath, in fact, that governments have subsidized with public funds — what? Not the

artificial textile industries, but the culture of natural fibers, like cotton, because the producers were being damaged by the competition.

5

Until World War I, the first anxiety of any nation thinking of war was about nitrates. Without nitrates high explosives could not be made. The one natural source of this essential material in great quantities was a rainless Chilean desert on the western side of the Andes, where for many ages bird guano had been deposited until there was a bed of it two miles wide, two hundred miles long, and five feet deep. Before World War I, both Germany and England accumulated great piles of this Chilean guano, but not enough. No sooner had they begun to shoot it at one another than they realized that they had greatly underestimated the amount of high explosives they were going to need. The German Navy tried to blockade the Chilean coast, to keep England from getting any more. The British Navy had the same thought at the same time, and won.

Yet all of this was time and energy wasted. When Germany was cut off from the Chilean nitrates, she remembered that her scientists knew a way of filching nitrogen out of the free air. They got from the air all the nitrates they needed for the duration of the war, and since then all nations have been getting their nitrates from the air.

Only two or three years ago it would have seemed that a plan of grand strategy for a mechanized war could be based on rubber alone. No nation without rubber could go far with mechanized warfare. Its system of motor transport would break down. Indeed, Japan's strategy was aimed at getting control of the rubber of Asia. Her success in cutting off both the United States and Great Britain from their principal sources of supply might have been for us a major military disaster. But fortunately, we already knew how to make artificial rubber. We had never done it, but we had the formulas, the chemical knowledge, and the materials. What materials? Petroleum is one. Alcohol is another. Petroleum comes out of the ground, and we happen to have more of it than anyone else

in the world. But alcohol comes from wheat or corn or potatoes or cane. We can plant and reap it, as much as we need, and so can anyone else. We are going to use both for making rubber; and if the war continues for a year more — that is to say, if the necessity continues — we who were the largest buyers and consumers of rubber from Asia need never buy another pound of it there.

In the same way, a plan of grand strategy might have been based on oil. That in fact was done many times. There was a world struggle for oil. Possession and control of its sources was the great aim of power politics. Before oil it was coal. For nearly a century Britain's superior coal measures were one of her four aces in the game of foreign policy.

Why are coal and oil so important? Because they contain and can be made to release solar energy that was caught and turned cold in the crust of the earth millions of years ago. One is solid. The other is fluid. They are so much alike in chemical nature that both can be made to do the same work. Yet neither coal nor oil is a source of energy. They only store it. The source is sunshine.

What so suddenly invested petroleum with its supreme importance was the arrival of the internal combustion engine. Motor transport and aviation both rest upon it.

Imagine, then, that all the oil wells of the world go dry. There is no more petroleum. In that event, should we have to abandon the internal combustion engine? Should we lose the power of wings and fall out of the sky? Not at all. Two things would happen, both of them relatively simple. The engineers would redesign the engine, and for this redesigned engine the chemist would design the fuel.

You understand, of course, what it means to say the engineers would redesign the engine. They might have to change the length of the piston stroke and the diameter of the cylinder and modify the carburetor, and so on. But do you understand so well what it means to say the chemist would design the fuel? Mark it. For upon that one point the age of alchemy revolves.

Hitherto man has acted on the outwardness of matter as he found it, not upon the

inwardness of it. That is to say, he has accepted matter in its natural forms as nature left it, and has adapted his ends to the limitations of matter in those natural forms. Thus, petroleum as he found it was not the ideal fuel for the internal combustion engine; it was only the most abundant and the most available, and he adapted his engine to it.

Now, however, he acts upon the inwardness of matter, to change the form of it as he likes, so that, instead of adapting his ends to the means, he may adapt the means to his fantastic ends. He finds that matter in any one of its natural forms is what it is because its molecules have a certain internal atomic structure. That fact is no longer final. He can alter the fact.

He has never seen that internal structure of the molecule. Nevertheless, he can draw a picture of it. Then he makes the astonishing discovery that he can change the picture. That is to say, he can redesign the molecule. He can break it down and build it up again to another design; and as he does this to the molecule, the form of matter he wants is bound to appear.

Is it rubber he wants? Suppose there is not enough of it in the natural form or he has been cut off from the source of it. But he knows that rubber is rubber only because its molecules have a certain internal design. All around him is other matter full of molecules that can be redesigned; and when to the molecules of this other matter he has imparted the rubber design, lo! there is the rubber itself.

Is it energy he wants — energy in liquid form that can be carried about in tanks, like petroleum? He may have no petroleum of his own or, again, not enough of it. He notes that sunshine still falls upon the earth as it did when solar energy was being stored in coal and oil. From there he goes on to find that there is an annual catch and store of it in plant life. When he has made alcohol from the plant, he has solar energy again in liquid form. Thus he can reap it in the fields, instead of digging it from the ground.

There is more. Hitherto, when man for his ingenious ends has wanted a material that was very hard or one that was very tough, he has had to find the hardest or toughest sub-

stance that occurred in the natural form and make it do; but now he says only that he wants something that is so hard or something that is so tough, and that it must be able to resist heat and cold to certain degrees, and the chemist undertakes to produce it artificially. When he has produced it he gives it a name, and it is a name strange to nature. Again he has redesigned the molecule, and this time to a pattern nature never thought of.

And now do we know what we mean when we speak of raw materials? Do we mean matter in certain natural forms, as nature made them and where she accidentally put them? Or do we mean just matter, which is everywhere?

Man acting upon his environment to alter it and man acting upon matter to change its forms are as of two different species. Given now the carbohydrates, vegetable oils, the alcohols, sunshine, air, land, and water, it is possible for him to shape matter in whatever form he likes — or nearly so.

What vistas are these, to be widened and lengthened by the necessities of a war which, in so far as it represents a struggle for the sources of natural raw materials and for markets, may be already obsolete in time and meaning! If this time the human enigma does not blow himself off the earth, he may come to a future such as he has not dared to dream of, and, for all his folly, a future of his own making.



ALCHEMY — MASTER OR SERVANT

by HERBERT FEIS and THOMAS L. FINLETTER

I

AT THE end of the last war our government acquired many important German chemical patents and formulas. Our action was felt to be justified by the way in which Germany had used its control to dominate competitors and to serve an aggressive military policy. The energy and success of the American chemical industry in the development of the new processes, and in adding to them, was stimulated by a determination to end our dependence on Germany in the chemical field. It was judged essential that the United States achieve a large measure of independence of foreign supplies of critical chemicals — a judgment clearly vindicated by subsequent events. During the period of development, substantial tariff protection

was deemed necessary to safeguard various new branches of the industry against established foreign competition. The chemical industry, in defense of this need, dramatically emphasized the importance of its products in peace and war.

Its achievements and presentation attracted many who advocated economic self-sufficiency and political isolation as national policies. These sought avidly for proof that it was not *essential* for the United States to trade with the rest of the world. They believed that that fact, if it could be established, should and would be accepted as a governing consideration in our foreign policy; they believed they had found the necessary proof in the new miracles of chemistry. For chemistry, they argued with an urgent glow, enabled us to utilize domestic raw materials in place of various ones which could only be procured from abroad, and to sub-

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stitute new domestic products made of domestic raw materials for various imported products. Further, they calculated that new industrial uses would be created for domestic farm production, thereby absorbing some of our troublesome agricultural surpluses for which we had to seek foreign markets.

Thus it came about that the work of the chemical laboratories and factories was gradually endowed by these advocates with the aim and feeling expressed in the quotation from "The Deserted Village" that the Chemical Foundation placed on the cover page of its widely distributed literature:—

Aid slighted truth; with thy persuasive strain
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blessed;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

Two world wars within a generation have not eliminated the arguments for economic isolation or the assertion that chemistry will deal the blow to trade between nations that the science of the past has failed to do. The declaration is renewed that chemistry is providing the means by which nations can, may, must, or should fulfill Goldsmith's precept; that molecular chemistry is to be the forerunner of molecular economics and politics. For while it is recognized that synthesis is the final stage in chemistry, it is urged that in economic affairs each nation (or it may be region) live its life apart.

In prophetic mood, the bold assertion appears again in Garett Garrett's article in this issue that international trade is finished, ruined, with the explanation that what is meant by international trade is not the exchange of "unlike and unique goods" but international trade *as a necessity*. This, we are told, comes from the fact that we are now passing from the age of machine technique to the age of alchemy — the synthetic and plastic age in which nations will use for all their necessary purposes materials widely and freely available. The prospect exposed to man is that "given now the carbohydrates, vegetable oils, the alcohols, sunshine, air, land, and water" it is possible for him to

shape matters into any form he likes — or nearly so. Startling instances of the revolutionary and new techniques already in use are called to our attention, such as the development of artificial textile fibers as substitutes for cotton, wool, and silk; artificial nitrates which take the place of natural nitrates; synthetic rubber in place of natural rubber; synthetic fuels in place of natural petroleum products.

The consequences of this new mastery of man over matter are not always stated in the same terms. Sometimes we are told that almost all countries of the world *can* or *could* become self-contained; at other times the prediction is somewhat different — that the world *is being forced* into several great though unspecified regions of self-containment. It is unclear as to whether the peoples will have any voice in this matter at all, whether they are to be wholly or only partly in the hands of their chemical geniuses. Such latitude in meaning is usual on the part of prophets. It is also impossible to be certain whether the predicted outcome — the end of international trade — is to be regarded as an ominous or as a forward step in human affairs, though a certain air of welcoming enthusiasm for the growth of self-sufficiency may be detected. Not infrequently an unexpressed political view may affect the scientific conclusions.

2

Like many other important productive applications of new scientific knowledge, the creation and bringing into wide-scale use of synthetics and plastics will have far-reaching consequences. They will lead to great changes in the internal productive activities of countries. They will bring about the decline of some existing trade; create new flows and branches of trade; they will stimulate new capital investments and combinations; they will confront every government with new and important issues in the regulation of its trade with the outside world. They will create new conditions and possibilities in the political and military relations of countries, and quite possibly, in time, foster the merger of small national states into larger units. In short, chemical performance will

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continue to contribute to that whirligig of constant change amid which we seem destined to live. But there is no reason to believe — barring the tragic possibility that the world may be unable to master its problem of change and enter serious permanent decline — that one of the results to be anticipated is the end of international trade.

Since this bold prophecy (which really is advocacy of a common propaganda type — endowing the advocate's desire with the mark of inevitability) sometimes safeguards itself by asserting that it deals only with international trade *regarded as a necessity*, let us first have a look at this safeguarding observation.

It is not easy to measure the realm of necessity; it is largely what the mind and spirit find it to be. The conception of necessity in the poorer countries may be limited to the barest needs for food and shelter. Presumably our judgment must take into account the more progressive productive societies which have achieved a substantial measure of economic well-being and actively desire to improve their methods of production. Presumably also the prophecy is not intended to be a plea for poverty; we are not being asked to turn backward in the course of material progress which has been made possible in such large part by the previous achievements of science. If these be correct assumptions, then the area of necessity to be reckoned with includes all those many products which serve the Western world as food, shelter, comfort, recreation, security, and toil-shortening implements.

Thus viewed, the measure of necessity, as expressed in the desires of peoples, constantly changes; and among peoples of the Western civilizations at least, it ordinarily grows more rapidly than the power of production to satisfy. Extremely poor peoples, hopeless about their power to produce goods that might assure their comfort, take refuge in dreams; but offer to any people the chance to acquire new or greater amounts of useful products and they will soon seize upon it and transmute it into necessity.

Similarly, the persistent urge toward improvement on the part of producers is potentially insatiable. The requirements of

producers for raw materials tend constantly to increase in diversity and amount. Though new knowledge provides raw materials that take the place of some previously in use, the whole course of industrial production has meant an increased search and use for an ever extending variety of raw materials. The steel industry, for example, has now taken to the manufacture of many different kinds of steels in its search for perfection, and for each type of steel it requires different materials. The result has been the use of a greater variety of materials drawn from more points on the globe than ever before. Even the chemical industry, more naturally fitted than most for national economic independence, draws from abroad a greater quantity of raw materials (if we include, as we should, fats and oils and other products of agricultural origin as feeders of the chemical industry) than it did twenty-five years ago. The alchemist's empire has been ever more world-encircling.

3

So much for the safeguarding boundary that is sometimes placed around the argument. Now let us go outside the boundary. Except in the case of the very poorest countries, most trade between nations does not take place because of any *absolute necessity*. This may be the case with very poor countries just because they are very poor, and lack the productive income to exchange anything but absolute necessities. But trade between other countries is very largely a matter not of necessity but of *mutual advantage*. Its basis lies in the fact that each country differs from the rest in resources, skill, cost and price levels, and social arrangements. It takes place because each finds it advantageous to secure many goods and services from the others at a lower cost in terms of working effort and capital than would be required if each endeavored to make these products itself. The economic basis of this interchange — which explains how the division of productive activity between nations ordinarily comes about — is a commonplace of economic analysis set forth in every textbook; it has always been ignored by the advocates of self-sufficiency.

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Trade between nations takes place not only in goods in which they could not possibly be competitive producers, but also in goods partly or wholly, directly or indirectly, competitive. The goods which each country acquires from abroad are not alone those which it could not produce, but also those it could produce only at a most disadvantageous scale of cost, comparatively. The goods which each country sells abroad are not alone those that the buying countries could not produce, but those which the exporting country produces on the most advantageous terms, comparatively.

Where trade is left to be determined by the initiative and calculations of producers and traders, working for profit, this advantage is determined in the competitive market place. Where governments govern or conduct trade, they must recognize the advantage of securing from abroad products made only at much greater cost at home, or sacrifice the advantage. In what measure and direction to permit these advantages to rule, in what measure to supersede them for other ends, economic or otherwise, is the central question of economic foreign policy before all governments. The assignment of determining this, in the light of all pertinent economic and political circumstance, and not merely as an outcome of pressure to shut off imports or indefinitely enlarge exports, is what makes the existence of government officials lively, and their tenure brief.

The international division of productive activity and the consequent exchange of products take place, if permitted, no matter what the nature, no matter what the technical basis, of production. The wider the possible range of production opened up by science, the wider will be the range of possible trading opportunity. The total movement of trade is a matter of national calculation, not one foredestined by the course of technical change, even though technical change always brings about substantial shifts and adjustments in trade by affecting the costs and prices in terms of which the immediate advantage of trade in various commodities are reckoned.

The possibilities of trade are indefinitely great. For it rests ultimately on two exten-

sible types of human desires: first, the desire for the means and equipment for making labor more productive and lessening the burden of toil; second, the desire for things for use. If the results of chemistry or any other science should enable any and all countries to make for themselves any or all of the things that before they had to purchase elsewhere, it is certain that devising minds would immediately seek elsewhere equipment that would make possible a still further improvement in the methods of production, while greedy spirits would simultaneously experience new unsatisfied wants.

In trying to estimate what consequences in the field of international trade are to be expected as a result of the most recent growth in our chemical knowledge, the records of the past may give helpful indication; though admittedly, if the world should prove to be in for a period of prolonged disorder and conflict, the record of the past would prove irrelevant. In earlier periods there also took place numberless steps forward in human ability to rearrange the chemistry of matter. Such were, for example, the gaining of the knowledge of how to make brick, how to refine salt, reduce iron, tan leather; or to take more advanced examples, how to refine petroleum and coal into their many products, and how to use new alloys to improve the quality of steels. Each of these technical advances resulted in important changes in trade movements.

What is clear is that over the long stretch of time the displacements were absorbed in the growing volume of trade interchange that came about as a result of the growing productive capacity of the nations. This stands out particularly in the trade record of the nineteenth century. The course of growth is indicated by the following table:—

WORLD MOVEMENT OF
INTERNATIONAL TRADE

Year	Total Imports and Exports in Billions of Dollars
1840.....	2.8
1860.....	7.2
1880.....	14.8
1900.....	20.1
1913.....	40.4
1939.....	66.7

This was the period of emergence into common use of the telephone, the radio, the automobile and the airplane, the moving picture, many new types of automatic and agricultural machinery. Trade in all the new products of science entered into the rising total. There arose as well an important new trade in the materials and machinery required to construct the manufacturing establishments for new products born of the new scientific knowledge.

The explanation for this rise of trade is the increase of production that occurred, the increase in population thereby sustained, and the constant addition to the number of products in which nations could trade and desired to trade. Given the necessary measure of international order and trust in the world, it would seem contrary to the logic both of experience and of productive development that the new chemical discoveries should have a fundamentally different effect upon trade interchange than the other forms of scientific discovery.

This conclusion may meet doubt in some minds because of haunting fear that all the economic trends of the past have come to a halt; that the ability of nations, at least under our existing economic systems, to improve their economic situation is at an end; that we are at a stage of maturity that is a prelude to decline or stagnation. This is a conception so broad and so complex that we cannot deal with it here. Our conviction is that if the world is freed from the constant fear of war this conception will be proved false conclusively.

4

Since the chemical changes now hailed as revolutionary have to do primarily with the composition of new raw materials, particular note might be taken of prospects in this field. If the chemists' work fulfills the promises now made, it is plain that there will be many changes in the raw materials used in various branches of production and many substitutions. It is plain also that there will result significant shifts in the geographical sources of supply. These in turn will bring about important changes in the key areas of production, both of raw materials and of

finished products, and in the relative importance of different producing localities.

If it should turn out that the important new synthetic materials are made by the use of substances supplied by nature everywhere in virtually unlimited amounts, such as air, water, clay, and salt, a decline in the trade in raw materials between the countries of the world would take place. This would be especially probable if the products that are made out of the new synthetic materials replace others which are consumed in large quantities. If synthetics should take the place of iron ore and the other metallic ores, prove superior to the natural textile fibers, make better coffee than the coffee bean, furnish the sweet nutriment of sugar without the sugar cane, — and so on down the list of our habitual large consumption supplies, — then there might result a substantial decline in the international trade in raw materials. Undoubtedly some of these things or others like them are destined to happen.

But the safer surmise nevertheless is that the flow of international exchange even of raw materials is destined to increase rather than decline. The broad underlying reasons for this judgment have already been indicated; but there are several more particular reasons.

First, various important new synthetic materials and plastics use materials by no means in generous supply everywhere. The judgment should not be misled by a few spectacular instances to the contrary, as, for example, nitrates from the air. The growing list of manufactures from wood-pulp products, including rayon, are accumulating a draft of unprecedented size on the world's forests. New synthetics even more markedly important are derived either because of chemical necessity, or because they are cheaper or more satisfactory, from petroleum or natural gas. It may be predicted with certainty that the world demand for petroleum and world trade therein will grow more rapidly than the synthetic fuels which may replace petroleum in some considerable measure and uses. Coal, which is the important original natural substance relied on for many of the new processes, is found only in limited quantities in some places. The

chemists are looking to alcohol made from various plant growths as the basis both of new fuels and of many other chemical products. Even leaving cost considerations out of account, it would not be easy for many countries to produce the quantities of plant growths that would be required; there are limits to be encountered even in the vegetable kingdom.

Second, unless the risk of war is great and imminent, it is not believed that even those countries that could afford to do so would put aside cost considerations totally; and many will have neither the means nor the industrial capabilities to do so.

The plant required for the production of many of the new synthetic substances and chemicals is in many instances most expensive, and the electric power requirements great. Thus even though the raw substances used may be extremely cheap because of their abundance, it remains to be seen how far many of the new important chemical synthetics and plastics can displace natural products on an approximate competitive basis.

It must be borne in mind that technical knowledge is also operating to bring about a decline in the cost of production of many of the natural products — witness, for example, the marked rise in acreage yield of natural rubber because of improved stock, the notable improvements in the methods of petroleum extraction and most forms of metal mining, and advances in the breeding of wool-bearing sheep. Competition of the new products will spur on further reductions in the cost of production of the natural products, and make for the survival of the more effective producing sources.

These would be offsetting influences enabling the natural products to hold considerable place even in the fields where the new materials have appeared. This would be particularly true if total demand should be enlarged, as is to be anticipated. How enormously that total demand can be enlarged is being demonstrated during this war period with its avid search for all raw materials, natural and synthetic.

Third, to the extent that the new materials may prove themselves cheaper or better

substitutes, the products made therefrom should in turn be available at lower cost. Reductions have already taken place to a certain extent in the case of commodities like radio cabinets, household wares, and automobiles. Such decreases in costs tend to stimulate a greater demand which reflects itself in enlarged raw-material requirements.

So much for the question of the prospective effect of the emergence of synthetics and plastics upon the course of international trade. That is but a fragment of the broad underlying question with which we should be concerned. Implicit though the broad argument may remain in all presentations which look to the use of science to restrict international trade, its meaning is clear: that science should be turned to the achievement of economic isolationism for the United States, as the basis of political isolation.

Ultimately we find ourselves dealing with the fixed conviction that political isolation will lessen the likelihood that the United States will have to concern itself with the world's political difficulties and problems of power. The argument is that if we could make at home all the goods which we need to maintain a proper standard of living, on the one hand we should be released from dependence on foreign supplies; on the other hand we should avoid the irritations and conflicts and uncertainties connected with competition in foreign markets. The advice that is implicit in these quasi-scientific presentations is that we should use the power of the state to achieve this economic independence and then place ourselves behind impregnable fences to enjoy our peaceful plenty.

How difficult of satisfactory fulfillment — even as a matter of organizing production — this would be even for the few most powerful industrial countries like the United States, how impossible it would be for all other countries, we have tried to indicate. And what must be said again is that this is essentially a political argument. It is essentially the same political argument that has been going on for the last quarter-century in this country and elsewhere.

It is not by eliminating commerce or by dodging the persistent fact that we must take our part in the world's affairs that we

can achieve peace. Peace will be achieved, if at all, only by the determination of the common people everywhere that it shall be done, and by the action of our statesmen in making their determination effective. Wise policy will strive to blend a prudent safeguarding of the essentials of national security in the light of the political conditions that prevail, and a great and determined support for the international political and economic arrangements needed to create a peaceful international society.

The economics which may help to improve the material condition of men and maintain their hopes could contribute to the attainment of the end; the economics that threw each country back upon its own resources and left each to struggle to work out its problems alone would tend to defeat the end.

One final comment. The new achievements of science may be turned by nations either towards the cause of peace or toward the making of war. Undoubtedly Germany's calculations for victory were emboldened by its newly gained power to manufacture within its own borders substitutes for rubber, petroleum, wool, and other products. Italy, too, seems to have had its judgment even more warped by the same conviction that it was safeguarded by its production of substitutes. The fact that these calculations — supplemented as they were by substantial stockpiles of natural raw materials — were overoptimistic is becoming increasingly plain. Blockade runners are seeking even now to complete the dangerous trip from the Far East with natural rubber; the German

thrust into the Caucasus was prompted in part by the need for petroleum; the Axis powers are counting the sheep of every conquered country and rapaciously uncovering the backs of all their unhappy inhabitants. Nevertheless, the new chemical possibilities may breed the same confidence in other countries and hence increase the danger of war.

It is plain that the increased destructive power of the implements that science has provided in even more fearful measure increases the risk that the human race will destroy itself. The race between international politics and scientific invention grows more perilous and its outcome more vital.

Let us bring out the point by going to the ultimate. Suppose the chemists should teach us in some very simple fashion to make a super-powerful explosive out of common mud. For a short time, the muddiest country might be deemed to have gained in relative military power. But before long other countries would find a way to catch up on the production of mud. The significant outcome would be merely the ability of each country to destroy others even greater than before.

The absurdity of the example is merely a matter of degree. The basic question is the same — whether relations between nations will so be managed that the increased productive power, of which the new achievements of synthetics and plastics is but one element, will be employed in the service of peaceful production or will become the ultimate destroyer.



THE LITTLE LOCKSMITH

by KATHARINE BUTLER HATHAWAY

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THERE were two things I noticed and marveled at in my new world in Castine. One of these was the sun and the other was the air. I had never seen a world so gilded and so richly bathed and blessed by such a benign sun as that world was by that sun. It seemed to pour down a lavish golden invulnerable contentment on everything — on the people, houses, animals, fields — and a sweetness like the sweetness of passion. The sun had so much room to shine in there. It had the whole sky to shine in, and it had miles and miles of hills and woods; it had islands and rocks and boats to glisten on and soak into like oil. And it was thanks to the matchless air of that peninsula that such a flood of sunshine never became a burden. It always seemed exactly right, golden and voluptuous yet without weight. It was as if the air there were so buoyant that it always lifted up part of the weight of the sun's heat and kept it from ever falling too heavily on our shoulders. It was indescribable air. It made every day seem like a gala day. We never woke up to an ordinary, humdrum morning.

I noticed these two things, the air and the sun, at my own house more than I had ever noticed them at the other end of the town. I imagined that the reason for this was that my house responded to sun and air more than most houses do. Sometimes it felt like

a boat at anchor. There is that curious quality about all the little noises on a boat which makes them sound unmistakably boaty. The tapping of a rope against canvas, the squeak of a pulley, a voice or a footstep heard on a boat are different from the same sounds heard on land. They are magnified and yet softened by the sea air. All such little noises around my house struck me as having that same soft boaty sound. A clothespin dropped on the doorstep had it, and the rustle of a curtain in an open window sounded like a sail fluttering. When the window sill burned my fingers on a hot morning it was just as if I had touched the gunwale of a dory that had been lying in the sun for hours.

On the front doorstep I used to quiet my soaring spirits by leaning over to watch the crickets walking on the bricks. I found there was another right of way not mentioned in the deed. The largest, handsomest, glossiest crickets I had ever seen were traveling up and down on the newly uncovered pink and purple bricks. It was the season and the weather that crickets love. I knew that they were one of the best possible signs of good luck to a house, and when one of them walked in over the doorsill and through the front door to utter a loud resounding chirp in the hall, I knew that all would be well. In appreciation of this omen I decided, as though I were a royal personage, that I would have a cricket embroidered on all the linen that was to be used in the house.

As I bent over to watch the crickets, I felt a kind of medieval delight toward them, like the delight which must have been felt by the makers of tapestries and moved them

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to weave into the corners of their great scenes the smallest insects and birds, field flowers and trees in bud, and graceful little animals. The treasure that had come into my hands waked in me a new warmth of perception and love toward everything I saw. It stirred the need to give adornment and value to every detail of the life to be lived there. As in a medieval embroidery, I wanted everything to be included; I wanted the humorous and the romantic, the marvelous and the quaint, the grand and the humble, the wild and the gentle, all to be brought together there in a hymn of praise. I and my estate were, in microcosm, like a people and their country just arrived at a rich leisured period in their history when the people begin to express their happiness by adorning their daily lives in a thousand ways, bringing forth a period in their history during which the decorative arts flourish.

In humility and elation I felt that my own individual history had arrived at such a period, and that I was an instrument being used to bring such a period into the history of my family. For I hoped that my house might be a magnet that would attract them all, and especially the seven children who represented in our family then the new generation. I wanted my house to be used as a cradle for such great magnetic things as art and writing and science — indeed, for the shelter and nourishment of the human spirit in any of those many different yet interchangeable forms in which it delights to manifest itself. I wanted my house filled to overflowing with all the necessary materials to awaken and sustain the rich life of the imagination and the intellect; I wanted it filled with paints and pencils and drawing paper, canvas and crayons, heaps of beautiful books piled up everywhere, reproductions of drawings, art magazines and literary reviews, maps, musical instruments and books of music, a microscope, a compass, and a great globe of the world, a telescope, and books about astronomy, about geology, about shells, insects, and birds; and I wanted all kinds of games, packs of cards, a checkerboard, chessmen, dice and dominoes.

And so a kind of mystic marriage, an impregnation, took place between me and that

piece of land and the buildings that stood on it. And it was a happy marriage. From the moment when I first stepped onto those premises until the last moment when I left them, I felt a presence there — a strong, loving spirit that was always brooding over me, welcoming me and encouraging me.

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Because I had been deprived of what is generally considered necessary for a happy life, I had used all my wits to circumvent my fate, to make something out of nothing. I believed I had discovered in this process a few valuable tricks to outwit fate with, tricks by which I myself had got hold of a most extraordinary joy. My particular kind of joy happened to come through the medium of writing. Because in the midst of the bewilderments of my youth it was that particular door in my mind which I had stumbled upon and escaped through into bliss, it was the writer's medium which I had learned to know.

When I first discovered that door in my mind, I found also that I could not always open it when I wanted to, especially if I wanted to very badly indeed. But after a period of struggle and despair, I hit upon an abracadabra which almost never failed to open the door for me. Once safe inside, I worked like a spider, secretly and alone. The only tools I required were a pencil and a block of paper and solitude. Also, for its safety, this joy required a certain kind of understanding and protection on the part of others. This I had never really got, and I wanted a chance to demonstrate it, and to give it to people like me who needed it.

For although the happiness came out of me, like the thread out of a spider, its continued existence was dependent on protection from outside things. It was always in danger of being injured or altogether thwarted, because daily human life is not designed to recognize and guard this curious happiness. When in my case the life of the spirit was injured or thwarted or even threatened I suffered, it seemed, out of all reason. I felt as if a storm or an earthquake had struck my psyche. All of a sudden I felt destroyed,

horribly defeated. My life seemed torn to pieces.

Usually this panic of frustration came from a temporary interruption of my working hours caused by personal demands on me which I could not refuse without betraying my own loving and responsible instincts as a human being. Perhaps the reason my family's encroachments tortured me so much was that they were all so fond and loving, and yet they seemed to emphasize the absence in my life of the one personal demand canceling all others which usually comes into the life of a young person. I was trying to kill my sense of loss in that direction by giving myself to the life of the spirit. But I lived in the midst of an affectionate, charming family, and I am sure that there is no greater obstacle to a person who is just beginning to be a writer.

I think perhaps it is a religious war. I am sure that my solitary brooding and writing were a form of worship. I believed that romantic love, if I could have experienced it, would have been a form of worship. Since I was denied that form, I had found this lonelier way of expressing my feeling of passionate adoration toward the mystery of life. And just as a young person preparing himself for a religious life must train himself rigorously before he is able to pursue his meditations at regular hours and for any length of time without fatigue or inattention, I had to train myself in my chosen form of devotion before I was capable of giving myself up to it every day for longer and longer periods. Sometimes when I went into my room in the morning I went toward my table with loathing. I hated the little heap of pages, the pencils, the block of paper. They seemed like horrid medicine that was being forced on me.

I was very young when I began, and my youth rebelled against the unnatural solitude and inactivity and discipline of such a life. But I knew that for me there was no other way. It was only by that particular discipline that I could ever find any path for the feelings of rebellion and desire that tortured me so. I felt as if half of me were an eager, high-spirited army on prancing horses, all on fire to explore and conquer a rich and un-

known land, but held in check on the border because there was no road by which it could enter. And half of me was a division of humble slaves put at work to build the road over which the army could ride. The pain and patience and slow precision needed to build the road were evenly balanced by the fiery impatience of the restive army.

I would sit down at my table with this conflict raging in me. I could use my will to get myself to the table and to keep myself sitting there, but I soon learned that I could not use my will to get myself any farther along. The next thing I learned was that I must lay aside my will. I must depend on the patient, humble slaves. I taught myself to sit perfectly still, in passive acquiescent obedience, waiting for whatever was to come. I began to realize at last the important truth that I, or any other writer or artist, must always remain a humble servant and never assume the part of arrogant master. The prancing army was not I—I was only the one who patiently built the road over which it might ride. As soon as I grasped this my turbulence and my egotistical despair and my will subsided. I learned to be inexhaustibly patient, utterly submissive. At last, after I was able to arrive at this state almost every day, making my mind empty and receptive, my reward would be granted to me. Beginning gradually and imperceptibly the way sleep comes, something would begin to happen on the paper in front of me. The people in my story would begin to move. The place they were in, the rooms, the house, would come alive before me, opening like a flower, mysterious, ravishing. I listened and watched with swiftly mounting excitement and fascination until suddenly the door had opened and I was inside.

My own identity was a chafing prison that I escaped from during my magic hours; and even after the hours were gone each day, my sense of being free still lingered. My heart went out to the whole world and I became one with it in a flood of joy and understanding. I had never been at home on the earth the way other people were, but now, it seemed, I had found a cure for my homelessness.

Alas! this happiness was only a magic

spell and it could be broken in an instant, like most magic spells. The cruelest thing about the breaking of the spell in those early days was the fact that it was my mother, with her great tenderness and love for me, who broke it. She did it so gently, so unintentionally, it was a pitiful thing. She did it only by the way she treated me when I came out of my seclusion at the end of the morning. The humble searching solicitude in her blue eyes, her unconcealed pity and adoration fixed so intently on me, seemed to drag me back against my will into the body of the cherished invalid child. She had missed me while I was shut in my room, and she longed to have me talk to her and tell her what I had been thinking and writing. She could probably see in my face that I had been transported and refreshed in some strange, happy realm, and she imagined that I could take her hand and lead her into it and let her see what I had been seeing. She wanted to share in every experience I had. Because I was so delicate and because I was deformed, she believed that I would never leave her behind, even in my imagination, as normal children have to leave their mothers.

I was completely absorbed in learning how to take care of this new thing working in me — not to shelter or protect it as the little invalid had been sheltered and protected, but to make it work hard, to exercise and train it and give it room to grow. In doing this I seemed to grow strong too. When my mother encountered me after my morning's solitude an eclipse had occurred. This new creative, ruthless, impersonal being had moved entirely across the cherished child's orbit and made it disappear. These two could not exist inside the same body at the same time. Therefore it was impossible at that moment for me to respond to my mother in the way she longed to have me respond. And I could never explain to her what I was feeling about us both. Tired and discouraged at last, she would suddenly drop her effort and say in quiet despair: —

"You don't love me! I can't make you happy — it's no use. I don't understand you."

That sudden direct cry, which came so rarely from her and meant so much, loosened

me and brought a gush of aching helpless words out of me.

"It isn't anything to do with not loving you," I cried. "I love you more than you can possibly understand. You've got to believe it or I shall die."

"But you are not happy with me, I can't seem to make you happy," she said very gravely.

"I don't want you to *make* me happy! I *am* happy."

"You don't seem so. I'm afraid I can't see it," she would reply from somewhere far away from me, suffering in a kind of human sadness and loneliness which I had never experienced and did not understand.

"It's something you can't see. Nobody can see it, but it is true. It is wonderful!"

"Why can't you tell me about it then, let me share it with you, if you love me so much?"

When she came to that unanswerable question, I would fling myself at her and take her in my arms, struggling to tell her with my caresses what I could never explain in words. She submitted passively. She didn't like my kind of caresses. They were too violent and therefore untrustworthy. Such behavior as mine, first harshly shutting her away from me, and then ardently wooing her, appealing to her in desperation for her mercy and understanding, had no relation to her conception of love. Hers was the kind of love which seems to me a form of genius. It is so deep and continuous that it makes no unnecessary sound or gesture. Like many New Englanders, she regarded intense personal emotion as such a precious, sacred thing that it must be kept locked and hidden inside the breast.

If I had had success my devotion would have been a very different matter. I should not have needed to be obstinate. I should have been praised and my working hours would have been eagerly and proudly protected. There would have been a genial feeling of elation and importance all round me. But year after year went by and I published almost nothing, and I earned no money, and in spite of it I continued to insist on my hours of work and solitude. I took my routine as seriously as if I had been

Flaubert. Sometimes it frightened me. It came over me with a wave almost of horror that, after all, I was not Flaubert, and that there must be something queer and crazy the matter with me, which made me need this perpetual act of devotion so badly.

So I reached the age of thirty-four, with all my imaginary life and experience recorded in little heaps of unpublished manuscript, with no actual or worldly experience to my name and in an almost nun-like state of innocence. Nothing to show for myself at the age of thirty-four — “I who had been born with so many appetites!” It was a frightening thing. Yet I stubbornly refused to let time frighten me. I had got a harvest to reap from those years, even if it was an invisible one. I had learned to fasten my life to an abstract thing, and in doing this I had learned devotion. I had learned to let impatience and despair slide off me — these few simple yet difficult things.

Now I had found my house, and the idea began to dawn on me that I could make it into a divine place where the writer's way of living would be the normal one. The understanding and protection of those special needs would be established as everyday necessities here in my house, in the midst of a delicious country life. I had read George Sand's letters to Flaubert written from Nohant where she was living with her son Maurice and her grandchildren, combining her hours of work with her sensitive enjoyment of country life, and with the pleasures which she and the children shared together — their games and marionette shows, their swimming and sailing. It was a life of strength and joy and accomplishment. The writer was mistress of the house and her work marched on. Her work was the central function of the house, taken for granted like eating meat and vegetables and drinking red wine. It was inconceivable that she should, like me, ever feel apologetic toward anyone for being a writer, or should ever have to explain and adapt her working habits in order to make them intelligible and acceptable to others. It was also inconceivable that she should ever need to use a childish defiance in order to protect her right to do her work and to be wholly and freely herself.

I wanted to create such calm security and happiness not only for myself. I was thinking too of other people unknown to me who were tormented by the same need and unable to satisfy it. I wished my house could be a refuge for such humble, anonymous, groping ones — not only a refuge, but a place of rebirth, a starting point for great destinations.

16

My second wish was to make it an aunt's house. For when I had reached my quiet, resigned thirties I liked aunthood the best of all the relationships that were open to me. Even Flaubert had a niece, and at the time when I bought my house I had two nephews and five nieces.

Most children treated me as if I belonged to their world rather than to the grown-up world, and I was flattered by this great compliment. It was partly because of my small size. I had never grown any taller than a ten-year-old child, and therefore children could never believe that I really was a grownup. At regular intervals my nieces and nephews would ask me again if I was ever going to grow any taller, if I was really and truly a grownup, and if I would ever be able to marry anybody. Ranie and Kitty and Ann, the three little sisters in a row who were my sister Lurana's children, were the ones who used to talk to me the most intimately about everything almost from the moment they were born. They were always wondering and talking most fantastically about such things as marrying and dying and God. They were not high-brow little girls. They all three quite lackadaisically took it for granted that they would become movie stars a little later on, but in spite of this frivolous aim they spent most of their own private time much less frivolously than most grownups do.

When these three asked me questions about myself and the shape of my body they spoke of it with a kind of awe, as if they thought there was something wonderful about it — as if my difference made me more rare and precious than ordinary, properly made people. Yet in spite of this attitude they always spoke about it with a very care-

ful tenderness as if they were afraid they might hurt me; and whenever they talked about me and my deformity they would surround me and close in around me as if they wanted to protect me from something outside. For of course they had heard grown-up people and other children, of the kind who echo grown-up people's ideas, speak of me in a very different way. They knew that the general grown-up idea was decidedly not that something rare and wonderful had happened to me. But children, if they are let alone, have their own very strong and independent sense of values.

The conversations between us concerning my deformity always occurred when we were alone, never before any parents or other grownups. The children's naturalness, graced with so much love and imagination and delicacy, was a wonderful and a new experience to me. They unlocked a lifelong barrier in me, and so they made me feel more at home and more at ease in their world than I had ever felt in the world of grownups, where this problem had been excluded from every conversation or, if by some awkward accident it did protrude above the surface, was met with dreadful embarrassment and a quick changing of the subject. This evasion was to me mysterious and terrible and baffling. I understand that my mother could never speak of it, and I understand that my brothers and my sister could not speak of it. And I understand that perhaps I could not have borne it if they had spoken of it when we were growing up. But the children, when they arrived on the scene, created a new dimension in which they and I could speak of it easily.

Earlier in my career I had had a critical experience which for a little while had threatened to make me feel that children were my worst enemies. When I made my first appearance in the perpendicular world, at fifteen years of age, after spending most of my life in a secluded and horizontal situation, I began to walk out alone in the streets of our town for the first time, and I found then that whenever I had to pass three or four children together on the sidewalk, if I happened to be alone they would shout at me, and call me by the terrible name which

I had heard long ago describing the little locksmith. Sometimes they even ran after me, shouting and jeering. This was something I didn't know how to face, and it seemed as if I couldn't bear it.

For a while those encounters in the street filled me with a cold dread of all unknown children. My natural friends seemed to have become my natural enemies. I felt horribly exposed whenever I walked out of the house. And I got a sort of mariner's habit of scanning the horizon for my enemies and changing my course in plenty of time to avoid meeting them, especially the little idle groups of three or four which were always the most menacing.

One day I suddenly realized that I had become so self-conscious and afraid of all strange children that, like animals, they knew I was afraid, so that even the mildest and most amiable of them were automatically prompted to derision by my own shrinking and dread. As soon as this dawned upon me I began to try to charm them like a lion-trainer.

By main force I began to lift the focus of my own attention, and consequently theirs too, off myself and place it gently but firmly upon them instead. When they glanced up as I approached along the sidewalk they found me looking with interest into their own faces, as if I had noticed something quite astonishing and amusing in them. If they stared back without smiling, I still managed to compel myself to look into their faces invitingly while I still pretended to be unperturbed and lightly amused.

This method worked on them, and it worked on me. For I discovered that it was ridiculously easy to bend their soft and pliable attention back upon themselves, and then to make them unconsciously begin to feel a pleasant warmth being shed upon them, something even desirable and fascinating. At first it was only by a most desperate effort of imagination that I managed to summon up this ray of love and deep interest and direct it upon my enemies, but as soon as I saw that it worked my technique improved and the charm worked better all the time, until it suddenly merged into naturalness and was no longer a charm but

the expression of real feeling. After that there was no fear or distrust left in me, and no child ever shouted at me again — or, if any did, I didn't hear or know it.

After that, wherever I went, in subways or trains, or jolting through our county on the trolley cars of that period, I would always become fascinated by some child or other who was sitting near me. Often there would be a haggard workman sitting opposite me, wearing black greasy clothes, and with him his wife, equally haggard and worn, with no sign left on either of their faces of the freshness of their youth. And nestling between them there would be a child as beautiful as a little rose. The child would be tired and half-asleep and dressed in poor, cheap clothes; but its drooping, dreaming face, its soft eyelids and heavy lashes and its miraculous fairness, its little chin and neck and voluptuous unconscious hands falling over its father's or mother's shabby sleeve, could touch me with an overwhelming feeling of the beauty and pathos of life. Wherever I went, after this time, I always noticed them everywhere — children who roused such feeling in me. I know that I used to stare at them in a kind of trance. They seemed to me the only beautiful human beings, scattered about like flowers in the midst of ugly, corrupted grown people. They seemed to me like unearthly things, belonging to a world of perfection and innocence like William Blake's world. Unlike the race of grown-up people, children, it seemed to me, could never under any circumstances be ordinary or commonplace.

Therefore, when the new generation made its debut in our family in the person of my elder brother's Tony with his wide-apart blue eyes and his little solemn questing spirit, I for one welcomed him with almost painful awe and tenderness. I felt that my new status of maiden aunt was the thing I had been waiting for, and the thing that would satisfy me. Of all human relationships, aunthood seemed to be the one I was born for.

No, not born for. Nobody is really born to be a maiden aunt. In order to develop into a good maiden aunt I think you have to begin life like anybody else, born for a fine

destiny full of hope and passion. Then you must have encountered some physical injury, heartbreak, or fatal misunderstanding which made it seem necessary to withdraw your hope and hide your passion and stand aside in the wings and watch the others who have been given real parts in the play.

These discarded people make the best, the only true and valuable maiden aunts. Their unspent love and the compensating talent which they so often possess, whether they develop it or not, can do certain things for children which no good mother ought to be able to do, since it happens that a good aunt makes a very bad mother, and a good mother could not possibly be a good mother if she had the wild, erratic qualities which belong to the good maiden aunt.

Everybody knows that a good mother gives her children a feeling of trust and stability. She is their earth. She is the one they can count on for the things that matter most of all. She is their food and their bed and the extra blanket when it grows cold in the night; she is their warmth and their health and their shelter; she is the one they want to be near when they cry. She is the only person in the whole world or in a whole lifetime who can be these things to her children. There is no substitute for her. Somehow even her clothes feel different to her children's hands from anybody else's clothes. Only to touch her skirt or her collar or her sleeve makes a troubled child feel better. And often when a child wants her, this is all that a mother has time to give. She is always moving. She has so many things to do. She can't sit down in a chair and talk nonsense right in the middle of a busy day. Sometimes a child has a great urge to talk what its mother calls nonsense. Sometimes even a child's worry about death and about the beginning and the end of the universe seems like nonsense to the busy mother when she knows by taking one quick animal sniff of him that there is nothing wrong with him.

This is where the good maiden aunt comes in. The aunt should have no binding domestic occupation. She should have nothing that could be called a domestic tie except the habit of being a carefree visitor in the houses

where her nieces and nephews live. Or she may have the occupation of possessing a house of her own which is devoted primarily to receiving visits from her nephews and nieces and where there is somebody else to attend to all domestic matters.

The good maiden aunt is the one who is as free and nonsensical (and sad, at times) as the children are themselves, and who will never tire of paying attention to anything they may do or say. She is the one grown-up person in their acquaintance who will never look at a clock and tell them to hurry up because it is time for them to get ready. She would rather let them be two hours late to a dressmaker and three hours late to school than ever say this to them. Yet their mother could not possibly be like that, and the children could not bear it if she were. The good aunt has the same uncorrupted cosmic sense of leisure that the children have, and together they carry on conversations and enterprises which haven't any end.

The only occupation a good aunt may have apart from the children is something irregular — like being a painter or a story-writer or an astronomer. Children can heartily sympathize with and approve of an aunt's doing this kind of work, because they can see some sense in it themselves, and they can often be a great help to her in it. But even if the aunt never does any work seriously enough to become known in the outside world, she must have come near enough to being an artist or an astronomer or a dancer to know how it feels to want to be one. For some reason this kind of aunt, especially if she never really does anything herself, but remembers all her life the feeling of having wanted to, is almost sure to have at least one niece or nephew who shows signs of feeling the same thing. When this happens, all the buried passion and unused strength of the lost artist in the aunt gathers itself up in her in one fierce purpose to help the waking artist or scholar or scientist in the child.

This is the kind of aunt I rather hoped that I might be. I wanted to join the long line of the famous aunts of history — those individuals, sparkling and free, who left such treasures behind them: Jane Austen, Kate Greenaway, Louisa Alcott, Emily Dickinson, Robert Louis Stevenson's chief of our aunts, and Samuel Butler's Aunt Pontifex in *The Way of All Flesh* — aunts whose excellence in the role of aunthood is so richly shown in their lives and letters.

Between the year of Tony's birth and the year when I found my house, six other new members of our family had made their appearance on the earth. They were my brother Warren's and my sister's children. They were Jonathan Glover, Harriet Hathaway, and Elizabeth Keats, and my sister's little Ranie, Ann, and her baby Katharine, my namesake, who was the youngest newcomer at the time when I bought my house.

With this increasing number of nephews and nieces it was natural that I wanted to increase the scope of my aunthood. I wanted to put it in the right setting, on a grand scale. This called for a house of my own in the country. And so I dreamed my second wish for the life of my house, and it was a wish for the kind of eternal magic which a child sees and feels about a beloved place where he goes to visit in summer — a magic that will stay in his heart all his life long and be a touchstone for all his life's experience. The place for which he is likely to feel this is a place that is not home, although it is as familiar and easy as home. It will have a strangeness and a wonder about it that home can never have. It is a place of poignant return and poignant farewell. It is a place enthralled that waits and sleeps all winter long and is awakened again at the beginning of summer when the first eager footsteps go running over its threshold.

I wanted my house to create a tradition in the lives and memories of the new generation.

(To be concluded)

» Must our study of the humanities be shelved until we have won the war? Here's what one teacher thinks.

PRIORITIES IN EDUCATION

by GEORGE BOAS

I

IT WAS commonly noticed in the last war, and appears also to be true in this one, that the closer one gets to the front, the finer the moral quality of the people one meets. Soldiers in the line seldom betray their lower natures; petty jealousies, selfishness, cowardice, are traits which are reserved for GHQ, the services of supply, the civilian groups at home for whom the soldiers are dying. I recall November 11, 1918, at a brigade headquarters near Bordeaux. I had just left the front to join a general officer who had been promoted for gallantry in action. The rest of the staff had recently arrived from the United States and had never seen the front. When the news of the Armistice came through, the General's first comment was: "Well, the boys up there can have a fire tonight." But the rest of the staff almost unanimously said, "There goes our chance for promotion."

That a war is an opportunity for personal advancement and that it must not be allowed to interfere with the usual course of life are two assumptions which it would be folly to deny. We were told before the present war that on M-Day all of us, young and old, laborers and entrepreneurs, rich and poor, would be mobilized and that each and every man jack of us would be given the privilege of serving his country in its hours of peril. But no sooner had the bombs fallen on Pearl Harbor than industrialists began clamoring for contracts plus profits, laborers

began shouting for a share in the booty, coffee drinkers began hoarding coffee, the sweet-toothed collected sugar, automobilists rushed to buy tires, a black market sprang up overnight, and one would have thought the issue was not whether the United States was to survive or not, but whether there wasn't some way of keeping the Packard rolling instead of taking the streetcar. In fact, during the early months of the conflict one would have thought that rationing was simply another of the President's diabolical contrivances to plague Republicans.

I suppose one must expect that attitude behind the lines, however depressing it may be. But one group of people surely might be assumed to be above it. I refer to those men and women who are responsible for educating our children. If education is worth the time that is spent upon it, it ought to have prepared its administrators for a crisis like the present, ought to have given them the power to penetrate the surface of things to the greater issues which lie at their heart. But one has only to live in a university to see that the professors are no nobler than the most ignorant peasant and are, in my opinion, even less prepared morally to weather the storm.

The great fear of the universities today is precisely that of the most backward industrialist or most forward laborer: What are we going to lose? To talk to some of one's colleagues these days is to be given the impression that the major issue of the war is the retention of the classics in the curriculum or maintaining the enrollment in elementary English. "What are you doing," asked a letter which I received yesterday, "to meet

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the decreased enrollment in philosophy?" My answer was, "Nothing."

If enrollment in the humanities is decreasing — which as a matter of fact is not true everywhere — in favor of "technical" courses, the reason for it is that technical courses prepare a man better for military service than courses in the humanities do. That is the answer and it ought to suffice. I would have given anything in the last war for a better knowledge of mathematics. The nation's business now is to win the war. If training men in trigonometry and physics and chemistry, to the detriment of the humanities, will win the war, then for God's sake and our own, let us forget our Greek, our Latin, our art, our literature, our history, and get to business learning trigonometry and physics and chemistry. It would be a great satisfaction to meet Tojo riding down the Mall in Washington, on his way to the White House, with the firm knowledge that at least we had not given up "the great heritage of Western culture." What a comfort one could take in the thought that we might be slaves, but at least we could conjugate *tithemi* and discuss the concept of synthesis in Hegel.

2

The answer which is proudly given to such outbursts is that we are fighting to preserve civilization and that the way to begin is to hang on to what we already possess. That answer rests on certain misconceptions of what civilizations are and who preserves them.

There ought to be no need to point out that civilizations are not the exclusive property of universities, but permeate a nation. They are the total complex of the way a people behaves. They consist in part of a nation's reactions to problems as well as in that nation's dreams and aspirations. They consist in what a nation is doing at present as well as in what it did in the past. They do not consist largely in the records of the past, but in the effect of the past upon the present — in memories, to be sure, but not necessarily in memories that have to be recorded in books in order to live. It is

just as much a part of American civilization to have unguarded mailboxes at the end of one's lane, as it is to play jazz; it is perhaps a larger part of our civilization to have luncheon clubs than it is to have philological associations.

When a civilization gets so feeble that it has to be lectured about and written about and taught in classrooms, one would be pretty shrewd to guess that that civilization is at best moribund. Greek civilization never died, to be sure, even after the Roman conquest, but its survival was only in small part attributable to the Ph.D.'s. It survived only in so far as it became incorporated into the way of life of Western Europe, in European art, in religion, in science, above all in philosophy, and not mainly in so far as students took courses in "The Greek View of Life."

All ages are stratified culturally, retaining in their manners much of the past and anticipating much of the future. It would be absurd to deny that the work of humanistic scholars has some part in retaining the past, but it would be equally absurd to deny that each generation of scholars asks different questions about the past and that those questions are determined by certain definite needs for knowledge which arise in the present. If a scholar is to be an integral part of his civilization, he cannot avoid participating in its troubles, sharing its anguish, rejoicing in its successes. He can, if he choose, be a pedant, and say that the useless is beautiful because it is useless. He can heap up information which nobody needs and call it disinterested scholarship. But why call such busywork saving civilization?

One might say dogmatically — and of course with a certain exaggeration — that a civilization which needs to be saved had best be left to die. For a civilization worth having is one which invigorates its people, which seems right because it answers its people's needs, which is accepted uncritically, if need be, because — like breathing itself — it is an indispensable basis for a people's collective life. But everyone struggles to retain his past as one of his most precious possessions. To be able to let go is an ability which only a few sages have.

But whether one have it or not, one is going to be forced to let go, and the proper question is not what one is losing but what one is gaining. After some twenty-five years of university life I confess that much of what we call scholarship means very little to anyone other than the men who made it.

What the saviors of civilization also forget is that they are doing all in their power to create a class of privileged men and women who will have been kept in college at the expense of other men's lives. It may seem unfair to take a promising scholar and send him to the Pacific or to the Libyan Desert to be shot. But in what sense of the word is it any unfairer than to send a bookkeeper on the same mission? Of course if we think that a scholar's life is in itself, and regardless of other considerations, more inherently valuable than a bookkeeper's, I can see the justification for our behavior. But one might think that such conceptions died out some years ago.

3

A man's life is to be valued not only in relation to the life of the nation, but also in relation to that of his parents, his wife, his children, himself. To be a scholar does not mean that one has become a saint or a priest, a medicine man, from whose being exudes an effluence of magic, beneficent in its effect upon the rest of mankind. Scholars are just as nasty, brutish, and mean as ignoramuses. Their difference from other people is that they know more than other people. If what they know is useful in times of crisis, by all means protect them, as one would protect the nation's food and gunpowder. But if it has simply those values which commencement orators toss in the air like colored balls to dazzle a group of parents, there is no reason why special privileges should be granted it and its possessors protected by the bodies of less fortunate men. Scholarship is either an intellectual or a technical attainment. It has no moral effect. Scholars are not even more truthful than other people. I dare say that, if necessary, I could find among the farmers I know and among the laborers in the factories men whose moral character is just as high as that of my col-

leagues and indeed higher than that of some of us. What right then have we to ask this sacrifice of others?

But even more serious is the unfairness of this program to the students themselves. One cannot expect a young man of eighteen or nineteen to give up the protection of college for the hardships of army life unless he has to. There is nothing glamorous about military service. There is more servitude than grandeur in it. But it is only once or twice in a man's lifetime that he is asked to do something for others, to repay to his country the inestimable gifts his country has given him. National service, one may say without fear of sentimentality, is a privilege, in spite of the hardships it entails. It is something to be able to say, "When my country was in danger, I helped defend it."

I can talk only from my own experience and that experience was far from heroic. Yet I should be lying if I denied that my two years and some months in the Army gave me more than I gave in return. I was the least military of men. I had spent all my life in universities. My world was almost entirely a world of books. I was in the Army three hours after teaching my last class. The transition was thus as abrupt as could have been imagined. I had not even played on a football team, to say nothing of living, eating, sleeping, with other men. It had never even occurred to me to join the National Guard. With all the difficulties of adjustment, I had at least the comfort that I had asked nothing of others which I was not prepared to give myself. And my country has meant something more real to me ever since — something which is not merely a geographical name, but living beings who, whatever their station and their habits, were just as good as I was. Was that not worth as much as another article on epistemology?

At the basis of our thinking, I suspect, is that form of cynicism which, whether conscious or not, prompts men to think of their country as something which gives everything and demands nothing. National service thus becomes a sort of penalty, a sacrifice, a heavy price, which is not an integral part of every man's life who is living in a democracy, but something which

is to be avoided if possible, like jury duty, taxes, even obedience to the laws. It is one thing to be given the King's shilling and quite another to be drafted into a citizens' army. If our people do not see that difference, it is time their eyes were opened.

As a matter of fact, the people, in the vulgar sense of the word, do see it and take pride in national service. They proudly display service flags and one overhears them boasting about their sons and brothers and husbands who are serving under the colors. It is the intellectuals who are the cynics. Fortunately they have very little influence in the United States. We used to deplore the caricature of professors which appeared in the papers and cartoons. Perhaps it

emanated from sound instincts. Whatever the case may be, only a few of them — like the Harvard Group — can hold up their heads and look the soldiers in the face. Too many of us are talking nobly and acting servilely. I may be a traitor to my class, but when a student asks me whether he should request deferment because he is a student, I tell him that he ought to thank his God if he has a body and a mind capable of fighting, and to consider it a privilege to share the dangers which his fellow countrymen are undergoing. All the learning in the world is not worth the experience which he will gain from his military career; and if he is killed, at least he will not have asked someone else to die for him.



MADemoisELLE O

by VLADIMIR NABOKOV

1

I HAVE often noticed that after I had bestowed on my characters some treasured item of my past it would pine away in the artificial world where I had so abruptly placed it. Although it lingered on in my mind its personal warmth, its retrospective appeal, had gone and presently it became more closely identified with my novel than with the folds of my former self where it had seemed to be so safe from the intrusion of the artist. Houses have crumbled in my memory as soundlessly as they did in the silent films of yore, and the portrait of my old French governess whom I once lent to a youthful

hero of mine is already hardly discernible, now that it is engulfed in the description of a childhood entirely unrelated to my own. The man in me revolts against the fictionist, and here is my desperate attempt to save what is left of poor Mademoiselle O.

This "O" oddly enough is by no means the abbreviation of something beginning with an "O." It is not the initial of Olivier or Oudinet, but actually the thing itself: a round and naked name which seems about to collapse without a full stop to support it; a loose wheel of a name rolling downhill, hesitating, wobbling; a toothless yawn; a melon; an egg; a lake. What lake? The lake near which she had spent most of her life, for she was born in Switzerland, of wholly French parents, as she proudly would add. But this did not improve matters. Very soon, as soon as she had rashly imparted to us the power of speaking her language, looping the loop of

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her name became the means of enraging her beyond measure. We squeezed every drop out of that vulnerable vowel; we inflated it till our cheeks all but cracked; we punned it, we punted it; we bounced it like a ball that leaves planet-like spots on the ceiling; we imagined Mademoiselle's father arriving in some watering place and people exclaiming: "*Oh! O au' eaux!*" In her favorite book, the squat, salmon-pink Larousse dictionary (with that red-curled maiden blowing the fluff off a dandelion on the cover), the first name listed under "O" happened to be that of "François, Marquis d'O, b. and d. in Paris, Superintendent of Finances under Henry III"; him we elected for Mademoiselle's ancestor, and she would have gladly adopted the legend herself had we not scoffed at the paradox of a nought handling millions.

A large woman, a very stout woman as round as her name, Mademoiselle rolled into our existence as I was about to be eight. There she is. I see her so plainly: her abundant dark hair which is covertly graying, the three wrinkles on her austere forehead, her beetling brows, the steely eyes behind a black-rimmed pince-nez, that vestigial mustache, that blotchy complexion which in moments of wrath assumes a purple flush in the region of the third and amplest chin, so regally spread over the frilled mountain of her blouse. And now she sits down, or rather she tackles the job of sitting down, the jelly of her jowl quaking, her prodigious posterior, with the three buttons on the side, lowering itself warily; then at the last she surrenders her bulk to God and to the wicker armchair, which, out of sheer fright, bursts into a salvo of crackling.

The winter she came was the only one of my childhood that I spent in the country. It was also a particularly severe one, incidentally producing as much snow as Mademoiselle O might have expected to find in the hyperborean gloom of remote Muscovy. When she alighted at the little station from which she still had to travel half a dozen miles by sleigh to our country house, I was not there to greet her, but I do so now, as I try to imagine what she saw and felt at that last stage of her fabulous journey. Her Russian vocabulary, I know, consisted of one

short word — the same solitary word which seven years later she was to take back to Switzerland. This word, which in her case may be phonetically rendered as "giddy-ay," meant "Where?" And that was a good deal; uttered by her like the raucous cry of some lost bird, it accumulated such interrogatory force that it sufficed for all her needs. "Giddy-ay? Giddy-ay?" she would wail, not only to find out her whereabouts but also to express an abyss of misery: the fact that she was a stranger, shipwrecked, penniless, ailing, and that she was searching for the blessed land where at last she would be understood.

I can see her as she stands in the middle of the platform, and vainly my ghostly envoy offers her an arm which she cannot see. The door of the waiting room opens with the shuddering whine peculiar to nights of intense frost; a cloud of hot air rushes out almost as profuse as the steam from the great funnel-shaped stack of the panting engine; and now our coachman is attending to Mademoiselle: a burly man in sheepskin with the leather outside, his huge gloves protruding from his scarlet sash into which he has tucked them. I hear the snow crunching under his felt boots while he busies himself with the luggage, the jingling harness, and then his own nose, which he blows by means of a dexterous flip of finger and thumb as he trudges back round the sleigh. Slowly, with grim misgivings, Mademoiselle climbs in, clutching at her helper in mortal fear lest the sleigh move off before her vast form is securely encased. Finally she settles down with a grunt and thrusts her fists into her skimpy plush muff. At the juicy smacking of their driver's lips the horses strain their quarters, shift hoofs, strain again; and then Mademoiselle gives a backward jerk of the torso as the heavy sleigh is wrenched out of its world of steel, fur, flesh, to enter a frictionless medium where it skims along a ghostly road that it seems barely to touch.

For one moment, thanks to the sudden aura of a lone lantern at the turning, a grossly exaggerated shadow, also holding a muff, races beside the sleigh, climbs a billow of snow, and is gone, leaving Mademoiselle to be swallowed up by what she will later allude to with awe and gusto as "the Steppe."

There, in the endless gloom, the changeable twinkle of remote village lights seems to her to be the yellow eyes of wolves. She is cold, she is frozen stiff — frozen “to the center of her brain,” for she soars with the wildest hyperbole when not clinging to the safest old saw. Every now and then she looks back to make sure that, always at the same distance, like those companionable phantoms of ships in polar seas, the second sleigh bearing her trunk and hatbox is following. And now I notice that I have quite forgotten the moon; for surely there must be a moon, that full incredibly clear moon that goes so well with our lusty frosts — and with Mademoiselle’s name. So there it comes, steering out of a medley of small dappled clouds which it tinges with a vague iridescence; and as it sails higher it glazes the runner-tracks left on the road where every sparkling lump of snow is emphasized by a swollen shadow.

Very lovely, very lonesome. But what am I doing here in this stereoscopic dreamland? Somehow those two sleighs have slipped away; they have left me behind on the blue-white road. No, even the vibration in my ears is not their receding bells, but my own blood singing. All is still, spellbound, enthralled by that great heavenly “O” shining above my Russian wilderness. The snow is real, and as I bend to it and scoop up a handful, thirty-five years crumble to glittering frost-dust between my tingling fingers.

2

An oil lamp is brought into the gloaming. Gently it soars and comes down; the hand of memory, now in a servant’s white cotton glove, places it in the center of a round table. The flame is nicely adjusted, and a rosy silk-flounced lamp shade crowns the light.

A warm, bright room in a snow-muffled house, soon to be termed *le château*; built by my great-grandfather, who, being afraid of fires, had the staircase made of iron, so that when the house was burned to the ground during the Revolution, those fretted steps remained standing, still leading up. But this is neither here nor there: such a number of things fade away, while and because their owners grow, change, and forget them, that

it would be unfair to lay all the blame on civic convulsions.

Some more about that room, please. The oval mirror. Hanging aslant on taut cords, its pure brow inclined, it strives to retain the falling furniture and a slope of sheeny floor that keep slipping from its embrace. The chandelier pendants. These emit a delicate tinkling whenever anything is moved in an upstairs room. Colored pencils. That tiny heap of emerald pencil dust on the oilcloth where a penknife has just done its recurrent duty. We are sitting at the table, my brother and I and Miss Jones, who now and then looks at her watch: roads must be dreadful with all that snow; and anyway, many professional hardships lie in wait for that vague French person who will replace her.

Those colored pencils — how I loved them. The green one by a whirl of the wrist could be made to produce so simply a ruffled tree or the smoke of a house where spinach was cooking. The blue by drawing a single horizontal line invited a distant sail. Somehow or other the brown was always broken, whereas the little purple chap, a special favorite of mine, had got worn down so short as to become scarcely manageable. The white one alone, that lanky albino among pencils, kept its length, or at least did so until I realized that, far from being a fraud, leaving no mark on the page, it was the ideal tool because I could imagine whatever I wished while I scrawled.

Alas, these pencils too have been distributed among the characters of my books to keep fictitious children busy; they are not quite my own now. Somewhere, in the apartment house of a chapter, in the hired room of a paragraph, I have also placed that tilted mirror, and the lamp, and the chandelier-drops. Few things are left, many have been squandered. Have I given away that old brown dachshund fast asleep on the sofa? No, I think he is still mine. His grizzled muzzle, with that wart at the puckered corner of the mouth, is tucked into the curve of his hock, and from time to time a deep sigh distends his ribs. He is so old and his sleep is so thickly padded with dreams (about chewable slippers and a few last smells) that he does not stir when faint bells

jingle outside and a pneumatic door heaves and clangs in the vestibule. She has come after all; I had so hoped she would not.

In our childhood we know a lot about hands since they live and hover at the level of our stature; Mademoiselle's were unpleasant because of the froggy gloss on their tight skin besprinkled with brownish liver spots. Before her time no stranger had ever stroked my face. Mademoiselle, as soon as she came, took me completely aback by patting my cheek in sign of spontaneous affection. Later on this gesture went through a natural evolution, producing varieties which she classified according to their degree of strength as flick, slap, smack, and finally what may be translated as "the Great Volley" and which, indeed, resembled the backhand smash of a tennis ace.

All her mannerisms come back to me when I think of her hands. Her manner of peeling rather than sharpening a pencil, the point held towards her stupendous and sterile bosom swathed in green wool. The way she had of inserting her little finger into her ear and vibrating it very rapidly. The ritual observed every time she gave me a fresh copybook. Always panting a little, her mouth slightly open and emitting in quick succession a series of asthmatic purrs, she would open the copybook to make a margin in it; that is, she would trace a vertical line with her thumbnail, fold in the outer edge of the page, press, release, smooth it out with a final pat, after which the book would be briskly twisted around and placed before me ready for use. A new pen followed; she would moisten the glistening nib with susurrous lips before dipping it into the baptismal ink font. Then, delighting in every limb of every limpid letter (especially so because the preceding copybook had ended in utter sloppiness), with exquisite care I would inscribe the word *Dictée* while Mademoiselle hunted through her collection of spelling tests for a good hard passage.

3

Meanwhile the setting has changed. Hoarfrost and snow have been removed by a silent property man. The summer after-

noon is alive with steep clouds breasting the blue. Eyed shadows move on the garden paths. Lessons are over and Mademoiselle is reading to us on the veranda where the plaited chairs smell of vanilla in the heat. The sun is everywhere — on the steps, on the mat, on the white window sills, where it repeats the hues of the stained glass. This is the time when Mademoiselle is at her very best.

What a number of volumes she read through to us on that veranda! Her slender voice sped on and on, never weakening, without the slightest hitch or hesitation, an admirable reading-machine wholly independent of her sick bronchial tubes. We got it all: the so-called "Pink Library" — inventive Jules Verne, bombastic Hugo, romantic Dumas the Elder. There she sat distilling her reading voice from the still prison of her person. Apart from the lips, one of her chins, the smallest but real one, was the only mobile detail of her Buddha-like bulk. The black-rimmed pince-nez reflected eternity. Occasionally a fly would light on her stern forehead and the three wrinkles would instantly leap up together like three runners over three hurdles. But nothing whatever changed in the expression of her face — that face which I so often tried to sketch, for its impassive and simple symmetry offered an almost voluptuous temptation to my furtive pencil.

Presently my attention would wander still further, and it was then perhaps that the rare purity of her rhythmic voice accomplished its true purpose. I looked at a creamy cloud and years later was able to visualize its exact shape. The gardener was pottering among the peonies. A wagtail took a few steps, remembered something, and then strutted on. Coming from nowhere, a comma butterfly settled on the threshold, basked in the sun with its fulvous wings spread, suddenly closed them just to show the tiny initial chalked on the under side, and as suddenly darted away. But the most constant source of enchantment was the rhomboids of colored glass inset harlequin-wise in the crisscross panes of the side windows. The garden when viewed through these magic panes grew strangely still and

aloof. If one looked through the blue glass the sand turned to cinders while inky-black trees swam in a tropical sky. The yellow one led to Cathay and tea-colored vistas. The red made the foliage drip ruby dark upon a pink-flushed footpath. The green soaked greenery in a greener green. And when after such richness one turned to a little square of normal savorless glass with its lone mosquito or lame daddy longlegs, it was like taking a draught of water when one is not thirsty, and one saw the first withered leaf lying on yonder bench and the blandly familiar birch trees. But of all the windows this is the pane through which parched nostalgia would long to peer now.

Mademoiselle never found out how potent had been the even flow of her voice. The claims she later put forward were quite different. "Ah," she sighed, "didn't we love each other! Those good old days in the château! The dead wax doll we once buried under the oak! (No — a golliwog in red pants!) And that time you ran away and left me stumbling and howling in the depths of the forest! (The grove just beyond the old tennis court!) My, what a spanking you bad boys got! (Not I — I managed to escape and find Mother!) And the Princess, your aunt, whom you struck with your little fist because she had been rude to me! (I don't remember.) And the way you whispered to me all your childish troubles! (Never!) And the cozy nook in my room where you loved to snuggle because you felt so warm and secure!"

Mademoiselle's room, both in the country and in town, was a weird place to me — something like a dim hothouse sheltering a thick-leaved plant imbued with a heavy, queerly acrid odor — and although next to ours, it did not seem to belong to our pleasant, well-aired home. In that sickening mist, reeking among other effluvia with the brown smell of oxidized apple peels, the lamp burned low, and strange objects glimmered upon the writing desk: a lacquered box with licorice sticks, black segments of which she would hack off with her penknife and put to melt under her tongue; a picture postcard of a lake and a castle with prismatic spangles sublimating its windows; a bumpy ball of

tightly rolled and compressed bits of silver paper that came from all those chocolates she used to consume at night; photographs of the nephew who had died, of his mother who had signed hers "Mater dolorosa," of a certain Monsieur de Marante who had been forced by his family to marry a rich widow.

Lording it over the rest was one in a noble frame incrustated with garnets; it showed in three-quarter view a slim young brunette clad in a close-fitting checked dress, with a liquid glint in her eye and a great roll of hair burdening her pale graceful neck. "A braid as thick as my arm and reaching down to my ankles!" was Mademoiselle's melodramatic comment. For this had been she — but in vain did my eyes probe and dig into her familiar form to try to extract the exquisite creature it had engulfed. Such discoveries as I did make merely increased the difficulties of my task; and the grownups who during the day beheld only a densely clothed Mademoiselle O never saw what we children saw when, roused from her sleep by one of us shrieking himself out of a bad dream, disheveled, candle in hand, a gleam of gilt lace on the blood-red dressing gown that could not quite wrap her quaking mass, the nightmare Jézabel of Racine's absurd play stamped barefooted into our bedroom.

All my life I have been a poor go-to-sleeper. No matter how great my weariness, the wrench of parting with consciousness is unspeakably repulsive to me. I loathe Somnus, that black-masked headsman binding me to the block; and if in the course of years I have got so used to my nightly ordeal as almost to swagger while the familiar axe is coming out of its great velvet-lined case, initially I had no such comfort or defense, nothing — save a door left ajar into Mademoiselle's room. That meek line of light was something I could cling to, since in absolute darkness my head would swim, just as the soul dissolves in the blackness of sleep.

Saturday night used to be a pleasurable prospect because that was the night Mademoiselle indulged in the luxury of a weekly bath, thus granting a longer lease to my tenuous gleam. But then a subtler torture set in. The bathroom was at the end of a Z-shaped corridor some twenty heartbeats

distant from my bed, and between apprehending Mademoiselle's return and envying my brother's stolid snore, I could never really put my additional time to profit by deftly getting to sleep while a chink in the dark still bespoke a speck of myself in Nirvana. At length they would come, those inexorable steps, plodding along the passage and causing some little glass object, which had been secretly sharing my vigil, to tinkle in dismay on its shelf.

Now she has entered her room. A brisk interchange of light-values tells me that the candle on her bed table takes over the job of the lamp on her desk. My line of light is still there, but grown old and wan, and flickers whenever Mademoiselle makes her bed creak by moving. For I still hear her. Now it is a silvery rustle spelling "Suchard"; now the trk-trk-trk of a fruit knife cutting the pages of *La Revue des deux mondes*; I hear her panting slightly. And all the time I am in acute distress, desperately trying to coax sleep, opening my eyes every few seconds to check the faded gleam, and imagining paradise as a place where a sleepless neighbor reads an endless book by the light of an eternal candle.

The inevitable happens: the pince-nez case shuts with a click, the review shuffles onto the marble of the bed table, and gustily Mademoiselle's pursed lips blow; the first attempt fails, a groggy flame squirms and ducks; then comes a second lunge, and light collapses. In that pitchy blackness I lose my bearings, my bed seems to be slowly drifting, panic makes me sit up and stare; finally my dark-adapted eyes sift out, among entoptic floaters, certain more precious blurrings that roam in aimless amnesia until, half-remembering, they settle down as the dim folds of window curtains.

How utterly foreign to the troubles of the night were those exciting St. Petersburg mornings when the fierce and tender, damp and dazzling arctic spring bundled away broken ice down the sea-bright Neva! It made the roofs shine. It painted the slush in the streets a rich purplish-blue shade which I have never seen anywhere since. Mademoiselle, her coat of imitation seal majestically swelling on her bosom, sat on the back seat

of the landau with my brother next to her and me facing them, joined to them by the valley of the velvety rug; and as I looked up I could see, strung on ropes from house to house high above the street, great semi-transparent banners billowing, their three wide bands pale red, pale blue, and merely pale — deprived by the sun and the flying shadows of any too blunt connection with a national holiday, but undoubtedly celebrating now, in the city of memory, that spring day, that drive, the swish of the mud, and the ruffled exotic bird on Mademoiselle's hat.

4

The unusual aspect of her limbless and boneless name may have had something to do with the morbid touchiness that was perhaps her main characteristic. Being absolutely Russian-proof, she fortunately remained unaware of what native servants did to that name; but whenever she was being introduced to a guest and it rolled out, sounding somewhat like a terminal interjection in a doggerel rhyme, her look was a mixture of defiance and anxiety. Her obesity was another reason for her always being on the defensive, as if she were living among cannibals who licked their chops behind her back.

And as though nature had not wished to spare her anything that makes one super-sensitive, she was hard of hearing. Sometimes at table we boys would suddenly become aware of two big tears crawling down Mademoiselle's ample cheeks. "Don't mind me," she would say in a small voice, and she kept on eating till the unwiped tears blinded her; then with a heartbroken hiccough she would rise and blunder out of the dining room. Little by little the truth would come out. The general talk had turned, say, on the subject of the warship my uncle commanded, and she had perceived in this a sly dig at her Switzerland that had no navy. Or else it was because she fancied that whenever French was spoken the game consisted in deliberately preventing her from directing and bejeweling the conversation. Poor lady, she was always in such a nervous hurry to seize control of intelligible table talk be-

fore it bolted back into Russian that no wonder she bungled her cue.

"And your Parliament, sir, how is it getting along?" she would suddenly burst out brightly from her end of the table, challenging my father, who, after a harassing day, was not exactly eager to discuss troubles of the State with a somehow unreal person who neither knew nor cared anything about them. Thinking that someone had referred to music, "But Silence, too, may be beautiful," she would bubble. "Why, one evening in a desolate valley of the Alps I actually *heard* Silence." Sallies like these, especially when growing deafness led her to answer a question none had put, resulted in a painful hush instead of touching off the rockets of a sprightly *causerie*.

And, really, her French was so lovely! Ought one to have minded the shallowness of her culture, the bitterness of her temper, the banality of her mind, when that pearly language of hers purred and scintillated, as innocent of sense as the alliterative sins of Racine's pious verse? My father's library, not her limited lore, taught me to appreciate authentic poetry; nevertheless something of her tongue's limpidity and luster has had a singularly bracing effect upon me, like those sparkling salts which are used to purify the blood. That is why it makes me so sad to imagine now the anguish Mademoiselle O must have felt at seeing how lost, how little valued was the nightingale voice which came from her elephantine body. She stayed with us long, much too long, obstinately hoping for some miracle that would transform her into a kind of Madame de Rambouillet holding a gold-and-satin salon of poets, princes, and politicians under her brilliant spell.

She would have gone on hoping had it not been for Leonidas Orlov. He was a Russian tutor, with mild blue eyes and strong political opinions, who had been engaged to coach us in winter and play tennis and ride with us during the summer holidays. He taught mathematics entrancingly, lost his stirrups, and lobbed every ball into the lilac bushes. While venerating my father, he could not quite stomach certain aspects of our household, such as footmen and French,

which last he considered an aristocratic convention of no use in a liberal statesman's home. On the other hand Mademoiselle decided that if Orlov answered her point-blank questions only with short grunts (which he tried to Germanize for want of a better tongue), it was not because he could not understand French, but because he wished to insult her in front of everybody.

I can see and hear Mademoiselle requesting him in dulcet tones, but with an ominous tightening of the lips, to pass her the bread; and likewise I can hear and see Orlov unflinchingly going on with his soup; finally with a slashing "Pardon, Monsieur," Mademoiselle would swoop right across his plate, snatch up the breadbasket, and recoil again with a "Thank you, sir" so charged with irony that Orlov's downy ears would turn the color of geranium. "The brute! The cad! The Nihilist!" she sobbed later in her room — which was no longer next to ours though still on the same floor.

If Orlov happened to come tripping downstairs while, with an asthmatic pause after every ten steps or so, she was working her way up (for the little hydraulic elevator would constantly, and rather insultingly too, refuse to function), Mademoiselle maintained that he had viciously bumped into her, pushed her, knocked her down, and we already could see him trampling her prostrate body. More and more frequently she would leave the table, and the chocolate ice or *gâteau d'Artois* that she would have missed was diplomatically sent up in her wake. From her remote room she would write a sixteen-page letter to my mother, who, hurrying upstairs, would find her dramatically packing her trunk. And then one day she was allowed to go on packing.

5

Because of the war she had some trouble in reaching Switzerland. "The Germans," she wrote with her usual emphasis, "stripped me to the skin, searching me for some secret message which, *hélas!* they did not find." Nor have I — at least up to this point of her life story. But some ten years later, in the middle twenties long after our correspond-

ence had fizzled out, by some fluke move of life in exile I chanced to pass through Lausanne — so I thought I might as well look up Mademoiselle O if she was still alive.

She was. Stouter than ever, but quite gray and almost totally deaf, she welcomed me with a tumultuous outburst of affection. Instead of the Château de Chillon picture there was now one of a gaudy troika. She spoke as warmly of her life in Russia as if it were her own lost homeland. Indeed I found in the neighborhood quite a colony of such old Swiss governesses ousted by our Revolution. Clustering together in a constant seething of competitive reminiscences, they formed a small island in the midst of a country which had grown alien to them. One is always at home in one's past, no matter what its color, which partly explains those pathetic ladies' posthumous love for another land that they never really had known and where most of them had been continuously unhappy.

As no dialogue was possible because of Mademoiselle's deafness, I decided to bring her next day the appliance which I gathered she could not afford. No sooner had she adjusted the clumsy thing than she turned to me with a dazzled look of moist wonder and bliss in her eyes. She swore she could hear every word, every murmur of mine. She could not, for I had not spoken. Was it silence she heard, that Silence she had talked about in the past? No, she had been lying to herself then; now she was lying to me.

Before leaving for Basle and Berlin, I found myself somehow or other walking along the lake in the clammy and misty night. At one spot a lone arc light dimly diluted the darkness. In its nimbus the mist seemed transformed into a visible drizzle. "*Il pleut toujours en Suisse*" was one of those casual comments which formerly had made Mademoiselle weep. Below, a wide ripple, almost a wave, and something vaguely white

happened to attract my eye. As I came quite close to the lapping water I saw what it was — an aged swan, a large and uncouth creature, making ridiculous efforts to hoist himself into a moored boat. He could not do it. The heavy, impotent flapping of his wings, that scaly, slippery sound against the rocking and plashing boat, the gluey glistening of the dark swell where it caught the light — all seemed for a moment laden with that strange significance which sometimes in our dreams is attached to a finger pressed to mute lips and then pointing to something we have not time to discern before waking with a shudder. But although I soon forgot that dismal night it was, oddly enough, that night, that compound image — shudder and swan and swell — which first came to my mind when a couple of years later I learned that Mademoiselle had died.

She had spent all her life in feeling miserable; this misery was her native element; its fluctuations, its varying depths, alone gave her the impression of moving and living. What bothers me is that a sense of misery, and nothing else, is not enough to make a permanent soul. My enormous and morose Mademoiselle O is all right on earth but impossible in eternity. Have I really salvaged her from fiction?

Just before the rhythm I hear falters and fades, I catch myself wondering whether, during the years I knew her, I had not kept utterly missing something in her that was far more she than her name or her chins or her ways or even her French — something perhaps akin to that last glimpse of her, to the radiant deceit she used in order to have me depart pleased with my own kindness, or to that swan whose agony was so much more real than a drooping dancer's white arms; something in short which I could appreciate only after the things and beings that I had most loved in the security of my childhood had been turned to ashes or shot through the heart.

HOW MUCH TRADE-UNIONISM AS USUAL?

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

1

BY NEXT summer sacrifices which seem big now will seem trivial; what appears to be scarcity today will seem like abundance then; restraints on freedom which seem intolerable now will be accepted as a matter of course; demands for special favors will seem outrageous then; shifts of power and responsibility which seem radical now will be commonplace then.

The war confronts everyone in the community with the same basic and inescapable question: How much living as usual? In the case of unions, this question becomes: How much trade-unionism as usual? Giving up living as usual is not easy. Neither is it easy for the unions to give up unionism as usual, especially since they were carrying on their ordinary activities with great vigor when the Japanese struck. The seller's market created by the defense program enabled the unions to add about two million members in 1941 and to raise wages faster than in any other year since the First World War — nearly 10 cents an hour in manufacturing. This vigorous activity naturally produced many strikes, and the year 1941 was the third worst in man-days lost from strikes since statistics have been compiled — exceeded only by 1919 and 1937. Then came Pearl Harbor, and unions were suddenly faced with the task of giving up or limiting many activities and of assuming important new responsibilities.

The first step was to agree to give up the strike, and it was taken promptly. The day after Pearl Harbor, President Green announced a no-strike policy and called a meeting of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor to ratify his announcement. President Roosevelt acted almost as promptly. On December 14 he called a Conference on Wartime Labor Relations, to meet on December 17. Unfortunately the influence of the Conference was limited by the fact that the so-called employer "representatives" served simply at the President's invitation and did not truly represent anyone. The conferees failed to agree on a national war labor policy, but they did agree that there should be no strikes or lockouts and that the President should establish a War Labor Board to handle disputes for which no other provisions for settlement existed.

It has not been possible to prevent strikes altogether. During the first eight months of 1942 they were three-fourths as numerous as in the same period of 1941. In July, 1942, there were 400 strikes, of which 222 were in war industries, and in August there were 350 strikes. There were many more stoppages of a day or two which both unions and employers preferred not to report. These figures, however, taken by themselves, are misleading. More important than the number of strikes is the time lost on account of strikes. Fortunately this has been reduced during the first eight months of 1942 to *only one-fifth of the time lost in the same period last year*. In fact, the total working time directly lost because of strikes is only one-tenth the time lost because of sickness.

As mediator, economist, and teacher, SUMNER H. SLICHTER has earned the respect of management and the labor unions for his fair-minded and impartial stand on labor relations. From field reports and from his own extensive observation he has just completed for the *Atlantic* this survey which we believe will be welcomed by a restive public.

But this figure also is misleading, because in these days of universal shortages, tie-ups resulting from strikes multiply themselves many times in the interruption to the flow of materials. The threatened strike of aluminum workers against the War Labor Board last summer would have directly produced a negligible loss of man-days, but it would have been equivalent to a major military disaster to the United Nations.

Most of these strikes have occurred without the sanction of national union officials, and many of them without the approval of local union officers. The nominal causes are often trivial, indicating that the real cause is the accumulation of irritations. The war has swamped business executives with a multitude of new difficulties. The procurement of raw materials, for example, which in ordinary times usually requires little attention, has become a time-consuming problem. Some employers have taken advantage of the fact that they were working on war orders and have virtually dared the men to strike when grievances could not be settled.

On the other side, unions have lost many able and experienced shop committeemen and business agents to the draft. Under the circumstances, is it surprising that unsettled grievances pile up until the men quit in order to force action? The prevention of stoppages has been hindered also by the fact that thousands of local unions are not yet used to power, and by the additional fact that many managements make no effort to build up a friendly relationship with unions among their employees.

The responsibility for enforcing the no-strike policy rests primarily upon the national unions. The government on several occasions has attempted to enforce the policy by seizing the *employer's* plant. It has been suggested that a more logical procedure would be for the government to appoint a "receiver" for the local union. National unions, if they determine to do so, are able to remove or discipline local union officers and members who are at fault; and discipline by the national union, with appointment of new local officers if necessary, is far preferable to government-appointed receivers.

National union officers are hindered in

dealing with strikes by the division between the CIO and the A. F. of L. and more recently by the fear in both camps of the organizing plans of John L. Lewis. A large new local of an A. F. of L. union recently went on an outlaw strike in an important defense plant. The national president of the union was handicapped in disciplining the local by fear that the members might transfer to the CIO. Raiding each other's locals has not been prevalent between the CIO and A. F. of L. unions, but an effective agreement among all unions against this practice would help national officers deal with strikes.

As more and more people have sons, brothers, and friends in the armed services and as more American troops reach the firing line, the control of strikes will become easier. Not long ago I was present at a small luncheon of prominent union leaders in New York. Six out of eight union executives attending had sons in the Army or Navy — some of them more than one. In another year about one out of every four families will have one or more members in the armed services. The so-called right to strike becomes an empty privilege if one cannot use it without striking against one's children or brothers on the firing line.

2

Far more difficult for unions than giving up strikes has been the acceptance of restrictions on collective bargaining. The negotiation of new terms of employment is the most important activity of unions, but collective bargaining as usual would prevent the effective control of prices.

The problem of the relation of wage policy to price control began to become acute late in 1941. During that year the total payrolls of the nation had risen about 25 per cent above the previous year, but the effect of larger incomes upon prices was partly restrained by substantial increases in the output of civilian goods. As war production expands, however, the output of civilian goods must decline. By the end of 1942, it will be at least one-fourth below the peak of 1941, and in 1943 it will go still lower. And yet the total payrolls of the country in 1942,

without any increases in wage rates, will rise by another 15 per cent because of promotions, more employment, and more overtime. Profits, incidentally, in 1942 will be substantially below 1941 and probably below 1940. With payrolls rapidly rising and the supply of civilian goods dropping, prices will be in danger of skyrocketing. Wage increases simply cannot be permitted to aggravate this danger.

Neither the government nor the unions were prompt in recognizing the need for a national wage policy. The Conference on Wartime Labor Relations did not touch the question. The so-called price-control bill, passed in January, 1942, provided for little real control of farm prices and no control of wages. The War Labor Board, established early in January, carefully refrained from adopting a wage policy. The unions were demanding substantial wage increases, with 10 cents an hour or a dollar a day a typical demand. They denied that wage increases would increase the danger of inflation. They called it a reflection on the intelligence of the American worker to assume that a larger income would cause him to pay uneconomic prices for goods. The unions added that their members were entitled to higher wages in order to help them buy War Savings Bonds and thus provide a cushion against post-war depression.

There is more merit in the union arguments than most economists are prepared to admit. Certainly the greatest protection against inflation in this country up to now has been the unwillingness of consumers to reach for scarce goods at higher prices. And it is true that a wide distribution of the public debt would help sustain demand after the war. Nevertheless, despite the prudence which consumers have thus far shown, it would be foolhardy to widen unnecessarily the rapidly growing gap between incomes and the supply of goods.

Nor is the bond-purchase argument convincing. With the supply of goods diminishing and payrolls rising, workers, even after the payment of higher taxes, will have devoted from 20 to 25 billion dollars of surplus income by the middle of 1944 either to the reduction of their debts, or to the purchase of

War Savings Bonds, or to the accumulation of cash. This is not only an adequate cushion for the post-war transition, but it is a large enough one to create the danger of an uncontrolled post-war boom.

By the end of April, the President saw that something would have to be done to control wages and prices and to impose more or less equal sacrifices on all principal groups — farmers, workers, and business owners. He asked Congress to correct the formula in the price-control bill which permitted prices of farm products to rise 10 per cent above parity or even higher. He also asked for tax increases which would reduce “discrepancies between low personal incomes and very high personal incomes.” He promised to “stabilize” wages, but, curiously enough, he did not ask Congress to give him authority over wages.

In the “Little Steel” decision in July, the War Labor Board adopted as the standard of wage stabilization the purchasing power of wage rates on January 1, 1941 — close to an all-time high for labor. Since the cost of living had increased about 15 per cent since January 1, 1941, the Board held that any group of workers which averaged less than a 15 per cent rise in hourly rates during this period would be entitled to sufficient increase to preserve the “established peacetime standards.” All labor members on the Board voted against the stabilization formula. They charged that the Board had “substituted rhetoric for analysis” in going all-out “for the inflation thesis, a thesis compounded of conjectures and prophecies, fears, and hysterias. . . .”

Not until the President in his Labor Day speech threatened to act even without well-established legal authority did Congress finally tighten the loose limitations on agricultural prices. At the same time Congress gave the President an authority and a duty which he had not asked for. It “authorized and directed” him, “as far as practicable,” to stabilize wages at the levels of September 15, 1942. The President promptly ordered the War Labor Board to approve no advance in wages above the rates prevailing on that date unless the increase was necessary to correct “maladjustments” or “inequalities.”

or to aid in the "effective prosecution of the war."

Furthermore the President appointed a Director of Economic Stabilization and an Economic Stabilization Board to advise the director. A happy stroke of wartime administration led the President to place on the Board the heads of the Farm Bureau Federation, the A. F. of L., the CIO, and the United States Chamber of Commerce. Only the National Association of Manufacturers and Mr. John L. Lewis, who may be regarded as the head of a third labor movement in the country, were left out. These appointments are highly significant because they place the responsibility for recommending wage and price policies largely on the leaders of the most powerful organized groups in the country. These men must see that the special interests of their respective groups are subordinated to a national policy of stabilization.

By the middle of November the National War Labor Board had five thousand cases awaiting approval — most of them increases granted voluntarily by employers. In addition, the United States Conciliation Service had thousands of disputes, mostly wage cases, which it had not certified to the War Labor Board. Many unions are assuming that the possibility of gaining wage increases to correct "maladjustments" or "inequalities" or to "aid in the effective prosecution of the war" will permit the continuance of considerable collective bargaining.

As a matter of administrative necessity the War Labor Board will have to give a narrow construction to "maladjustments," "inequalities," and "effective prosecution of the war." Otherwise it will be swamped with wage cases — for now the Board must pass on *all* wage increases, not simply the cases which reach it as disputes. Furthermore, as scarcities of goods become more acute and more pervasive, the only kind of wage changes which will make sense are those which will facilitate the great redistribution of labor required by the war. Certainly no responsible public agency will go far in giving men more dollars with which to buy goods which do not exist or which can be had in only rationed quantities.

3

The issue which prevented the Conference on Wartime Labor Relations from reaching agreement in December was whether the proposed War Labor Board should be permitted to arbitrate the demands of unions for the closed shop. Unions have never found it practical to restrict to their own members the benefits of the contracts which they negotiate. The demand for the closed shop is the answer of the unions to the "free rider" — the worker who enjoys union conditions but who does not help pay for them. So long as unions felt free to use the strike, they could bargain with employers over the closed shop. The temporary abandonment of the strike as an instrument of union policy left the unions in a fairly helpless position with respect to the problem of the "free rider."

Plainly the government as a matter of *general* policy cannot compel men to join unions in order to gain the opportunity to help defeat Germans and Japs. Where a closed shop is *already* in existence, the public does not demand that it be disturbed. Furthermore the public seems prepared to permit employers to accept voluntarily an extension of the closed shop. The extension of the closed shop by government edict, however, was out of the question. On the other hand, the unions are entitled to protection against "free riders."³

The policy adopted by the War Labor Board recognizes that, as far as the government is concerned, union membership must be voluntary. The existing members of unions have a limited period, usually fifteen days, to decide whether to stay in the union for the duration of the contract or to give up their membership. New employees are free to join as they choose, but if they do join, they must remain in good standing. This is far from complete protection against "free riders," but it does prevent most present members from dropping out.

A knotty problem is created by the institution of the closed shop where the working force in a few weeks will be many times larger than it is today and where the jobs may last only a few months. This problem

has arisen principally in the case of construction work and in shipyards. An employer with a handful of men may enter into a closed-shop contract with the union in return for the union's help in supplying labor. Thousands of farmers, farm hands, retail clerks, taxi drivers, and others who can handle a hammer, saw, or paintbrush have been required to join unions or to buy working "permit" cards from unions in order to work on large construction jobs which last only from three to six months.

There is nothing democratic about all this. Indeed, arrangements by which an employer settles the issue of the closed shop with a small fraction of his ultimate force may violate the Wagner Act. And yet these arrangements may serve a useful purpose because unions often give important help in recruiting labor. What seems to be needed is an arrangement between the government and the national unions placing low limits on initiation fees and dues for men who will be in the union for only a few months or the duration of the war. There is no reason why such men who wish to defend their country by building cantonments, ships, airplanes, or ordnance should pay more than a nominal fee — say a dollar — for admission to the union, good for the duration of the war. The case of the men who wish to remain in the union after the war is a separate problem and should be handled at the proper time as such.

4

In time of peace, most unions leave to management the responsibility of getting out production and keeping down costs. In time of war, managements are overwhelmed with problems which prevent their giving attention to a multitude of important details. The men at the machines and benches are able to give help. Mr. Nelson's appreciation of this led him in March to urge the establishment of labor-management committees to promote production.

By November, 1800 enterprises with approximately 3,000,000 employees had established labor-management committees. This is a passably good record, but nothing to boast about, especially since some industries

which could best use help from unions, such as shipyards, have set up few committees. Unfortunately, only about 300 of the committees are really functioning. Some workers have feared that labor-management committees would simply mean speed-up. Even more important have been material shortages. Workers have not seen why they should be asked to produce more when they are being laid off every now and then because of lack of materials. In the main, however, the failure to establish more labor-management committees is attributable to employers.

Part of the explanation is the failure of managers to realize how much ability there is among the men who punch time clocks. It is true that a small minority of the working force, usually about 10 per cent, is responsible for nearly all suggestions, but this minority is important. Executives who started at the bottom forget how many present executives came from the ranks and how many future corporation presidents and plant managers are running machines today. More important is the unwillingness of many employers to see unions gain the influence and prestige which labor-management committees (especially successful ones) would give them.

Closely allied to this objection is the fear of some employers that the committees are simply an attempt by unions to run the employer's business. This last fear would be less prevalent if unions and managements alike were to distinguish sharply between making suggestions and deciding which suggestions were worth trying. It is the responsibility of management to decide what new ideas are worth a trial. But it is a mark of good management to get as many good ideas for improving methods and processes from as many sources as possible.

The range of activity of the committees has been very great. Many of them have done little more than coin slogans and supply "pep" material for plant bulletin boards. Some have ceased to meet. Others, few in number, have really come to grips with problems of safety, transportation, labor turnover, and absenteeism. A still smaller number have handled technical problems

of increasing output, conserving materials (very important in these days), and reducing spoilage. All too seldom does one find a man near the very top of management, and another at the head of the union, fitted and ready to take an active interest in the committees and stimulate them to produce results. Committees reflect the interest of the executive heads of management and unions and they are not productive if their existence is merely tolerated.

As shortages of materials and manpower become more acute, the need for help from unions in conserving materials and reducing spoilage will become more urgent. By suggesting more and better inspection, a union was able to cut spoilage on gun barrels by 95 per cent. More output from existing plants and equipment would reduce shortages because it would permit raw materials to be used for planes, tanks, and vessels instead of new plants. In most plants in peacetime, workmen impose informal limits on their output. They may do it because they fear that more production will mean layoffs or bring cuts in piece rates, or because the removal of restrictions might lead to overwork. Mr. Nelson probably had the lifting of these informal limits in mind when he said: "Let no man fear that by putting more steam into his effort he will soon run out of work." Labor-management committees are well fitted to handle informal restrictions on output by reviewing the feeds and speeds used by the men on various machines and obtaining guarantees that more output will not cause reductions in piece rates.

5

Looming ahead are shortages of manpower more acute and pervasive than the man in the street suspects. The arrangements for dealing with this problem constitute one of the sorriest messes in the history of the war effort. Duties and authority are hopelessly divided among the Army, the Navy, the local draft boards, the War Production Board, the manpower administration, the Department of Agriculture, and other agencies, and authority is generally lacking to institute even the most rudimentary man-

power policies, such as the allocation of scarce types of skills between the armed services and industry and control over the hiring practices of employers. The problems of manpower will present unions with their next great opportunity to help win the war.

The acute labor shortages will lead unions to give up conditions and practices which are well established and in some instances deeply cherished. It will not be easy to avoid suspending temporarily the six-hour day or the thirty-five-hour week in the plants where they now exist. Nor will it be easy to continue to define a day's work in railroad freight train service as 100 miles or in passenger service as 150 miles. Jurisdictional rules which waste the time of some of the scarcest types of labor in the navy yards or elsewhere will have to be made more flexible. In fact, all working rules which compel employers to use labor wastefully will have to be revised. Such revision, incidentally, will leave unions better prepared for bargaining and better able to raise wages after the war.

A number of unions will be threatened with large losses in members — as when men from building trades go to work in the shipyards. Some unions require a man from another union to tear up his card in his old union before an officer of the union to which he is transferring. A few unions have worked out informal arrangements by which their members are allowed to work in shops controlled by other unions and are given representation through the union in the plant either without charge or by the payment of a service fee by the man's original union, in which he still retains his card. As men move from civilian industries into war work, such arrangements will need to become far more numerous.

Although the shortages of men will compel unions to give up some established conditions, at least temporarily, these shortages will also open the way for unions to play a far more important role in the war. Extreme labor shortages will compel many employers to overcome their reluctance to work with union-management committees on ways of saving labor and materials. The rising rate of absenteeism can best be handled by union

committees. Let the management refer each case of excessive absenteeism to the committee for appropriate action. The same device may be used in many cases to control labor turnover.

How much compulsion is necessary in order to handle the problems of manpower? Congress will need to authorize the director of manpower (1) to compel employers to abandon practices which waste labor, to cease hoarding labor, to do an adequate amount of training, to hire certain types of labor in some areas only through public employment offices; and (2) to require unions to honor each other's cards and to service each other's members on reasonable terms. Action on these points is long overdue. But will it be necessary to draft labor or to "freeze" some workers in their present jobs? These last are the questions which most concern unions.

Authority both to draft and to freeze labor will probably be required because the differences in the labor situation in different occupations are extreme, and the government must have ample authority to deal with the worst situations. Unions can greatly reduce the use of compulsion and they can provide safeguards against its abuse. For example, if the drop in the supply of raw materials available for civilian industries fails to force enough men to move into war work, unions can stimulate voluntary shifting. They will not do this effectively, however, unless they reach an interunion agreement by which men need not transfer from one union to another when they transfer from one industry to another. Unions can also limit the necessity of freezing labor by providing committees for the review of resignations. When compulsion is exercised, either to move men or to forbid men from moving, unions and management can prevent abuses by helping to determine where compulsion shall apply and by furnishing joint committees for the expeditious review of exceptional cases in which the individual worker asks relief on the ground of extreme hardship.

6

The labor leader has one of the most important and difficult responsibilities in the

community. Again and again, in peace as well as in war, he must represent small groups whose lives are being disturbed by great changes — changes which make possible a rise in the standard of living of the community. In these cases he must mediate between the general interests of the community and the special interests of his members. He holds his job by devising workable compromises between these interests.

In the last war a gulf developed between the rank and file and leaders in England, and led to the development of a shop steward movement which caused strikes and considerable difficulty. This gulf was largely a result of the fact that the labor leaders, through close contact with the government, gained far better insight into the needs of the country than the rank and file possessed. Were a similar gulf to develop in this country, it might have far-reaching consequences, for it might lead some locals to shift into a third federation of unions headed by Mr. Lewis or some other ambitious leader.

Thus far no serious gulf has developed between the rank and file and the leaders, and one does not appear to be likely to occur. The rank and file as a whole do not find fault with the leaders for placing national interests ahead of the interests of their special groups. In fact, if the public opinion polls are to be trusted, the rank and file rate national interests (such as control of strikes and prevention of inflation) very high and are often less disposed to push their own special claims than the policies of their unions seem to indicate.

Inevitably the question arises whether the war will bring "peace" between the CIO and the A. F. of L. Will the desire of labor to have more voice in the peace conference lead it to unite, or will its fears of Mr. Lewis, who may start a third labor movement, bring unity? Most of the discussion of labor unity misses the real point. For nearly fifty years, from 1886 to 1935, the American labor movement operated for the most part on the principle of "exclusive jurisdiction." This meant that only one union was recognized as having the right to organize the workers in a particular occupation or industry. The British labor move-

ment operates on the opposite principle, that *no* union has the exclusive right to organize in a given field and that it is for the particular workers to decide which organization they will join. When American labor supported the Wagner Act, it unwittingly abandoned the principle of exclusive jurisdiction, for the Wagner Act gives men the right to be represented by organizations of their own choosing. The abandonment of the principle took a very practical turn when the CIO started.

The greatest problem now confronting the American labor movement is not peace between the A. F. of L. and the CIO so much as how to make the principle of tolerance work. The war is making this problem more acute by encouraging the rapid growth of unions regardless of craft or industrial lines. The successful operation of the principle of tolerance involves (1) avoidance of attempts to influence the voting in original elections under the Wagner Act by threatening to boycott the employer's product or to strike in his other plants if the employees vote for certain unions; (2) the conscientious observance of unfavorable awards in jurisdictional disputes with other unions; and (3) refusal to attempt to capture dissatisfied locals of another national union — even when the revolvers use the Wagner Act to obtain a vote on changing the bargaining agent.

None of these changes will be easy to establish, because our American unions have been as aggressive in asserting their rights against one another as in asserting their rights against employers. In particular, the strongest unions refuse to accept jurisdictional awards against them. Unless the labor movement is able to make the principle of tolerance work, its jurisdictional conflicts will lead the government to impose drastic restrictions on union activities. Thus tolerance, not unity, is the real need of the labor movement.

7

The war has forced both the unions and the government to face the question of the relation of organized labor (and other organized groups) to the formation of public

policy. Labor is keenly dissatisfied with the voice it has had in policy-making, and, despite the considerable influence exerted by individual union leaders, labor's dissatisfaction seems to be well founded.

Unions have been handicapped in efforts to gain a voice in the war effort by misconceptions among both labor leaders and government officials concerning how special groups participate in policy-making. Many trade-union executives have thought that labor gains a voice when its leaders are placed in positions of authority. The President attempted to use this idea by associating Mr. Hillman with Mr. Knudsen in the Office of Production Management.

It is a grave error, however, to assume that the hiring of labor leaders by the government gives labor a voice in policy-making. The instant a man becomes an official of the government, he ceases to be a representative of labor — or of any other group from which he comes. His decisions, of course, will be colored by his background. This is inevitable, and often desirable, because his background is part of his competency. Nevertheless, the labor leader (or businessman) who takes an administrative office is compelled by his new responsibilities to make many decisions of which his group disapproves. Consequently, labor is bound to be disappointed when it seeks to gain a voice in public policy-making by putting its leaders in government jobs.

How then is labor to obtain a voice in public policy-making? Plainly, this can be done only through men who do not cease to be representatives of labor and who are chosen by it. This last point is important. Mr. Hillman had a Labor Policy Advisory Committee of sixteen, but it was selected by him, not by the labor movement, and hence it was not truly representative. More recently, Mr. Green and Mr. Murray have been asked to serve on the most important bodies where the advice of labor was desired. Obviously, there could be no question concerning the representative character of these two men. Nevertheless, the principle remains to be firmly established that special groups, such as labor, employers, farmers, will be regularly consulted on important

questions of public policy and that *each group*, not the government, will select its representative.

What should be the role of representative bodies in the formation of public policy? Some labor leaders believe that representative bodies should be given *authority* to make policy. In most cases this is impracticable. One can never be sure that the representatives of several groups can agree on a recommendation to a government agency. But the debate cannot go on forever. Consequently, public officials must be given authority to end discussion and to act. Clear understanding of this last point remains to be achieved. Representatives of special groups, however, should not take lack of authority too seriously. After all, authority is not important if one has influence, and one may have influence if one has superior knowledge of facts and good ideas.

8

Next summer, when we are far more engrossed in the war than now and confronted with long and painful casualty lists, how will labor's record look? Shall we say that labor has done a good job of giving up trade-unionism as usual and of assuming new responsibilities to help win the war? And how will the records of labor, business, and farmers look to the boys who come back from the firing line after the war?

Strikes arouse keen criticism from the public, and yet, on the whole, the record of unions in holding down the time lost from strikes has been good. Strikes in 1942 have been only slightly less numerous than they were in 1917 or 1918, but they have been smaller and shorter. Unions have been slow in recognizing the relationship between their wage demands and the problem of price control, but they have accepted the decisions of government with good grace and have not been obstructionists. Unions have not yet taken advantage of the labor shortages produced by the war to get rid of obsolete rules

and practices which limit production and which in time of peace restrict the ability of unions to raise wages, but they may soon decide to do so.

Unions, on the whole, have been more willing to help management raise production and save materials than employers have been to receive the help of the unions. The greatest opportunity of unions to contribute to the war effort will be in the field of manpower. It is disappointing that few unions have arranged for the temporary transfer of members from one union to another or for representing each other's members. Unions have a great opportunity to help keep down absenteeism and labor turnover and to encourage the movement of men from civilian industries into war work. By next summer, we shall know how successfully unions have shouldered these important responsibilities.

What is the war doing to the labor movement? It is plain that the war, by stimulating the growth of unions, is making their relations to the rest of the community far more important than ever before. Indeed, the war is encouraging group organization *throughout* the community — among farmers and businessmen as well as among workers. These organized groups will either fight each other or they will work together. Undoubtedly they will do both, but will they work together more than they fight? This is bound to be a question of crucial, practical importance. The very fact that organized groups have become so numerous and so powerful makes it intolerable that they become the basis for a better-organized and more vigorously fought struggle. Consequently the achievement of effective co-operation between organized groups will be the great task of the twentieth century. The war, by compelling men to put national interests first, may help them to learn new social skills and to discover how to limit the area of conflict and to enlarge the area of coöperation. Should this happen on a substantial scale, the rise in the standard of living after the war would be breath-taking.

"A SHROPSHIRE LAD"

by MARK HOLSTEIN

I

IF, by chance, browsing along New York's "Charing Cross Road" which, as you have correctly guessed, lies between Astor Place and 14th Street, you should be fortunate enough to pick up, on any of the 5 and 10 cent stalls lining both sides of that avenue, a small thin book (a 16mo, it would be called) in boards, with vellum back and paper label, bearing the title of this essay, don't pass it up. It is *the* rarest book of modern English poetry.

It was published in 1896 by Kegan Paul. Five hundred copies were printed at the author's expense. It had previously been offered to Macmillan — in London — and declined on the advice, it has been asserted, of John Morley, who was then their reader. At the end of the first year, 381 copies had been sold. It took another year to dispose of the remaining 119 copies. Housman's brother Laurence, buying up the last six copies which remained unsold, gave away one or two and, thirty years later, sold one of the four remaining copies for £12, another for £20, and a third for £30. The fourth and last, which Alfred had obligingly signed for him to make it unique, he sold for £70. This copy, he says, later sold in America for £80, the top price up to that date.

It is always pleasant when a lifelong reader becomes a contributor to the *Atlantic*. MARK HOLSTEIN has been practicing law in Manhattan since 1895. Reading and book collecting are his hobbies. He is the President of the Quarto Club, the possessor of a unique collection of Shakespeareana and the author of delightful papers in the *Colophon*. Incidentally, he is the attorney for one of the parties in the pending action brought by Lord Rothschild, involving the genuineness of the celebrated Kern copy of *Tom Jones*, which was bought by Owen D. Young at the Kern sale in 1929 for \$29,000.

Proud of his successful encounter with the members of the rare-book fraternity, Laurence wrote his brother offering him the proceeds as more rightfully belonging to him. The poet, wholly ignoring the proffer, answered: "At our last Feast I had the new Dean of Westminster next me, and he said he had long been wanting to thank me for the amusement he had derived from my writings, especially about Queen Victoria and her Ministers. So if I bring you money, you bring me fame."

This was not the only time the brothers were mistaken for each other. Laurence was once introduced by the Headmaster of Westminster as "a classical scholar of European fame." To avoid exposing the Headmaster's ignorance, Laurence "took the bow." On another occasion, at the end of a lecture a man came up and asked Laurence if he was the author of *A Shropshire Lad*. "'No,' I said. 'Any relation?' 'Yes, I am his brother.' 'Ah, well,' was the kind reply, 'that's something to be proud of. I, too, have a brother who is the better man.'"

It appears that not long after *A Shropshire Lad* was published Mr. Grant Richards, then but recently embarked on his interesting career as a publisher, read the book, became enthusiastic, and wrote the author offering to bring out a second edition. Housman replied that it would be time enough to discuss a second edition when the first was disposed of. When later Housman and Richards again came to discuss a new edition, Richards naturally mentioned royalties. Thereupon Housman declared that he wanted no royalties and would accept none. "I am not

a poet by trade; I am a professor of Latin. I do not wish to make profit out of my poetry. It is not my business." And then he added: "There's a magazine in America — *McClure's* — which every now and then fills up one of its pages with a poem from *A Shropshire Lad*. I suppose I couldn't prevent it even if I wanted to. A man on the staff seems to like the book. It's he who is responsible for such appearances as I make there. Every time they print anything they send me a cheque." "And you refuse to take it?" "I do. I send it back, and I shall no doubt continue to do so; by and by they'll learn to save themselves the trouble."

The man on *McClure's* who seemed to like Housman's poems was a young American poet named Witter Bynner.

The second edition of *A Shropshire Lad* appeared in 1898, followed by a third in 1900. The interval of two years between editions is sufficient proof that it was not an instantaneous best-seller. Then, little by little, the demand for the book began to grow, and various editions, authorized and unauthorized, limited and unlimited, began to appear. Curiously enough, the book attained a far wider and more immediate success in the United States, where the first edition appeared in 1897, than in England — a success that was stimulated no doubt by the occasional publication of some of the poems in *McClure's Magazine*, which then had an enormous circulation.

Beverley Nichols (with a touch of British smugness) tells a story which illustrates how widely *A Shropshire Lad* appears to have circulated here. In Providence he had met a heavy-jowled, extremely plain man, who was engaged in manufacturing "a depressingly large number of braces — those articles which in America are whimsically termed 'suspenders.' We sat in the same hotel, while I informed him, in general terms, of the braces situation in Europe. He was not very interested until he learned, from a chance remark, that I wrote books. And then a light came into his eyes. He ran into the hall, got his bag, and produced from a nest of braces a first edition of *A Shropshire Lad*, which he knew by heart. I have seldom heard poetry recited so beautifully."

2

Notwithstanding the steadily growing popularity of *A Shropshire Lad* (Housman declared that, so far as his poetry was concerned, "the boom" began with the war in 1914), little, if anything, was known concerning the author, except that he was a professor of Latin. He was seemingly the most reserved and reticent of modern poets. "No one," says Sir William Rothenstein, in his *Men and Memories*, "seemed to know anything about him, save that he was Laurence Housman's brother." And so ignorance begot curiosity, curiosity begot mystery, mystery begot rumor, and rumor begot legend — much of it engendered no doubt by the aloofness and austerity of the author.

Alfred Edward Housman (to give him his full name, which he declared he never signed except in documents when he was directed to do so) was the eldest of seven children, five brothers and two sisters, of whom at least one other brother, Laurence, was to attain fame as poet, novelist, and more especially playwright, and a sister, Clemence, was to distinguish herself as a wood-engraver and author. Their father was Edward Housman, a solicitor of Catshill, near Bromsgrove. Their mother, Sarah Jane Williams, was a daughter of Dr. John Williams, Rector of Woodchester, an accomplished classical scholar and a poet of some repute.

Housman's mother died on his twelfth birthday. A bond of affectionate understanding had existed between mother and son, and it would seem that her loss in his early youth lodged in his highly sensitive mind a resentment against nature's cruel ways. "It is more than likely," his brother declares, "that his early estrangement from the religion of his childhood was caused by her death." After his death, it was found that he had preserved every scrap of writing that he had received from or about his mother. It is only too evident, as his work so clearly shows, that henceforth death became an obsession with him. It pervades and colors all his poetry.

Housman's life quite naturally divides itself into four distinct periods: the first, from his birth on March 26, 1859, to his

leaving St. John's, Oxford, in 1881, disheartened, if not disgraced, in consequence of his failure in Greats; the second, his darkest period, the ten years spent as a civil servant in the Patent Office, which he entered in 1882; the third, the nineteen years during which he was Professor of Latin at University College, London; and finally the remaining twenty-five of his seventy-seven years, during which he filled the post of Kennedy Professor of Latin as a resident Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

In 1870, when he was eleven, Housman entered Bromsgrove School, where he remained seven years. While at school, he won the poetry prize with several poems which he contributed to the school magazine, the *Bromsgrovian*. In 1877, having gained an open scholarship, he entered St. John's College, Oxford. While at Oxford he contributed poems to the *College Magazine*. In 1879 he took a First in Classical Moderations, but failed to take final honors. There can be no doubt that his failure to pass his final examination was a grievous blow. According to his brother Laurence, it caused him, during the eighteen months which elapsed before he left home, to take up his civil service appointment in the Patent Office, "to withdraw completely into himself, and become a silent and impenetrable recluse in the midst of his own family."

During the ten years that he remained in the Patent Office he continued to lead the life of a recluse, spending his nights at the British Museum studying Greek and Latin. As the result of these studies, he began to publish from time to time in various scholarly journals papers on Horace, Aeschylus, and Propertius, and gradually came to be recognized as so accomplished a classical scholar that, in 1892, he was elected to the chair of Latin at University College, London.

It was in 1895, while living alone in lodgings, that Housman wrote most of *A Shropshire Lad* and some of *Last Poems*, under what he later described as "continuous excitement." His Leslie Stephen Lecture contains interesting glimpses revealing the circumstances under which, during long solitary walks that throughout his life it was his habit to take with clocklike regularity, he

conceived and later perfected many of these poems.

When, in 1911, Housman was appointed to the Kennedy chair of Latin at Cambridge, his old students presented him with a silver loving cup, on which was inscribed: *MALT DOES MORE THAN MILTON CAN TO JUSTIFY GOD'S WAYS TO MAN*. On that occasion he referred to his predecessor at Cambridge, Professor J. E. B. Mayor, noted for his abstemiousness, as a man "who drank like a fish — if drinking nothing but water might be so described. When they see me coming to Cambridge with this cup, they will understand that things are going to be changed."

There is a well-authenticated story, repeated by Chesterton in his Autobiography (Chesterton, by the way, considered Housman as "one of the one or two great classical poets of our time"), that on the occasion of an after-dinner speech which Housman made at Trinity, Cambridge, his opening remarks were: "This great College of this ancient University has seen some strange sights. It has seen Wordsworth drunk and Porson sober. And here am I, a better poet than Porson and a better scholar than Wordsworth, betwixt and between."

3

Housman's election to the chair of Latin in University College, London, marked his re-entry into the scholastic world and the resumption of the career so disastrously interrupted by his failure in Greats. In his Introductory Lecture, delivered October 3, 1892, Housman propounds and answers the question: "What is the good which we set before us when we exercise our faculties in acquiring knowledge"?

In consenting to the publication of this lecture, Housman declared that he would like to have it stated that the Council of University College, not he, had the lecture printed. "I consented, because it seemed churlish to refuse. This is the implication of *nescit vox missa reverti*" — a quotation he had placed on the title-page of his lecture.

He later dismissed this lecture as "rhetorical and not wholly sincere," declaring that he himself "cared very little about it," but

the concluding paragraph would grace any anthology of English prose: —

It is the glory of God, says Solomon, to conceal a thing: but the honour of kings is to search out a matter. Kings have long abdicated that province; and we students are come into their inheritance: it is our honour to search out the things which God has concealed. In Germany at Easter time they hide coloured eggs about the house and garden that the children may amuse themselves in hunting after them and finding them. It is to some such game of hide-and-seek that we are invited by that power which planted in us the desire to find out what is concealed, and stored the universe with hidden things that we might delight ourselves in discovering them. And the pleasure of discovery differs from other pleasures in this, that it is shadowed by no fear of satiety on the one hand or of frustration on the other. Other desires perish in their gratification, but the desire of knowledge never: the eye is not satisfied with seeing nor the ear filled with hearing. Other desires become the occasion of pain through dearth of the material to gratify them, but not the desire of knowledge: the sum of things to be known is inexhaustible, and however long we read we shall never come to the end of our story-book. So long as the mind of man is what it is, it will continue to exult in advancing on the unknown throughout the infinite field of the universe; and the tree of knowledge will remain for ever, as it was in the beginning, a tree to be desired to make one wise.

"The Name and Nature of Poetry" is the title he gave the Leslie Stephen Lecture delivered by him at Cambridge, May 9, 1933. It would be difficult in any summary to convey an adequate idea of the rich Housmanian tang which this brilliant discourse possesses. It has erudition but it is not erudite. The critical faculty, he declares, is the rarest of heaven's gifts — rarer even than the creative faculty. "Orators and poets, sages and saints and heroes, if rare in comparison with blackberries, are commoner than returns of Halley's comet: literary critics are less common," and he, he asserts, is not one.

The *name* poetry, as he points out, is indifferently applied to include both "poetry" and "verse," but it is the *nature* of poetry "to transfuse emotion — not to transmit thought but to set up in the reader's sense a vibration corresponding to what was

felt by the writer." That is what differentiates it from verse.

Illustrating by examples drawn from the wide range of English poesy, from Chaucer to Blake, he shows that verse which is "not lofty or magnificent or intense," which "does not stab the heart nor shake the soul nor take the breath away," is not poetry in the highest definable sense of that term.

There is such a thing, he says, as "sham poetry," the great historical example being certain verse produced in the eighteenth century in England. Much of the poetry written in that century, he declares, was excellent literature; "but excellent literature which is also poetry is not therefore excellent poetry, and the poetry of the eighteenth century was most satisfactory when it did not try to be poetical."

He has no mean opinion of Dryden's talent, but when Dryden came to improve on Chaucer, he asks: "Had there not fallen upon England the curse out of Isaiah, 'Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes'?"

No English poem of greater than lyric length "is quite so perfect as the *Rape of the Lock*," but the question whether or not Pope was a poet he answers in this wise: "When I hear anyone say, with defiant emphasis, that Pope was a poet, I suspect him of calling in ambiguity of language to promote confusion of thought. That Pope was a poet is true; but it is one of those truths which are beloved of liars, because they serve so well the cause of falsehood. That Pope was not a poet is false; but a righteous man, standing in awe of the last judgment and the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, might well prefer to say it."

It is his view that there are no such things as "poetical ideas," since no truth "is too precious, no observation too profound, and no sentiment too exalted to be expressed in prose. The utmost that I could admit is that some ideas do, while others do not, lend themselves kindly to poetical expression; and that these receive from poetry an enhancement which glorifies and almost transfigures them, and which is not perceived to be a separate thing except by analysis."

"Poetry is not the thing said but a way of saying it."

"Meaning is of the intellect, poetry is not."

Answering the question, "Who are the English poets of that age [the eighteenth century] in whom pre-eminently one can hear and recognize the true poetic accent emerging clearly from the contemporary dialect?" he answers: "These four: Collins, Christopher Smart, Cowper, and Blake. And what other characteristic had these four in common?" he asks. "They were mad." Proving, as Plato declared, that the poetry indited by the poet in his sober senses "is beaten hollow by the poetry of the mad-man."

Blake he regards as the most poetical of all poets — "more poetical than Shakespeare, even though Shakespeare has so much more poetry, because poetry in him preponderates more than in Shakespeare over everything else, and instead of being confounded in a great river can be drunk pure from a slender channel of its own. . . . Blake's meaning is often unimportant or virtually non-existent, so that we can listen with all our hearing to his celestial tune."

As an example of poetry where the depth and penetrating truth of the thought kindles emotion, he cites: —

Though love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply, —
" 'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

Housman evidently knew his Emerson.

Poetry, it seems to him, is more physical than intellectual. He can no more define poetry, he says, than a terrier can define a rat, but both recognize the object by the symptoms which it provokes. Experience has taught him, when he is shaving of a morning, to keep watch over his thoughts, "because, if a line of poetry strays into my memory, my skin bristles so that the razor ceases to act. This particular symptom is accompanied by a shiver down the spine; there is another which consists in a constriction of the throat and a precipitation of water to the eyes; and there is a third which I can only describe by borrowing a phrase

from one of Keats's last letters, where he says, speaking of Fanny Brawne, 'everything that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear.' The seat of this sensation is the pit of the stomach."

If this is not a concrete definition of poetry (which still remains to be defined), it is at least a synthesis of the sensations which great poetry should produce.

4

It was while he was Professor of Latin in University College, London, that Housman began to issue his editions of Manilius (1903–1931), Juvenal (1905), and Lucan (1926). These works, which have been called "monuments of Latin learning," really constitute his life's work. He consequently takes his place in the Hall of Fame in the double role of the greatest Latin scholar of his time and a poet who, with an astonishingly slender body of verse, has achieved an extraordinary, if not imperishable, fame.

It is a question which will be long debated whether Housman's fame as a poet will outlast his fame as a classical scholar or vice versa. That he was the greatest Latinist of his time, there can be no question. In the words of Professor Richmond: "His poetic gift, so nearly perfect in its kind, so sure of a measure of immortality, is yet a less gift than his matchless contribution to scholarship." Even Professor Garrod, who objects to much in *A Shropshire Lad*, has said: "He stands today the first scholar in Europe; if this country has had a greater scholar, it will be only Bentley."

The terrifying prefaces Housman supplied to the various works he edited, wherein he so savagely attacked other Latin scholars, living and dead, provoked bitter controversy. He pilloried scholars right and left, says Professor Gow, and did not hesitate to fit the dunce's cap upon the head of fellow professors. When he in turn was criticized, he impishly retorted that such nagging was "just the way to foster in me that arrogant temper to which I owe my deplorable reputation."

Of one of the editors of Manilius, the great

sixteenth-century French scholar, Scaliger, he says that "no commentary is brisker reading or better entertainment than these abrupt and pithy notes, with their spurts of mockery at unnamed detractors, and their frequent and significant stress upon the difference between Scaliger and a jackass."

Of Wolf, a German scholar, he writes: "Wolf, like all pretenders to encyclopedic knowledge, had a dash of the imposter about him, and we have no assurance that he had read the book which he thus presumes to judge. Even if he had really read it, he was little qualified to estimate its value. What he says of it is not false: the falsehood lies in what he does not say." Which is somewhat like Dr. Johnson's observation concerning that arrogant Shakespearean commentator Warburton. "He explains what no reader has found difficult and, I think, explains it wrong."

Again, in the same preface, Housman writes: "If a man will comprehend the richness and variety of the universe, and inspire his mind with a due measure of wonder and of awe, he must contemplate the human intellect not only on its heights of genius but in its abysses of ineptitude; and it might be fruitlessly debated to the end of time whether Richard Bentley or Elias Stoeber was the more marvellous work of the Creator: Elias Stoeber, whose reprint of Bentley's text, with a commentary to confute it, saw the light in 1767 at Strasburg, a city still famous for its geese . . . Stoeber's mind, though that is no name to call it by, was one which turned as unswervingly to the false, the meaningless, the unmetrical and the ungrammatical as the needle to the pole."

But he could praise and praise generously where he felt praise was deserved. "Bentley's faculty for discovering truth," he declared, "has no equal in the history of learning."

5

What manner of man was this giant among scholars — this poet "who could be so pitilessly cruel in his words and so kind in his deeds"? Curiously enough, Housman has written himself down in the words of another remarkable character. In his *Seven*

Pillars of Wisdom, Lawrence, analyzing his own temperament, writes: —

There was my craving to be liked — so strong and nervous that never could I open myself friendly to another. The terror of failure in an effort so important made me shrink from trying; besides, there was the standard; for intimacy seemed shameful unless the other could make the perfect reply, in the same language, after the same method, for the same reasons.

In the margin Housman has written: "This is me."

To a French scholar, M. Maurice Pollet, who was engaged in writing an essay on Housman and *A Shropshire Lad*, Housman supplied, among other autobiographical details, the following: —

I was brought up in the Church of England and in the High Church party, which is much the best religion I have ever come across. But Lemprière's Classical Dictionary, which fell into my hands when I was eight, attached my affections to paganism. I became a deist at 13 and an atheist at 21.

Lemprière's Classical Dictionary, by the way, was also a favorite book of Keats.

Housman further says: —

I have never had any such thing as a "crisis of pessimism." In the first place, I am not a pessimist but a peyorist (as George Eliot said she was not an optimist but a meliorist); and that is owing to my observation of the world, not to personal circumstance. Secondly, I did not begin to write poetry in earnest until the really emotional part of my life was over; and my poetry, so far as I could make out, sprang chiefly from the physical conditions, such as a relaxed sore throat during my most prolific period, the first five months of 1895.

Save for holidays spent mainly in France, where he sought out the best restaurants that had the choicest wine cellars, — he was a gourmet and had a nice taste in wines, — Housman led a life of cloistered seclusion. He acknowledged himself to be "morose" and "unamiable." He shared many holidays in France with his friend and publisher, Mr. Grant Richards, who has recently published *Housman: 1897-1936*. It is a record of forty years' friendship and business relationship, and contains a great number of letters written by Housman, and much valuable

additional matter supplied by others.¹ On the personal side it is much the most informative book that has yet appeared or is likely soon to appear.

Writing to Richards, whose great weakness for the pleasures of the table had brought on a recurrence of a severe attack of shingles, Housman says: "One of my chief objections to the management of the universe is that we suffer so much more from our gentler and more amiable vices than from our darkest crimes."

A dish named after him as a specialty of a famous French restaurant, "Barbue Housman," Housman prized more than academic distinction.

And when Wilfred Scawen Blunt wrote that Housman "does not smoke, drinks little, and would, I think, be quite silent if he were allowed to be," Housman said the description was perfectly accurate except that, so far as he could remember, the time he visited Blunt there was little to drink.

He had many personal antipathies on whom his comments were not infrequently touched with venom. Among these Meredith was one. Meredith, it seems, had no very high opinion of *A Shropshire Lad* — "an orgy of naturalism" he called it. Housman's opinion of Meredith was expressed in a letter to his brother, written in 1903, in answer to a request for a contribution to the *Venture*, a magazine of which Laurence was the editor. "I hope you won't succeed in getting anything from Meredith," says A. E. Housman, "as I am a respectable character, and do not care to be seen in the company of galvanized corpses. By this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead twenty years." That would bring the living Meredith back to the days before *Diana of the Crossways*.

Besides Meredith, Housman cordially disliked two other contemporary authors, Maurice Hewlett and John Galsworthy. In 1910 he refused to join in signing a declaration by various authors in favor of woman suffrage, "chiefly because I don't think that

writers as a class are particularly qualified to give advice on the question; and moreover it is certain to be signed by Galsworthy and Hewlett and everyone I cannot abide."

"He enjoyed," says his brother, "telling the truth provocatively. And he did this not only when dealing with persons but with things in general and with morals in particular, illustrative of which was his remark (I believe that Anatole France made a similar pronouncement) that the rarest of sexual aberrations is chastity. It is quite true, but it could hardly be said in a more provocative way. Equally aggressive was his statement that morality, like religion, is chiefly prized by men as an excuse for making others unhappy."

When, in 1915, one of her sons was killed in Flanders, he sent his sister "Illic Jacet," a poem he had written some years earlier (it had been printed in the *Academy*, February 24, 1900), because, as he said, "it is the function of poetry to harmonise the sadness of the world."

This story, concerning Housman as teacher, is told by an old student at Trinity College, Cambridge. It was the poet's custom to walk to his desk at five minutes past eleven, open his manuscript, and begin to read. At the conclusion of his lecture he folded his papers and silently left the room, looking neither at the students nor at the row of dons in front. "One morning, in May, 1914, when the trees in Cambridge were covered with blossom, he reached in his lecture Ode 7 in Horace's Fourth Book, '*Diffugere nives, redeunt iam gramina campis.*' This ode he dissected with the usual display of brilliance, wit, and sarcasm. Then for the first time in two years he looked up at us and in quite a different voice said: 'I should like to spend the last few minutes considering this ode simply as poetry.' Our previous experience of Professor Housman would have made us sure that he would regard such a proceeding as beneath contempt. He read the ode aloud with great emotion, first in Latin and then in an English translation of his own. 'That,' he said hurriedly, almost like a man betraying a secret, 'I regard as the most beautiful poem in ancient literature,' and walked quickly out of the room."

¹ I must acknowledge my great indebtedness to Mr. Richards's book, which is at once both a rich mine of material for all future students of Housman and a generous record of a memorable friendship.

6

A curiously revealing phase of Housman's character — his grudging kindness, his bitter irony, his mordant humor — will be found in the correspondence which was painfully extracted from him during the closing years of his life by Mr. Houston Martin. Martin was at the time an undergraduate majoring in English at the University of Pennsylvania. The great discovery of his youth (a discovery which does him great credit, for he was then but seventeen) was the poetry of A. E. Housman. His interest in the poetry impelled him to seek a more intimate acquaintance with the poet. Since he could find little or nothing about him in print, he took his courage in his hands and wrote Housman requesting, not merely an autograph, but an autograph copy of a poem, no less, and "Loveliest of Trees" was his choice. "I am obliged and flattered by your letter," wrote Housman, "but it is now a great many years since I began to refuse requests for poems written out in my own hand, and therefore you must not mind if you receive the same answer as many others."

Martin was not to be so easily thwarted and so wrote again, insinuatingly this time, to congratulate Housman on his birthday. Housman, acknowledging the kindness, added archly: —

You are right in supposing that I do not look with favour on the collecting of first editions and autographs, but it is a vice which is sometimes found in otherwise virtuous persons, of whom you doubtless are one.

He graciously complied with Martin's request for a photograph, sending him one "taken about the time when I was writing *A Shropshire Lad*," and, presumably answering one of Martin's questions, says: —

I could not say that I have a favourite among my poems. Thomas Hardy's was no. xxvii in *A Shropshire Lad*, and I think it may be the best, though it is not the most perfect.

Still longing for his autograph poem, Martin wrote again, and he will be readily believed when he declares that no greater thrill ever came to him than when he opened

Housman's reply and found an autograph copy of "Loveliest of Trees"! Still, his joy could not have been unalloyed, for the acrid tone of the letter which brought him this flawless poem must assuredly have given him something of a twinge: —

Apparently you have been searching the Scriptures and have lighted on the 18th chapter of St. Luke. I am ashamed of myself for showing no more firmness of mind than the unjust judge, but such infatuation as yours is quite intimidating. I observe that your photograph wears a grin of assured success.

Again Martin wrote Housman to ask some questions about his Introductory Lecture, and received the following answer: —

You are an engaging madman, and write more agreeably than many sane persons; but if I write anything of an autobiographical nature, as I have sometimes idly thought of doing, I shall send it to the British Museum to be kept under lock and key for 50 years. There is no biography of Matthew Arnold (whom I am glad to see that you read) in accordance with his own advice; so there certainly need be none of me.

Your last enquiry, though frivolous, is harmless, and I may reply that I never do sign my name in full except in documents in which I am directed to do so. . . .

Having written to Santayana, Jeffers, and other noted literary men asking them their opinion of Housman, Martin sent Housman copies of these letters. Housman, accepting this as but a further evidence of Martin's irrepressible enthusiasm, writes: —

You are always kind and friendly, and your anthology of opinions ought to foster my self-esteem and smooth my descent to the grave.

With reckless courage, Martin then sent Housman an unauthorized American edition of *A Shropshire Lad*, requesting him to autograph it. This brought forth the following blast: —

You ought to have known better than to send me the copy of *A Shropshire Lad*. American publishers have a perfect right to issue unauthorised copies, but for me to sign them would be an indignity or an excess of magnanimity. I am also deaf to fantastic requests that I should write my name in full or add special stuff for you. One thing I am prepared to do,

which might gratify your depraved mind: if you like to send me New Year's Eve I can make and initial a correction which I was too late to make before it was printed. . . .

I congratulate you on your 20th birthday and your approach, I hope, to years of discretion. I did not realize how frightfully young you were: it explains and perhaps excuses much. . . .

Of course Martin sent Housman a copy of “New Year's Eve,” and with it some additional eulogies which he had lately secured from other famous authors. Thereupon Martin received a letter in which Housman chastises not only him but his innocent countrymen, in the following terms:—

I suppose it would be impossible to explain to you, perhaps to any American, the impropriety of your conduct in writing, as you seem to have done, to ask famous writers their opinions of me. I hope that some of them, at any rate, have ignored your letters.

Still unchastened, Martin wrote again, asking more questions, and received the following answer:—

Certainly I have never regretted the publication of my poems. The reputation which they brought me, though it gives me no lively pleasure, is something like a mattress interposed between me and the hard ground. The lectures I care very little about.

With all good wishes for your health and sanity, I am

But the most remarkable of all the letters that Martin succeeded in extracting from Housman is one penciled from his hospital bed, dated March 22, 1936:—

I was very ill at the beginning of the year, and I am now again in a nursing home. I hope that if you can restrain your indecent ardour for a little I shall be properly dead and your proposed work will not be by its nature unbecoming. But the hope is not more than a hope, for my family are tough and long lived, unless they take to drink.

Do not send me your manuscript. Worse than the practice of writing books about living men is the conduct of living men in supervising such books. I do not forbid you to quote extracts from my letters. . . .

The best review I ever saw of my poems was by Hubert Bland the Socialist in a weekly paper *The New Age* (1896). The American who called

them (I do not know where) the best poetry since Keats is endeared to me by his amiable error. . . .

In philosophy I am a Cyrenaic or egoistic hedonist, and regard the pleasure of the moment as the only possible motive of action. As for pessimism, I think it almost as silly, though not as wicked, as optimism. . . .

When, after Housman's death, Martin applied to the poet's brother and literary executor for permission to publish these letters, Mr. Laurence Housman wrote:—

It would be unfraternal on my part not to reward the importunacy to which my brother yielded with ironical submission, and allow you full permission to publish as much and as many of the letters as you wish. The most characteristic parts of them are those depreciating references to yourself which gave him, I am sure, the most pleasure to write: for he often wrote to me of myself in a somewhat similar strain, knowing, I think, that I should share his enjoyment. I hope you will have the candour not to leave those out.

And so these remarkable letters found their way into the *Yale Review*.

Housman's letters, if they are ever collected and published, will make rare entertainment—not by any means because of their sweet amiability. To Countess Cave, in reply to her request to be allowed to reprint some verses which had appeared anonymously in the *Bromsgrovian*, he writes:

I have no reason to think that the anonymous author of the verses you mention, if still living, would have any objection to your using them, and I myself, to whom they should not be attributed, have none; . . .

Having written his brother Laurence to wish him “a Happy Christmas,” he adds, with malicious glee, referring to a volume of poems, *Green Arras*, which Laurence had just published:—

P.P.S. I was just licking the envelope, when I thought of the following venomous dart: I had far, far rather that people should attribute my verses to you than yours to me.

7

In appraising Housman's fame as poet, it deserves to be borne in mind that his total

output, during his lifetime, consisted of but two slender volumes containing altogether only 104 poems of 2032 lines. Since his death this output has been augmented by the 48 *More Poems* (701 lines), and the 18 additional poems included in his brother's memoir (198 lines), making in all 170 poems of 3103 lines. There is no other instance of an English poet (with the possible exception of Thomas Gray) whose output is so slender and whose fame is so great.

An interval of twenty-six years separates *A Shropshire Lad* from *Last Poems*, and curiosity has naturally been aroused as to what could have been the genesis of this meager but remarkable body of verse. A self-revealing note prefixed to *Last Poems* only adds to the mystery. He wrote the greater part of *A Shropshire Lad*, he says, in the early months of 1895. "I can no longer expect to be revisited by the continuous excitement" under which those poems were written, he declares, "nor indeed, could I well sustain it if it came." What the "continuous excitement" was, under which the poems were produced, still remains a mystery.

It has been suggested that much of *A Shropshire Lad* had as its background some great and unusual tragedy arising from a deep friendship between two young men. Amateur Freudians have been busy interpreting some of the poems accordingly and have indulged in various conjectures. Grant Richards, whose intercourse with Housman, as friend and publisher, extended over a longer period than that of any other person (excepting members of Housman's own family), declares that he has not the slightest toleration for the suggestion implicit in much that has been written on the subject. He calls it "A mare's nest, if ever there was one."

Housman has declared that there is little that is biographical in *A Shropshire Lad*, but it is not difficult to discover in *XL* and *LII* a glimpse of the heartsickness which Housman suffered during his early residence in London. In *Last Poems*, also, we discern in *xxxix* and *xl* his heartsickness for his homeland and his boyhood.

There can be little doubt that *xxxii* of *Last Poems* refers to himself. Concerning the

final quatrain of this poem, there is an amusing story in *A Londoner's Diary*. It appears that Sudbury, Ontario, was offered an original quatrain by Rudyard Kipling for inscription on the city's war memorial. The selection committee turned it down in favor of a quatrain by a local poet:—

They buckled their belts about them,
In ships they crossed the sea;
They fought and found six feet of ground,
And died for you and me.

The selectors were criticized for preferring the work of a nonentity to that of Kipling, but the criticism was hardly just, for the four lines accepted as the work of this "inglorious Milton" are scarcely an improvement on the last stanza of Housman's poem:

They braced their belts about them,
They crossed in ships the sea,
They sought and found six feet of ground,
And there they died for me.

Notwithstanding the vast and general acclaim with which Housman's poems came to be accepted, it must not be assumed that he has escaped criticism, either during his lifetime or since his death. The praise was not wholly unadulterated. Sir Walter Raleigh, a critic certainly of no mean caliber, was only one of many to whom Housman was "the greatest living English poet," but Professor Garrod, even while Housman was still alive, although praising "the pure and cold art of his good work," felt constrained to say:—

[The] false-pastoral twist [of much of *A Shropshire Lad*] is altogether too tiresome; I hate vulgarisms but I hate "fakes" still more, and I do not know what to call this false pastoralism if I am not allowed to call it a not too clever fake.

His gaol-bird stuff, the cruder of his macabre pieces, the curiously elaborated perversity of such poems as *The Immortal Part* (*XLIII*) — these nine-tenths of his readers have preferred to his best work; and he knew that they were going to do so. That some of these poems are absolutely false, he knows, without caring. Even so, into all of them he has put — from an instinct for truth which he is never quite able to suppress in himself — enough of truth to make them poems not to be dismissed without consideration. If I call Mr. Housman's poetry an astonishing medley of false and true, in the long run I am praising it;

for it is a marvel that it should be so true as it is, under the conditions which he has deliberately imposed upon it.

Professor Garrod suggests that Housman bears a considerable resemblance to Swift, save that Housman is a better poet and is more mysterious. It is not untrue that, like Swift, Housman waits for a world *ubi saeva indignatio cor ulterius lacerare nequit* — in which, perhaps, he is not alone.

After Housman's death came the intelligentsia or the "high-brows," so-called, represented by such intellectuals as Mr. Cyril Connolly, one of whose complaints was that the word "lad" occurs sixty-seven times in sixty-three poems. Then came Mr. Martin Cooper, who declared that he "shared Mr. Connolly's objection to the Housman Cult." Stephen Spender criticizes Housman's "shrinking from publicity with an almost violently censured tendency toward exhibitionism" — a quality he must share with T. E. Lawrence. Then comes Mr. Ezra Pound, whose criticism is that during the twenty-five years of his (Pound's) acquaintance with letters he has not "barged into a single indication that Mr. Housman was aware of the world of my contemporaries" — a criticism that no one acquainted with Housman's familiarity with contemporary literature could possibly have made. Criticizing "The Name and Nature of Poetry," Mr. Pound observes that "Mr. Housman descends to bathos, slop, ambiguity, word-twisting," and he concludes his observations with the following characteristically urbane remarks: "Mr. Housman can pack that sentimental drool in his squiffer and turn his skill to throwing the dart in the pub next door adjacent" — which, unlike most of Mr. Pound's esoteric jargon, if not elegant, is at least comprehensible.

But detraction notwithstanding, *A Shropshire Lad* still holds and is long destined to hold a unique place in English poetry.

If imitation is the sincerest flattery, parody is a sure criterion of a poet's popularity, and Housman came to be abundantly parodied. Here is one by Hugh Kingsmill, which Housman considered the best he had seen: —

What, still alive at twenty-two,
A clean, upstanding chap like you?
Sure, if your throat 'tis hard to slit,
Slit your girl's, and swing for it.

Like enough, you won't be glad,
When they come to hang you, lad:
But bacon's not the only thing
That's cured by hanging from a string.

When the blotting-pad of night
Sucks the latest drop of light,
Lads whose job is still to do
Shall whet their knives and think of you.

Many of Housman's poems, and magic lines and phrases, have become a part of our common speech: "Loveliest of trees, the cherry now" — "With rue my heart is laden" — "By brooks too broad for leaping" — "Is my team ploughing" — "I, a stranger and afraid, In a world I never made."

If your preference in poetry is for the "God's in his heaven — All's right with the world!" optimism of Robert Browning, I will not refuse to share your vain enthusiasm; but do not deny a poet, moved to savage indignation by the cruelties and injustices of this mad world, to give utterance to his despair: —

Could man be drunk for ever
With liquor, love, or fights,
Lief should I rouse at morning
And lief lie down of nights.

But men at whiles are sober
And think by fits and starts,
And if they think, they fasten
Their hands upon their hearts.

Housman has answered in unforgettable accents the charge that his poetry is a counsel of despair: —

They say my verse is sad: no wonder;
Its narrow measure spans
Tears of eternity, and sorrow,
Not mine, but man's.

This is for all ill-treated fellows
Unborn and unbegot,
For them to read when they're in trouble
And I am not.

NEARER AND NEARER THE PRECIPICE

by VIRGINIUS DABNEY

1

A SMALL group of Negro agitators and another small group of white rabble-rousers are pushing this country closer and closer to an interracial explosion which may make the race riots of the First World War and its aftermath seem mild by comparison. Unless saner counsels prevail, we may have the worst internal clashes since Reconstruction, with hundreds, if not thousands, killed and amicable race relations set back for decades. There may also be far-reaching and heavily adverse effects upon the colored peoples of China, India, and the Middle East — peoples whose attitude can be of crucial importance to the Allies in the war.

Extremist Negro leaders and Negro newspapers in this country are demanding an overnight revolution in race relations. A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and national organizer of the "March-on-Washington Movement," continued to make plans for the march despite warnings that sanguinary encounters are to be expected if colored people converge on the national capital from all directions for the purpose of forcing concessions. Mr. Randolph said recently: —

"If the President does not issue a war proclamation to abolish Jim Crow in Washington, the District of Columbia, and all government departments and the armed forces, colored people are going to *march*; and we don't give a damn what happens. . . . Rather that we die standing upon our

feet fighting for our rights than to exist upon our knees begging for life."

The author of this peremptory demand on Mr. Roosevelt, who has done more for the colored people than any other occupant of the White House in three quarters of a century, expanded his program to include the abolition of racial segregation throughout the United States, absolute enforcement of the Fifth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments, and elimination of the poll tax. He has now abandoned plans for an "immediate" march on Washington in favor of a "pressure campaign to force the government to make some drastic changes in its treatment of the Negro." For postponing the march he has been belabored by the *Pittsburgh Courier*, one of the most radical of the Negro newspapers.

Consider, too, the present position of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Roy Wilkins, its assistant secretary, said in the keynote address to the organization's annual convention at Los Angeles in July that "we are determined to be forever through with the status quo." He added that the Negro and the white must be placed "on a plane of absolute political and social equality." Prolonged cheers and applause interrupted him.

Over against these and similar declarations from colored leaders, organizations, and newspapers in all parts of the United States may be placed those of such Southern whites as Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia and Governor Frank Dixon of Alabama. In his lately concluded and unsuccessful campaign for re-election, Talmadge deliberately fanned the flames of race preju-

VIRGINIUS DABNEY is a Southerner who strongly espoused the Anti-lynching bill, and a writer who in his editorials and in his books — the latest of which is *Below the Potomac* — has consistently urged a fairer and saner treatment of our Negro citizens.

dice for political purposes. The commander of the State Guard, a Talmadge appointee, publicly ordered that organization to be on the alert against racial disorders, saying that "an unusual number of assault cases and attempts to assault white ladies have been reported." Neither the FBI nor any other responsible agency in Georgia had heard of the episodes referred to. Nor had any responsible person or agency been able to identify efforts in Georgia to have whites and Negroes educated in the same schools and colleges, although Talmadge sought to gain votes by alleging over and over that such efforts were being made by his political enemies. Talmadge's henchmen organized in October a new secret society called "The Vigilantes, Inc." Described by its founders as "purely eleemosynary, patriotic, social, and benevolent," this society, restricted to "white males of sound health, good morals, and high character," has certain earmarks of the Ku Klux Klan.

Governor Dixon of Alabama caused nation-wide dismay last summer by refusing to sign a contract for the manufacture in the Alabama prison system of cloth for the Federal government. He charged that the clause in the contract requiring no discrimination "against any worker because of race, creed, color, or national origin" was designed to break down racial segregation and the "color line" in the South. His far-fetched interpretation was promptly challenged by such leading Alabama newspapers as the *Birmingham Age-Herald* and *Montgomery Advertiser*, but the damage had been done. The Dixon manifesto came only one day after Horace Wilkinson, Birmingham attorney, announced a similar doctrine in an address to a civic club. Mr. Wilkinson said, in language which received tremendous publicity and was interpreted generally as an invitation to revive the Ku Klux Klan, that if there is a place in America for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, there is also a place for a "League to Maintain White Supremacy."

In addition to the particularly tense situation in Georgia and Alabama, there was the emphasis lately given the Negro as a political issue in Arkansas, South Carolina, and Mis-

issippi. In Arkansas a candidate for Congress was taunted loudly with the charge that he was opposed to racial segregation. In South Carolina an unsuccessful aspirant for the Senate proclaimed his undying devotion to the cause of "white supremacy" and his spiritual kinship with Talmadge on the race question. In Mississippi, the notorious Representative John Rankin has been arousing his constituents with dire warnings concerning the "blood bank" of the Red Cross. That organization's opposition to mixing white and colored blood, and the Negro newspapers' violent and oft-reiterated denunciation of its attitude, brought Mr. Rankin into the controversy. His alarmist predictions, that Communist agitators "are trying to mongrelize America . . . they want to pump Negro or Japanese blood into the veins of our wounded white boys regardless of the dire effect it might have on them or their children," caused the Negro press to echo *PM's* declaration that Rankin is the "leader of the white trash bloc" in Congress.

A climactic interracial crisis seemed to be brewing in Rankin's district when the Reverend James Arthur Parsons, Negro pastor of four colored churches in Tupelo, Mississippi, was announced as a candidate in November against the white Congressman, with the support of the National Negro Council. The pastor left Tupelo for St. Louis, Missouri, soon after he had been proclaimed a candidate in Chicago by Earl G. Brown, head of the Council, because, he said, Tupelo citizens demonstrated "forcibly that they do not approve the idea of a Negro running for Congress." Then the country was suddenly shocked by three Mississippi lynchings in a single week, and the plan to run Parsons against Rankin was abandoned.

Anybody familiar with the temper of the white people of Mississippi would have recognized the dire potentialities of this campaign which Northern Negroes were so gleefully hatching before the idea was finally dropped. One could only shudder at the prospect of a contest between white and colored Congressional candidates in that state — where the races are almost equal numerically; where memories of Reconstruction are fading but are nonetheless bitter; and where the record

of lynchings, over the years, is the worst in the Union.

It is all very well to argue that Rankin is a tub-thumping demagogue of the first water; that this is a democracy; that a black man has as much right, under the Constitution, to aspire to Congress as a white man; and that if white Mississippians don't know that Negroes are citizens, it is high time they were taught the facts of life. Such an argument is logical if one wishes to ignore all the human factors involved, but those factors cannot be ignored. The position of the National Negro Council in this matter was utterly unrealistic. Lethal and devastating clashes would have been only too probable if the plan had been carried through. It is difficult to conceive of a more dangerously inflammatory situation anywhere in America than the aggressively promoted candidacy of a black man against a white man in Mississippi.

2

Are we to conclude then, you ask, that the white South today is unwilling to countenance a political contest between white and colored aspirants for office? Such, it must be said, is the case. What the ultimate posture of interracial relations in this sphere will be, it is impossible to tell. The most advanced thing of the kind in the South at the moment is the presence in the Kentucky legislature of a Negro of unusual poise and intelligence who represents a 95 per cent colored constituency in Louisville. It is likely that when other Negroes enter Southern legislatures they also will do so as representatives of districts which are overwhelmingly black. It is not possible to envision a Southern Negro's being elected to Congress at any time in the measurable future. Congressional districts are so much larger than the districts from which state legislatures are chosen that it is unlikely a Congressional district could be found with a sufficiently solid black population to make election possible. If this seems the very negation of democracy, I can only say that I believe I am reflecting accurately the vast preponderance of white sentiment in this section. That sentiment will change in time as prejudices fade and new generations

are born — but the South cannot be high-pressured into submission on this issue.

Symptomatic of the tension in the whole South, if not in parts of the North, was the beating of Roland Hayes, the internationally famous Negro tenor, at Rome, Georgia. He had gone to a shoestore to inquire about an argument his wife had had with a clerk when he was suddenly attacked by white police, punched in the jaw and cuffed, thrown into a police car, slugged while lying on the floor, and hauled off to the police station with his wife and daughter. All were released soon afterward, but the episode served to heighten interracial animosities throughout the United States. True, Mr. Hayes at his last concert in Berlin had been forbidden by *Reichsführer* Hitler to sing German folk songs, on the ground that for a Negro to do so would insult the Nordic race; but that hardly made the ruffianly assault upon him in his native Georgia any more justifiable.

Spurred on by such episodes as this, the radical element of the Negro press, both North and South, is stirring up interracial hate. Few white people see the colored weeklies which are published in most large cities, but the lengths to which some of them are going are both astounding and alarming. It must be confessed that certain white newspapers are just as bad. Between them they manage to aggravate the situation immeasurably.

It is a nine days' wonder when one of the more extreme colored papers plays up, or even publishes, any item which reflects credit upon the sincerity, the humanity, or the decency of the white race. Moreover, the news columns of even the conservative papers are filled almost entirely with the woes and grievances, real or imagined, of the Negroes. White newspapers which emphasize Negro crime and practically never have a good word to say for the black man's constructive achievements have no right to object, but one can readily see how these two groups of publications are undermining stable race relations.

There is no denying, of course, that the Negro is confronted by many forms of unfairness, injustice, and oppression. Nor can it be said that this state of things is confined to

any section or sections of the country. For example, Federal Security Administrator Paul V. McNutt declared last year in an address in Philadelphia that prejudice against using Negroes in defense industries was much worse in Philadelphia and "generally north of the Mason-Dixon Line," than in the South. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People issued a pamphlet not long ago, entitled "Food Costs More in Harlem," showing that "Harlem families are victims of exploitation through the prices they pay for food."

Yet most of the abuse emanating from the more radical colored leaders and newspapers is directed at the South, where about 75 per cent of the country's 13,000,000 Negroes live. No informed person will argue that the South is guiltless, but there is such a thing as overdoing the criticism of any section, and the South is currently a victim of this. Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska said on the floor of the Senate in 1938 that "the people of the South have done a wonderful job" with the Negro problem, and that they have "made a record of which they have a right to be proud." Even those who disagree with the great Nebraska liberal on the point can hardly justify the tirades against the South which are emanating from certain highly articulate Negro sources.

It would not be fair to intimate that the whole colored press is incendiary in its present attitude. All the papers harp constantly on racial grievances, but that has been going on for years. Many of them are reasonably restrained in their language, and careful not to indulge in vilification or abuse. But others are so extreme that riots probably would break out if they were widely read by the whites.

A highly disturbing thing about this group of colored papers is their unwillingness to grant sincerity of motive to the whites who disagree with their attitude, and who argue that this attitude will be much more harmful than beneficial to the Negroes in the end. The same papers are equally intolerant of Negro leaders who try to put on the brakes. Any colored person, especially in the South, who urges a more conservative policy upon the Negroes, on the ground that a continua-

tion of demagoguery and abuse is bound to end in disaster, is promptly assailed as an apostate, an "Uncle Tom," or a "handkerchief head."

An example of the rule-or-ruin position of the radical colored press vis-à-vis friendly Southern whites who try to warn them against extremist policies is seen in the deluge of billingsgate which greeted the pronouncement on racial segregation made by Mark Ethridge in June at a hearing before the Committee on Fair Employment Practice, of which he is a member and former chairman. Mr. Ethridge, who is publisher of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, has been defending the civil, political, and economic rights of the Negro in a distinguished newspaper career extending back over more than two decades. He has gone out of his way to be objective and fair, and as managing editor and chief editorial writer of the *Macon [Georgia] Telegraph* he was praised frequently by the *Nation* for his fearless exposés of anti-Negro movements in the deep South. More recently he served as first chairman of President Roosevelt's Committee on Fair Employment Practice, and in that capacity devoted a great deal of time and effort to the difficult business of forcing or persuading war industries to hire Negroes.

But all this was tossed overboard by the leftist colored press when Mr. Ethridge, as a member of the Committee, declared at Birmingham that the South has no intention of giving up the legal segregation of the races. In saying that the South expects to continue the system of segregation — which applies chiefly in schools, colleges, and universities, and on transportation lines — he emphasized that "the Negro is entitled, as an American citizen, to . . . the right to vote, the right to justice in the courts, the right to share equitably in the tax burden and in the distribution of tax moneys for public health, for public education, for public improvements such as streets and sidewalks and parks." He added that the Negro also must have the right to work according to his skill, and he declared that "the Southern white man can purchase his own security, his own happiness, and his own self-respect only in that measure in which he is willing to accord them to the Negro."

More of what he said was concerned with affirmations of the white man's obligations to the Negro, with denunciations of white Southern dervishes and mobsters, with exhortations to employers to give jobs to Negroes, than with warnings against efforts to break down segregation of the races. But he was firm in saying that the Southern people as a whole have no intention of lowering those barriers.

His reward was excoriation from the Negro press that could hardly have been more extreme if he had been caught heading a gang of lynchers. Mark Ethridge — who has done as much as any man in the South to deflate white Negrophobes, to unmask Ku-Kluxery, and to fight for justice for the colored man — was assailed as though he had been a common pickpocket. His words were distorted, his meaning was misrepresented, he was told to get off the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice, and he was bracketed with Gene Talmadge as an enemy of the Negro race!

If this sort of thing keeps up, it can have but one result. The white leaders in the South who have been responsible for much of the steady progress of the Negro in the past, and who can bring about a great deal more such progress in the future, will be driven into the opposition camp. Some of the foremost of them are being assailed as "big-mouthed white Southerners," as "spiritual kinsmen of Hitler," and so on. No matter how liberal they are with respect to the Negro's needs in other directions, if they subscribe to the view that racial segregation cannot be done away with, as the price of an all-out Negro effort in the war, they are attacked as traitors to democracy who ought to be fighting beside the Nazis.

An organization which has done much for the progress of the colored citizens of the South is the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, with headquarters in Atlanta. Dr. Howard W. Odum of the University of North Carolina is its president; Dr. Charles S. Johnson of Fisk University (Negro) is first vice-president; Dr. Will W. Alexander, now with the Federal government in Washington, is executive director; and Mrs. Jessie Daniel Ames is editor of the Commission's

monthly organ, the *Southern Frontier*. It seems logical to suppose that unless the support of this influential and widely connected commission can be gained for any given reform in interracial relations, that reform has slight chance of winning Southern approval. As an indication of the Commission's attitude toward segregation, consider the fact that the full text of Mr. Ethridge's address was distributed with the July issue of the *Southern Frontier*, which also contained a note of high commendation.

3

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is much more radical than the Atlanta commission, but it is responsible for important and deserved advances on the part of the Negro in all sections of the country. Its intervention on behalf of colored men who were being railroaded to the electric chair, such as the Scottsboro defendants; its fight against lynching; its battle for better educational facilities and higher salaries for teachers; and its other similar victories for the colored race are genuine contributions to the building of a fairer and more equitable civilization on this continent. But President F. D. Patterson of Tuskegee Institute in Alabama spoke wisely when he declared that, while the Association deserves all credit for such accomplishments as these, it "fails miserably" in the "realm of practical adjustment of Negroes in American life."

The N. A. A. C. P. now is not only for "absolute political and social equality," but it has declared war to the death on all forms of racial segregation. Dr. William Pickens, one of the organization's principal officials for more than twenty years, was summarily discharged when he uttered words of praise some months ago for the squadron of Negro aviators at Tuskegee. Why? Because the squadron is entirely colored, and the Association does not concede that a unit which contains only Negroes can be praised by an N. A. A. C. P. spokesman under any circumstances. It wants mixed units of both whites and blacks, with Negro officers commanding some of them. The Association also objects to the operation of war indus-

tries exclusively by Negroes. The Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company recently put to work some thousands of colored men in an all-Negro shipyard at Chester, Pennsylvania. Every skilled, semi-skilled, and unskilled worker in the plant was to be colored, it was announced. To many this seemed a great opportunity for the Negro to demonstrate what he can do in this highly competitive field, and to disprove the argument that he cannot equal the industrial and mechanical efficiency of the white man. But to the N.A.A.C.P. this is a "Jim Crow shipyard . . . a wartime application of 'Keeping the Negro in his place.'"

Thus the agitation goes on and on, in an ever mounting crescendo. Negro leaders who see where all this is leading and say so are attacked scurrilously in the more advanced organs of colored opinion. President James E. Shepard of the North Carolina College for Negroes declared recently that in times like these the blacks should be thinking of their duties rather than their rights. He was assailed as "a throw-over from the Reconstruction period," one of the "weasel-minded gentry who put property rights above human rights" and who are seeking "to curry favor" with the dominant race. Dr. Gordon B. Hancock of Virginia Union University remonstrated not long ago with the Negroes who spend all their time denouncing Southern whites, and who refuse to take cognizance of the genuine progress made by the colored citizens of this country since Appomattox, with the aid of these same whites. He was assailed as a Charlie McCarthy for the advocates of segregation, a friend of Negro haters, who is full of "scatterbrained ideas."

Fortunately these and other leading Southern Negroes have taken matters into their own hands. In one of the most encouraging developments in years they have held a conference at Durham, North Carolina, for the purpose of drafting "a new charter for race relations in the South." This representative gathering, with delegates from ten states, was presided over by P. B. Young, publisher of the *Norfolk Journal and Guide*, one of the sanest and best-edited colored newspapers in the United States. The char-

ter for Southern race relations to be formulated after all the deliberations of these able men have been completed is to take the form of "articles of coöperation," which will state just what Southern Negro leaders with their feet on the ground expect of the post-war South and nation. These college presidents, editors, businessmen, and professional men can be counted on to produce something which will appeal to forward-looking white Southerners as in the best interests of the whole South and the whole United States and as a long-needed antidote for the inflammatory agitation by Negro extremists.

Because of the prevailing interracial tension on many fronts, growing out of the current agitation by both Negroes and whites—basically traceable, it must be admitted, to the fact that the Negroes have been the victims of oppression and adverse discrimination over a long period—the country is sitting on a volcano. Moreover, the most fantastic rumors find ready believers. In various Southern cities it has been reported, on the eve of blackouts, that all the ice picks and "switch blades" in town were being bought up by the Negroes, with a view to a general massacre of the whites under cover of darkness. Nearly everybody below the Potomac has heard of the "Eleanor Clubs," or the "Daughters of Eleanor," and thousands believe that they actually exist. These imaginary organizations are supposed to be composed of colored cooks and maids who have vowed to abandon domestic service as degrading, and who have adopted some such slogan as "Every white woman in her kitchen by Christmas."

While the Negroes are overwhelmingly patriotic, too many of them have been indoctrinated with the belief that since the Japanese are a colored race the blacks might be more equitably treated by Tokyo than by Washington, and that consequently the Negroes have little to fear from a Japanese victory over the United States. The oft-repeated story of the colored sharecropper who observed last December, "I hear dem Japanese done declare war on you white folks," illustrates the point. Like the natives of Malaya and Burma, the American Negroes are sometimes imbued with the notion that a victory

for the yellow race over the white race might also be a victory for them. These ideas and attitudes may or may not be planted by Axis agents. Certainly they are seriously disruptive of morale.

4

If all this tension and misunderstanding leads to armed violence, there can be little doubt that the Negroes will be the worst sufferers. They always are. Such is the history of the riots which occurred during and after the First World War. At Houston, Texas, for instance, Negro soldiers "shot up the town," killing seventeen whites, some of whom seem to have been at fault. The colored soldiers had been "goaded and insulted," says Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, but nineteen of them were hanged and fifty-one were imprisoned for life. At East St. Louis, Illinois, white strikers on war work mobbed Negro workingmen, killing no fewer than one hundred and twenty-five. For this wholesale massacre, during which, "for the greater part of thirty-six hours, Negroes were hunted through the streets like wild animals," twenty white men and ten colored men were imprisoned. The heaviest sentence any of the whites got was fifteen years.

Riots like these and the other bloody interracial clashes which occurred both in the North and in the South during and after the last war — including a Chicago riot in which thirty-six persons were killed, and five separate riots in New York City — are likely to occur again. Only this time they may be much worse. The tension is more widespread, and the apprehension in responsible quarters is much greater.

Do the Negroes think the Federal authorities will order the nation-wide abandonment of segregation? If so, they are mistaken; for however sympathetic the Roosevelt admin-

istration is to the aspirations of Negro citizens, it would not attempt anything so surely calculated to provoke sanguinary encounters on both sides of the Mason and Dixon Line. Reforms in this sphere cannot be forced by executive fiat but are the fruit of gradual evolutionary development.

No decent white American expects any colored American to remain unprotesting in wartime, or at any other time, when Negroes are lynched, beaten, or persecuted; and certainly the maintenance of segregation connotes a definite obligation upon the whites to provide absolutely equal facilities for the two races, something which obviously is not now being done. But it is a foregone conclusion that if an attempt is made forcibly to abolish segregation throughout the South, violence and bloodshed will result.

It is argued that unless all discriminations against the American Negro are instantly brought to an end, the cause of the United Nations in China, Malaya, Burma, India, and the Middle East will be damaged. The answer is that the damage will be much greater if widespread armed clashes on American soil are provoked by ill-considered action. Only impractical idealists will contend that deep-rooted feelings and attitudes, acquired over centuries of usage, can be suddenly done away with. To attempt such a thing in the middle of a global war is the height of folly. It could plunge us into the bitterest and most disastrous fratricidal strife in eighty years, and fatally weaken us in our battle for survival. But if the disturbing elements on both sides of the color line can somehow be muzzled for the duration, and if the slow but certain processes of evolutionary progress can function, then better interracial relations and accelerated Negro advancement will go hand in hand — and we shall be able to get on with the war.

NATURALIST AT LARGE

For Richer for Poorer

by THOMAS BARBOUR

1

I WAS married on the first of October, 1906. When I had won a yes from Rosamond, in the face of countless competitors, I soft-pedaled the fact that I planned to leave for the Dutch East Indies as soon as we were married. This news, when it broke, caused a bit of a surprise. My wife had once been west of the Adirondacks, once south to New York, and once north to North Haven.

She had lived in Brookline, surrounded by untold cohorts of Bowditches, Higginsons, and Cabots, all kin, and many of them what in Charleston would be called "kissin' kin." I do not have to enlarge upon the fact that she is a strong-minded and masterful person; if you belong in these clans you are that automatically. I cry at funerals and at movies and at certain types of music, particularly "The Flowers of the Forest" on a good pipes band. She always had her emotions completely in hand. She is as bold and daring, especially in facing misfortune, as I am shrinking and cowardly.

The day after Rosamond and I were married we sailed on the *Ivernia* for Queens-town. My father's family came from Northern Ireland, and in 1906 a number of his uncles were still alive and were keen to have a look at my bride. I cannot remember now which one gave the party, but a celebration was staged in honor of our arrival. A big

barrel of Jamieson's, not too old, was put out on the lawn for the benefit of all and sundry. The next day I met Danny Ferris, one of the gardeners, and asked him if he had had a good time. He said, "Oh, God, Mr. Tommy, I could neither stand up, nor sit down, nor roll on the ground." He must have been really tight. Pat Dooley told me that his wife had bitten him. And he added, "I was only bit but twice in me life, once by me ass and once by me woman. And yesterday I wished to God the ass had swallowed me."

My Uncle James's two old gardeners, bosom friends, walked down the road after the party, one saying to the other, "Don't say it," and the other muttering, "I must! I must!" This was repeated over and over again until one blurted out, "To hell with King William." And his colleague, who was a Protestant, promptly picked up a cobblestone, knocked him on the head, and kicked him into the gutter. For those are fighting words indeed in that lovely land.

The blame for the fighting is evenly divided. On the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne the Orangemen parade with the whole idea of insulting their Catholic neighbors. They sing: —

Teeter, totter, milk and water,
Slaughter the Catholics every one;
We will take them to battle
And kill them like cattle,
And pile them up under
The Protestant's drum.

Of course preparation has been duly made and the housetops are well piled with cobble-

DR. THOMAS BARBOUR, who graduated from Harvard in 1906, carries on the tradition of Louis and Alexander Agassiz. Director of the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge, he is a scientist whose knowledge of reptiles, birds, and insects is rivaled only by his delight in human nature. This is the third of a series of papers drawn from his reminiscences, which will hold the fruition of his forty years' experience as a naturalist and traveler.

stones and brickbats. The great Linen Thread Works, which have been operated by my family since the middle of the eighteenth century, expect to close down for a few days twice each year—once after the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne and again after St. Patrick's Day.

Father told a story which well illustrates the unbelievable agility of the Hibernian mind. It ran something like this:—

Ireland is a rainy country, but there are spells of dry weather. At such times an elderly retainer was employed to bring water from a pond near-by for the garden or for sprinkling the driveway. Father asked this old man in a bantering way what capacity his cart had. The old man told him. "How many trips do you have to make in the course of a year?" And the old man told him how many. "Well," said Father, "I have a sovereign for you if you can figure out how many gallons of water you haul from one end of the season to the other." "Oh," replied the old man, "that's too easy. I haul all the water you don't see in that pond there now."

We are inclined to laugh at the Irish, to be impatient with them sometimes, but deep in our hearts we love them and admire them for their bravery, their loyalty, their love of poetry and flowers, their kindness to animals, and their unfailingly warm hearts. In the words of the old song, "Who then can blame us if Ireland is famous for murder and whiskey and beauty and love?"

After our visit to Ireland, we crossed over to London for a few days before taking the express from Calais to Brindisi to catch the boat for Egypt. At London I went to the office of Thomas Cook and bought a skeleton ticket which covered a good many of the inevitable steamship runs, such as Port Said to Aden, Aden to Bombay, Calcutta to Rangoon, Yokohama to San Francisco. This consisted of a mass of coupons pinned together which were to be exchanged for steamship tickets. These coupons I inadvertently put in Rosamond's trunk. Then this trunk caused our first marital argument. It was a veritable leviathan of a trunk. I have never seen another one so large. I said, "Buy ten little trunks that can be easily handled

and let's ship that white elephant of yours home."

Rosamond finally agreed. Our warm clothing and heavy overcoats, which we had needed for the North Atlantic crossing and were not likely to need again, and sundry purchases made in England filled it up. Father's agents in London arranged to handle its transfer to Boston, and I mailed the key about two hours before train time. Just as we were ready to leave for the station, it occurred to me that all those coupons were in the trunk. I rushed downstairs in a frenzy. In the old Metropole Hotel, where this affair took place, there was a letter box right by the door of the elevator. By inexpressible good fortune I reached the bottom step just as the postman, key in hand, was unlocking the box. I spotted the letter and made a grab for it, pushed a half sovereign into the bewildered postman's palm, and jumped for the elevator. Before the postman could yell "Stop thief," I had the key extracted. We just made the train.

2

By nature I am a timorous person. Physical bravery is no part of my make-up and all my life I have dodged trouble rather than looked for it. For this reason, while I have traveled a good deal, I have few adventures to recount. My friends often counter with the statement, "But you catch poisonous snakes with your hands." This, of course, is only partially true. You need the right sort of stick and then, when you know how, picking up snakes, whether harmless or poisonous, is no trick at all.

My wife and I, however, made one trip in 1906 which for some reason was crowded with thrills. A family friend, Sir Frederick Palmer, Chief Engineer of the Port of Calcutta Authority, gave us one of the Survey vessels for a trip to the Sunderbunds. At certain times of the year, when the water is high, the shifting sands of the Hooghly River make it necessary to revise pilot charts every few days, and a number of vessels are constantly employed in this work. But in the dry season they are not so busy, and one was available for our use.

We sailed from Calcutta down into the vast network of waterways which make up the double delta, for the Hooghly River and the Brahmaputra River flow into the Bay of Bengal near together. This region, called the Sunderbunds, is a maze of islands, and at low water each of these is fringed by wide marginal flats grown with grass and bushes, which are flooded at the height of the rainy season.

On these open maidans, as they are called, the axis deer, or chital, swarm at night to graze. Tigers abound and feed on the chital, and there is an abundance of wild life of other sorts. We spent several nights in a machan, a platform high in a tree, with tethered goat for bait. We wanted to kill a tiger, but there was too much wild food about, and while we saw fresh tracks and heard tigers, we never saw one.

Late one morning, after we had slept for some hours following our night's vigil, I took my net and Rosamond her box of papers, and we set to collecting butterflies. There were clumps of flowering shrubs three or four feet high, the plants looking something like our buttonbush. A good many butterflies were coming to these flowers, and the collecting was good. A boy followed us with my double-barreled Manton Express rifle on his shoulder. I looked back to speak to him for some reason, and saw that he had disappeared. Just then a perfectly magnificent tiger walked out from one of these clumps of bushes and stalked away over the open grass as if he were crossing a lawn, his tail straight in the air, its tip flicking from side to side. Since there was no particular object in running away, nor any place to run to, we stood and watched him walk majestically out of sight behind another thicket.

A few days later the captain of our little vessel went out with us to get some snipe for the pot. We got widely separated, and I heard him shoot from time to time, but naturally I paid no particular attention. Later on, circling about to return to our meeting place, I heard a snort, and a giant wild boar which he had wounded charged me on three legs with an unbelievable alacrity. I realized, however, that I held a deadly weapon in my hand if I only shot straight. I waited

until he was about ten feet away and then put a charge of snipe-shot straight in the middle of his forehead. He fell dead and skidded almost to my feet. The charge of shot entered his skull like a solid slug, and the pressure on his brain popped out both his eyes, so that they hung by their optic nerves. He never moved. Then our gun-bearer turned out to be a Mohammedan, so I had to skin out the saddle and hind-quarters and carry them back to the boat. Luckily we had a Hindu cook of a caste which allowed him to handle pig. In due season we dined sumptuously.

The third event — and mind you, all this happened within ten days — almost ended tragically. I was standing in a flat skiff called a *panchi*, the butt of my double-barreled Express rifle resting on the thwart in front of me. The searchlight of our boat played on a group of chital, and I was being paddled up under the beam of light with the idea of shooting one. The skiff hit a submerged stump, and bounced the stock of the heavy gun off the thwart. As it dropped, the hammers caught. The weight of the gun sprung them enough to fire both barrels.

The great lead slugs passed through my hands as they slid off the barrel of the gun, burning my palms badly, and cut the brim of my pith helmet, curiously enough, without knocking it off. My face was filled with black powder grains. I sat down, considerably shaken, and went back to the boat, where my wife and the captain helped me aboard. The gun was badly damaged, so there was nothing to do but return to Calcutta, which we did at once, and there Major Camalliri, surgeon of the Coldstream Guards, picked the powder grains out of my face. A few days' rest set everything to rights. In my usual hypochondriacal way, I wasted a lot of mental energy awaiting tetanus, but in due time there was too much else to think about and this nonsense got pushed out of mind.

While Rosamond and I were resting at Darjeeling, after I had pretty nearly blown my head off in the Sunderbunds, we met an interesting character, a Mr. Mueller. He collected all sorts of objects, from Tibetan bronzes to butterflies, and was in touch,

by correspondence, with museum directors everywhere. He had for sale some of the material picked up by members of the Young-husband expedition to Lhasa, and Rosamond proceeded to get a few mementos of our visit.

He remarked casually to me that this was the season of year when his professional butterfly collectors worked most successfully. These men were Lepchas, a tribe of hillmen from Bhutan who were born naturalists. I had often heard of the wonderful variety of butterflies to be found in the deep tropical valley of the Teesta River.

The upshot was that he agreed to hire for me several of his very best collectors, and Amir Hassein immediately set out to get ponies and supplies. We set forth early one morning, I on a sturdy gray pony, for I was slender and light in those days. Collecting along the road as we went, we arrived at nightfall at the Dak Bungalow near the bridge over the Teesta River.

On this trip I first had a chance to see really fine, high tropical rain forest. I also had my first sight of a troop of monal pheasants with an enormous cock leading his harem across the narrow road — a glittering mass of metallic golden bronze and green, the sun striking his back as he moved proudly on his way. He certainly topped my experience observing wild life up to that moment.

Then, of course, there were many other birds, jungle fowl, and other species of pheasants, and lastly, the butterflies. These were in astonishing variety. The Lepchas were keen as mustard and extraordinarily skillful with their long-handled nets. We caught and papered butterflies until we had a magnificent collection.

After several days of continuous excitement and enjoyment we returned to Darjeeling, where I joined Rosamond, who was waiting for me there. I supplemented the collection we had made ourselves with material purchased from our friend Mr. Mueller and sent the whole collection back to the Museum. There, by the most inexcusable carelessness, it was mislaid and so badly eaten by *Dermestes* that few of the specimens ever finally reached the collection.

3

At Lucknow, in India, we went out to a village with a friend of our bearer, Amir Hassein. This friend lived in a village within easy driving distance. Amir had spoken of the fact that his master (meaning me) was obviously crazy, as he was interested in snakes and other loathsome creatures. It seemed that a giant cobra lived in an abandoned rodent burrow near a path between the friend's village and a stream where the women went to draw water. In passing along this way at night, because it was cooler then, several people had trod on this cobra. Only a few days before, a child had been bitten and had died.

Now of course they could not kill the cobra. You remember that when Buddha was asleep under the Bo tree, the cobra came up and spread its hood to shade his sleeping eyes. The Master blessed the cobra then; and if you don't believe it, how do you explain the fact that the two finger marks are to be seen on the cobra's hood? So naturally the cobra is sacred, and no native was going to risk his prospects of the hereafter by killing it. But no one cared a rap about my chances in the hereafter, and if I killed the cobra, so much the better.

We trudged out across the dusty plain and came at last to the little hole where the villagers said the cobra lived. I had an old entrenching tool which I used to dig insects out of rotten logs, and with this I commenced to enlarge the hole, cutting down in the hard-baked earth. I got down about a foot before I saw what was obviously skin of either a lizard or a snake. I strongly suspected snake. I gave it a poke with the tip of my digger and out came the most magnificent cobra you ever saw.

We subsequently preserved any number of them for specimens, but none so "manner-gorgeous" as this one. It came out, reared up, its beady eyes peering from side to side as it moved its head inquiringly, its tongue flashing. I had to have a picture of it. I had no long-focus camera in those days and I wanted a picture of this cobra which would fill the whole plate. I got it (I have the picture framed on my wall at this moment) by

lying down on the ground and edging up until I was right in front of the snake. My wife stood by with an open parasol, and when he saw fit to make a nip at the camera, which meant coming pretty close to my face and hands, she would lower the parasol in front of him and he would sway back and straighten up again. I took a number of excellent snapshots and then carefully shot the snake with a charge of dust-shot in a .38 cartridge so as to damage him as little as possible.

We got an earthenware jar from the village

near-by, coiled our treasure down in it, and went back to Lucknow. Rosamond refused to have the snake in our room because, as she wisely maintained, snakes have a way of coming to life after they have apparently been killed. The upshot was that a jackal sneaked up on the low clay porch in front of the room and carried off the cobra while we were having supper. But I still have the photograph, and I am still just as convinced as I was then that I am fortunate in having a wife who is not only beautiful but brave. I had stepped into great good fortune.



BEFORE SUNLIGHT

by THEODORE MORRISON

Now the star-lifted night cheek of the world
Turns eastward, and her dream of dark
Becomes a dream of brightness. Hark,
The sun's lips hunt us from the abyss
Like shining horns hid in a depth of wood.
You in my arm's crook sleep against my kiss
Dreaming your own calm dream or sleeping still
Without a dream. Deep is the calm and deep
The secret revery you keep.
Ah, lie forever motionless as this
While a rich host of moments glides away
And yet the spell that binds them does not die!
But no, the sun is posting from the wood
And soon will burst out from his shadowy lair
With all his trumpets, blasting the dull air
To mica-twinkling flame. Ah, wake with me.
To wake is also good
When the light whispers to the dreamless ground.
The plum tree bough like a gray spider's knee
Squats by the window, and the meadow lark
Makes his first drooping flight. And still you sleep
With calm deep breath lying against my kiss.
The lark and the gray plum tree can beguile
Only a sleeper's fluttering smile
To show that your deep dream turns with the world,
To show whose lips have reached you from the abyss.



MRS. WILLOUGHBY AND THE FOREIGN TONGUES

by MARY ELIZABETH PLUMMER

1

MR. and Mrs. James Peter Willoughby had taken up the study of Portuguese. "Why in the world are you studying Portuguese?" their friends often asked.

"Because we wish to speak the language," Mrs. Willoughby would reply; or, loftily, "I am studying Portuguese because I want to be a Good Neighbor." On occasion, her husband denatured this noble remark by adding, "Especially to personable Latin Americans of the opposite sex."

Gretchen Hall and three more of Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby's friends were learning Portuguese in the same class. When Gretchen was asked, "Why Portuguese?" she replied pointedly, "Because I don't want to go to seed."

Mrs. Willoughby doubted the wisdom of this reply, because a Good Neighbor should be kind, in a New York drawing room as well as in the Mato Grosso.

Nevertheless Mrs. Willoughby was exasperated by the question, "Why Portuguese?" in this age, with Portuguese-speaking Brazil so important culturally and nearly as populous as all the other countries of South America combined. (Or more populous — Mrs. Willoughby had forgotten which.) Anyway it was four-fifths as large as Europe, and the fourth largest country in the world. Doubtless she and James Peter Willoughby would go to Rio some day, and would speak limpid, fluent Portuguese up and down the

Avenida Rio Branco, the street of mosaic marble. Or they might sometime be stuck in Lisbon, as so many people were these days, and would be able to inquire in Portuguese, "When will the Clipper leave?" (Although of course the Lisbon accent was somewhat different from the Brazilian accent.)

Mrs. Willoughby's way of attacking her Portuguese lesson each week was to copy in longhand from the textbook all the things she intended to learn. The result of this labor was a Janet Willoughby Portuguese Dictionary and Grammar — handwritten by Mrs. Willoughby for her own use. At least it was the first section of such a grammar, the other parts to follow later. It was just like her printed textbook, except less legible and less complete.

Her subconscious reason for doing this copying was that it postponed the pain of actually learning the conjugations of the Portuguese irregular verbs and the rules for pronoun objects. Mrs. Willoughby had a natural human wish to avoid pain as much as possible. Somewhere she had read that Herbert Hoover hated to go to the dentist, and ever since had hoped some day to discuss this bond with the former President at Palo Alto. She knew that Mr. Hoover would loathe learning Portuguese pronoun objects too, although he spoke some Chinese.

By the time Mrs. Willoughby finished her copying of each Portuguese lesson, there was no time left to study what she had copied. Usually, while copying, she thought about other matters, particularly about how much she enjoyed foreign tongues.

Her hand would move down the page,

A native of Bedford, Indiana, MARY ELIZABETH PLUMMER is a promising young satirist who served on the staff of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* before taking up her residence in Manhattan. Her heroine, Mrs. Willoughby, has already made warm friends in our audience.

copying the endings of a past subjunctive, and she would be thinking, "If I only had a singing voice, I might have become an opera star, because I certainly like foreign languages." Or she would think of faraway peoples speaking Bengali and Efik, and of the neat little gilt signs on New York shop windows that said, *Se habla español* and *On parle français*. So lovely.

Mrs. Willoughby spoke a modicum of several languages, although she could not be said to have facility in any of them except English and boarding-school French. She had primers in Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and could read the first pages in each. She wished she could find a primer in Arabian. Although she did not know how Arabian sounded, it would be nice to speak a few words of Arabian sometime — say at an exhibition of fantastic art.

Mrs. Willoughby loved to browse through her language primers. She enjoyed reading about the foreign children in their school-rooms somewhat as she enjoyed talking with her own children. They helped keep her point of view young.

The primers really were quite similar, except for the language. Only the pictures, and the names of the children, were really different.

Her first old French reader had a familiar picture of Jeanne d'Arc and a view of Paris, *Capitale de la France*. There were the stirring opening lines of "La Marseillaise": —

*Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!*

The children in the primer were the *enfants* of Monsieur et Madame Lemercier: *un fils, Jean, et une fille, Marguerite*. Jean was six, Marguerite five. Jean went to the *lycée*.

The Italian first reader contained fascinating pictures of an Italian soccer football team, of Dante as a boy, and of the boy Columbus gazing into the blue bay of Genoa, dreaming.

The children were named Maria and Carlo. (*Maria è grande; Carlo è piccolo*.) They went to a *scuola*. There also were two small boys named Roberto and Alberto, who conversed with a Mr. Zini.

In the Spanish book one of the children

was Pedrillo (little Peter). Mrs. Willoughby liked this because it was the name of her own son. Pedrillo attended an *escuela*. Her Portuguese literature concerned the Ribeiro family (parents José and Maria; children Carlos and Guiomar). She also could read about the Mendes people (Emília and Filipe), and an adult named Uncle Ferdinand.

The stories in the various languages dealt with going to classrooms, where there was business with wastepaper baskets, maps, blackboards, and desks, and with returning afterward to uniformly happy homes.

Sometimes, looking over these books, Mrs. Willoughby felt a pang of grief for the troubled world.

In the Italian reader, under the caption, "Translate into Italian," she read: —

"Sicily is a beautiful island. It is the land of sunshine and flowers. Even the nights are beautiful, with the moon, and the sky full of stars. All the seasons are mild in Sicily, and there is no snow.

"We are happy in Italy because Italy is beautiful. The sky is always blue, the sea is clear, the air is mild, and there are always flowers. Italians love flowers very much."

Deeply worried about Maria (the *grande*), and Carlo (the *piccolo*), Mrs. Willoughby would return to her Portuguese copying.

Off and on for months Mrs. Willoughby slaved over her Portuguese, but her knowledge of the language remained spotty and it had a way of winging away from her the minute she saw a Brazilian. Her husband was quick to admit that he did not know much Portuguese; however, when he saw Latin Americans he readily said all he knew.

After several moderately apt Portuguese amenities, he would say, "*Minha senhora, D. Janet, ama a linguagem Brasileira* (My wife, Dona Janet, loves the Brazilian language)." The Brazilians then would look expectantly at Mrs. Willoughby.

Mrs. Willoughby would launch forth on a Portuguese pleasantry, and get stuck. She then searched for a word, — any word, — meanwhile gazing fixedly into the eyes of some Brazilian man, who usually thought she was flirting with him. The beautifully mannered Brazilians always came to her rescue. After this, she would return to Eng-

lish, raising her voice in the subconscious belief that anyone can understand English if it is spoken loudly.

Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby and their fellow pupils practiced Portuguese each Wednesday night in the Willoughbys' living room on Sutton Place South. The main characteristic of these meetings was (1) the extreme fatigue of the scholars on Wednesday night, or (2) their extreme ebullience, and their wish to make the Portuguese lesson a *festa*.

In the latter mood, they would make poor jokes in their newly acquired Portuguese, such as saying, "Do not be a horse. Be a flower." Then the scholars would scream with delight, and the Professor would respond with a wintry smile.

Once, after rapping to no avail for order, the Professor put aside his book and shouted, "Let us be gay!" and gamboled about the room with sportive abandon.

After such outbursts, the pupils were like docile children the next lesson.

2

Suddenly Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby were going to Rio de Janeiro. Jim was being sent down to make a survey for the office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs, and he obtained a flight priority for Mrs. Willoughby through the State Department. Mrs. Willoughby was so inspired by the idea of going along on this trip that she started reviewing, and made a great discovery.

"House" was *casa* in Portuguese, Spanish, and Italian.

"Garden" was *jardín* in Spanish, *jardin* in French, and *jardim* in Portuguese.

"Overcoat" was *soprabito* in Italian, *sobretudo* in Spanish, and *sobretudo* in Portuguese.

Mrs. Willoughby told Jim about it that evening; but Jim was not impressed, because, he said, the similarity of the Romance tongues was a well-known fact.

"But I found it out for myself," said Mrs. Willoughby. "Scholarship is such a pleasure."

The other Portuguese scholars saw Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby off at La Guardia Field with fervent shouts of "*Olá Rio!*"

Mrs. Willoughby had her longhand dictionary and grammar of the Portuguese language under her arm, thinking that she would get in some licks on her irregular verbs on the way down. She also carried a little book, *Speak Spanish at once without Study or Effort*, which had chapters on "Moneys of Spanish America and Spain," "Spanish Oaths and Interjections," and a chapter headed "Home. House. Garden. Fitments."

She arrived in Rio de Janeiro knowing the same amount of Portuguese that she knew when she left New York, but greatly invigorated by having seen so much terrain.

"*O telefone*," Mrs. Willoughby said in Portuguese, laying her hand firmly on the telephone, when she and Jim entered their hotel room in Rio de Janeiro.

She went to the window, looked out and saw an automobile down on the street.

"*Automovel!*" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby. Then, in sheer excess of pleasure, she gave the plural: "*Automoveis.*"

That evening, Senhor João Carlos Mendes, of the Departamento de Imprensa e Propaganda, dined with them at their hotel.

"And how do you like Rio?" Senhor Mendes asked Mrs. Willoughby, in perfect English, as they took their seats in the dining room.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Willoughby. "*Sinto a felicidade e o contentamento* (I feel happiness and contentment)."

Senhor Mendes smiled with satisfaction.

Mrs. Willoughby was so pleased with her initial effort that she decided to have Portuguese dialogue with this pleasant Brazilian, but the only other words she could think of immediately were *o livro* (book), *a poesia* (poetry), and *o rato* (rat). She pondered how to combine these into a suitable sentence.

"*Passa-me o sal, por favor* (Please pass me the salt)," said Jim, not offering much of a lead for conversation.

Suddenly a sentence from the primer returned to Mrs. Willoughby.

"*O sol está no céu. É dia* (The sun is in the sky. It is day)," she said happily. Then she realized that this was untrue. It was night, and the lights were gleaming along the harbor. Her remark had not been pertinent.

Senhor Mendes replied amiably in swift Portuguese, in the course of which Jim chuckled twice; but Mrs. Willoughby did not understand.

"*Sim, sim* (Yes, yes)," she said when he finished. He waited for her to continue.

The thought crossed her mind that he might be related to the Mendes family in her primer.

"*Você está meu amigo* (You are my friend)," she suddenly told him. This sentence was from the primer. Immediately she remembered that *amigo* also meant "lover."

"*Eu passo a meu amigo o livro* (I give my friend the book)," said Mrs. Willoughby hastily. She added in Portuguese, "I give the book to Pedro."

The conversation seemed to be bogged down in the schoolroom.

Suddenly Jim, Senhor Mendes, and Mrs. Willoughby started whooping with amusement, and felt that they had known each other since childhood. They were all Good Neighbors. After that, they conversed in English and the dinner passed off delightfully.

"You speak beautiful English," said Senhor Mendes, lightly kissing Mrs. Willoughby's hand when he bade them good night.

"And so do you," said Mrs. Willoughby, feeling great fellowship not only for him and for all other Brazilians, but for Argentinians, Chileans, Venezuelans. "*Os Argentinos . . . os Chilenos . . . os Venezuelanos.*" Now that the immediate need to speak Portuguese had passed, she remembered more of the words.

"English is a beautiful language," said Senhor Mendes.

"And so is Portuguese," said Mrs. Willoughby warmly. (Early tomorrow, she would go over her Portuguese vocabulary; and when she and Jim met Senhor Mendes again, she would converse fluently on many topics, in gratitude for Brazilian kindness.)

"*Boa noite*," said Senhor Mendes.

"*Boa noite.*"

Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby went to their room in a glow of good feeling. For a long time they sat in their window, looking down on the lights of the bay and of the *avenidas*.

It was a beautiful night. Lights showed irregularly in the *apartamentos*; the Sugar Loaf was a dark shape.

"The sea is calm tonight,"

thought Mrs. Willoughby.

"The tide is full, the moon lies fair

Upon the straits; . . .

. . . the cliffs of England stand,

Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay."

In what simple words the English poet had said it.

"Come to the window, sweet is the night-air . . .

Ah, love, let us be true

To one another!"

What a wonderful language English was — just as Senhor Mendes had said.

"Tonight is the first time," she thought, "that anyone ever told me I spoke beautiful English." How nice it had been. So many people took one's English as a matter of course. But after all, she was only on the periphery of her understanding of the English language. She could speak it much better. How haltingly, how carelessly many spoke it, but what an implement in the hands of a master!

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels . . ."

That was beautiful English — the English of the King James Version. And there was the man whom she had heard speak beautifully at the worst public dinner she ever attended. There had been all these frightful speeches, and then this man had risen and had said briefly, easily, exactly what he intended to say. The speech had been about scrap rubber.

"You speak beautiful English, *senhora*."

It wasn't really true — yet. Senhor Mendes had been overgenerous. "But I do hope," she thought, "that some day it will be true." In New York, when people asked, "Are you still studying languages, Mrs. Willoughby?" she would say, "Yes. I am learning English."

Then, when eyebrows lifted, she would say, "It is my favorite language. I should like to speak it well."

WE BUILD A CHURCH

ANONYMOUS

1

FIVE years ago I celebrated the completion of twenty years in the parish ministry by setting down my experience in a paper entitled "Parson's Progress." From it I quote: "My career has been typical, and throughout it I have had a moderate though not a spectacular success. Though my ministry has been well supported, I have never known the thrilling but soul-imperiling experience of having throngs attend it."

Before this paper was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* of February, 1937, the experience had come to me. The commodious parish hall in which I had been preaching for several years, and which had been large enough for our congregations except on Christmas, Palm Sunday, and Easter, was now crowded every Sunday. The room behind it was thrown open to take care of the overflow, but was insufficient. We could provide six hundred "seeing and hearing" seats, but our congregations exceeded six hundred. Latecomers sat in classrooms where they could hear but not see, or went home — sometimes in high indignation. That we were now "turning away business Sunday after Sunday," as our ushers expressed it, constituted the strongest possible argument for the completion of our edifice by the building of a sanctuary.

The situation was brought about by no sudden magic. It was due to the fact that the church has a good field, and that years of patient, painstaking cultivation had begun to produce a harvest. Its story is that of a

typical church which grows up in a new residential area on the edge of a city, and of its struggle to obtain an adequate structure. Its brief quarter-century of history covers the period of World War I, the Big Boom, the Great Depression, and World War II.

Like many a church in a new community, it grew out of a Sunday school which the pioneer residents provided for their children and which met first in a tiny real-estate office. To this were presently added a preaching service, held in the afternoon in various homes with guest preachers from downtown churches, and a women's guild featuring charity sewing and surgical bandages, missionary activities, cultural and social programs. Here was the nucleus of a church.

A commanding site was obtained at the intersection of three important streets. The church owes much to the farsighted men who, when the area was just beginning to develop, chose its superb location. In 1916 the church organized with eighty-five charter members, of whom thirty-five are still on its active roll. They have watched the little group of founding fathers grow into a mighty company of 1750 members. In that same year the first edifice was built, a one-room frame structure which housed all its activities. In 1917, while being used as a headquarters for Red Cross sewing, this building was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Pictures of a tangled mass of sewing machines suggest a blitzkrieg. The only custodian the church has ever had braved the flames to rescue the pulpit. Though refinished, it shows the scars of the fire, and is the church's only memento of its

What an American congregation can do when it decides to build a church is well told by this minister who prefers to be ANONYMOUS. The building was done on a budget and paid for before completion. Bravo!

first home. Another frame building was soon built; and as the Sunday school grew, wings were put out in all directions until the edifice resembled an octopus.

In 1923-1924 the first unit of the permanent structure was built, at a cost of \$250,000. Because the Sunday school and young people's activities dominated the church life, the parish house was built first. Since it was believed that the sanctuary would quickly follow, the unit was left with an unsightly blank wall (where the sanctuary would one day be attached) and a tall stack protruding from the boiler room.

But the depression caught up with the church before this first unit was paid for. The church families were hard hit. Though its membership steadily increased, the church's revenues declined: in 1933 they were less than half what they had been in 1930. Structural defects developed, necessitating heavy outlays for repairs. But by careful management the church not only operated within its income but gradually reduced its mortgage. It was not until the church's twenty-first birthday, in 1937, that the mortgage was burned.

2

This was the year the congregations began to overflow the parish hall. Now a little group began to meet to discuss the kind of church we needed and could afford to build.

We had before us the unhappy example of sister churches, which during the lush twenties had built cathedral-like structures and been overtaken by the depression with a huge burden of debt. Some manfully struggled to pay: it is no joke for a congregation to have to write \$10,000 for interest into its annual budget. Others were obliged to default in whole or in part. Do not judge them too harshly. Remember that in the golden twenties anything looked possible. Banks which refused to make a church loan would have been severely criticized: what were banks for, if not to help in the upbuilding of a community and its institutional life? But with the depression, pledges made in good faith could not be paid. If pressure were brought to bear on

those who made them, they would leave the church. The situation was a trying one for the banks which made the loans, the trustees of the indebted churches, and the pastors who — with the poor man's horror of debt — worried about the mortgages.

We were determined to profit by their plight. We decided that we wanted a good but not a grand church — not a miniature cathedral, but a parish church of simple lines and sound design. There are three elements to be considered in planning any building: size, quality, and cost. The builder can dictate any two of these, but not all three. Our two given factors were size and cost. We knew that we needed a nave with a seating capacity of 750, which could be augmented by lowering the narthex screen and putting chairs in the narthex. We concluded that \$250,000 was the most we could expect our people to give to a capital account within a reasonable time. Only the windows were to be outside this amount: we hoped that they would be given as memorials. The problem that we gave our architect was: How good a church can you build us, of such a size, at such a cost?

This is getting ahead of the story, for it was not until the fall of 1940 that an architect was chosen. We decided not to choose one until we had a substantial sum in hand, for we did not know how long it would be before we could build, nor how building conditions would change meanwhile. This was a handicap, for we had to ask for pledges from our people without being able to show them a picture or a plan or to tell them when we expected to build. It was because of this indefiniteness that the first \$100,000 was the hardest to raise. In an ordinary financial campaign, the first third of the amount sought comes easily, for those charged with it naturally approach first the most generous and devoted members of their constituency; the last third comes hard and as the result of patient gleaning. In our building fund campaign, it was just the reverse: the raising of the first \$100,000 was painful and slow. The second \$100,000 was easier to obtain, the inertia having been overcome. The last \$65,000 came in almost of its own accord.

In the spring of 1939 I preached a sermon,

launching the enterprise. Without being able to be explicit, I outlined the building committee's ideas of what our church should be, and dwelt on what it would mean to us and to our community: "A church edifice is a symbol: it speaks without words. It stands in a community for the presence of God. We daringly call it 'the house of God' — He too has a home in our community, built by loving hands and adoring hearts. A church building symbolizes man's age-long hunger for something beside things. It recalls men to the principles which have made this nation great. For this reason a church should be recognizably distinct from every other kind of building. The structure itself should suggest eternal truths which the community cannot afford to forget."

The sermon closed with the elevated words of John Ruskin: "Therefore when we build let us think we build forever. Let it not be for present delight nor present use alone. Let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for; and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when these stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them and that men will say as they look upon the labor and the wrought substance of them, 'See! This our fathers did for us.'"

A few nights later the committee met and divided among them the names of those from whom the initial gifts were to be sought. Through the summer these were visited and some substantial contributions were obtained, though we found that — with memories of the depression still fresh — people were loath to make long-term pledges. Said one of our charter members: "I will give a thousand dollars this year. If I am alive next year, I'll give another thousand. If I am still alive the year after, I'll give another thousand. But in view of my age and the uncertainty of the times, I shall not hypothecate my future." Curiously, people with modest incomes, such as teachers and office workers, were more willing to make three-year pledges than the well-to-do.

In the fall, a hundred of our men made a general solicitation of our membership. On the church's twenty-third birthday in October, we were able to report that the first

\$100,000 had been raised. In 1940 the campaign was continued and the \$150,000 mark was passed. On the church's twenty-fifth birthday, in October, 1941 (construction being then in progress), the \$200,000 mark was passed. I then told the congregation that I should not mention the building fund again until some Sunday when I should announce that it was complete. In January, 1942, while the building was still unfinished, I was able to make that announcement: the entire sum of \$265,000 (which included \$15,000 for the windows) had been given.

This is no small sum to raise for a capital account, and with the exception of a half-dozen gifts from friends outside the church, the entire amount was given by our members in addition to their usual offerings, aggregating \$50,000 a year, for benevolence and church support. Our church has many substantial people, but no great wealth. We have many young families and people of slender means, who could give something to the ordinary budget but could not be expected to give to the building fund: we were careful not to embarrass them. Indeed, we put no pressure on anyone. Yet the response was far more general than we had been led to expect. Said my friend the archdeacon, who had been instrumental in building several churches, "In a building enterprise, 90 per cent of the money is given by 10 per cent of the people, and half the people do not give at all." A professional fundraiser likewise told me that only half of those who gave to the church's operating budget would be able or willing to give to a building fund.

Our result was somewhat better. The church is supported by 800 pledges, many of which are family pledges or joint pledges of husband and wife. We received 646 gifts to the building fund. Thirty-three were for five hundred dollars; ten were between five hundred and a thousand dollars; fifty-seven were for a thousand dollars or more. These hundred gifts totaled over \$150,000. Beside these, we had one gift of \$3000 for the facade window, and twelve of \$1000 for the side windows — all of which were given as memorials, save one group of side windows, which was given by the children of the

church with their birthday pennies. We had 307 gifts of less than a hundred dollars, 86 of a hundred dollars, 153 of more than a hundred but less than five hundred. These 546 gifts — many of them representing genuine sacrifice — totaled less than \$100,000. The entire sum was raised without any expense except postage. The money-raising aspect of building a church may seem prosaic. To me, who was in the thick of it, acknowledging every gift with a personal note of thanks, it was thrilling to see this outpouring of generosity which, beginning as a trickle, ended as a flood.

3

Meanwhile, in the fall of 1940 we chose a local architect who, though not a specialist in church architecture, had built several notable churches. In addition to our stipulation as to cost and seating capacity, his problem was complicated by the necessity of joining the church to the parish house and by drastic restrictions on two sides: the building had to be kept sixty feet back from the sidewalk line and could not jut over on to the next lot, which the church owned but which was zoned for a dwelling. The problem was solved by designing a nave wider, shorter, and lower than the typical Gothic nave, which is characteristically narrow, long, and high. This modification, however, lends itself admirably to our type of worship, ours being one of a group of communions which stem from the Puritan tradition and — for good or ill — emphasize preaching rather than liturgy.

Our nave is fifty-five feet wide — wider than those of many Old World cathedrals. Columns, arches, and ambulatories have their charm but are a hazard from the point of view of acoustics: echoes and “dead spots” are almost inevitable. Our nave has none. Its acoustics are perfect, both for music and speaking. From every one of the 750 seats, the worshiper can see and hear perfectly.

This width and freedom from obstruction were made possible by the six welded steel frames which form the skeleton of the nave. A purist may hold up his hands in horror at the idea of using steel frames to support

a Gothic church. Why? The reason the cathedral builders did not use steel was that they did not have it to use. They would have been glad to make their naves wider, had they been able. Their cunning use of arch and buttress is admirable, but steel frames would have been an answer to their prayer: they would have seen in them a far simpler and sturdier means of supporting a wide roof. There are other modern building materials of which they would gladly have availed themselves, such as reinforced concrete and hollow tile, not to mention modern heating, lighting, and ventilating systems. Ours is the traditional type of English village church: its precedents are at Stratford on Avon and Stoke Poges. Yet it is also a good example of what the architect-innovator, Frank Lloyd Wright, calls “functionalism,” for it is perfectly adapted to the needs of our congregation and the requirements of our type of worship.

In building the church, we used the principle of coöperation rather than that of competition. In our membership was a reputable contractor. To him we gave the general contract. He quoted us a top price of \$185,000. Any saving was to be equally divided between him and the church. He gave us excellent workmanship and kept within the specified amount; but building on a rising market, both in labor and material, he was unable to effect a saving.

The last item was the landscaping. There were three horticulturists in our membership. Our chairman invited them to his office and said, “Gentlemen, we have had no competition on this project. Are you willing to draw straws for the landscaping?” To the winner he said, “Here is what we need. We have five thousand dollars in the budget for it. Do the best you can.”

Outside the general contract were also the organ; the windows, decoration, and lighting; and the pulpit, lectern, altar, and chancel furniture.

To our local organ builder we said, “We have allowed \$25,000 for the organ. Do the best you can.” He and our gifted organist collaborated on the specifications; together they worked for ten months, first in the factory, then during the installation, to produce

their ideal organ. The result is a superb instrument, worthy of the glorious musical tradition of the Christian Church. Some old organs are as sweet-toned as modern organs, but mechanically they are not to be compared with them. Direct electric contact action puts the resources of his instrument at the disposal of the organist with a fullness of which César Franck and the great Bach never dreamed.

We gave considerable thought to the question, where should the organ and choir be placed? The tendency of late, even among non-liturgical churches, has been to place the choir in the chancel. This has obvious advantages for a liturgical service and for churches using a processional and recessional, which we do not. We finally decided to place the organ and choir in the rear balcony. This makes the music impersonal, free from the sometimes distracting appearance and idiosyncrasies of the singers. It subordinates the music to the worship and saves the singers from the temptation to "concertize." In a chancel, the choir is divided; it is impossible so to place the console that the organist can see them all; if he wishes to direct with his hand (as he is especially likely to do on a *cappella* numbers), the movement of his hand is visible to the congregation. In a rear balcony, the choir is together, grouped closely about the console, and the organist can direct with his hand without being seen. Moreover, in the music in which the people participate, the choir supports them, singing with them instead of at them. Finally, in the spacious rear balcony there was far more room for the organ than in the chancel. Most organs housed in the chancel end are so crowded that the maintenance man needs to be an acrobat to get into the organ chamber; and many are divided, placed in chambers on either side, to the detriment of the ensemble effect.

We invited a well-known decorator to meet with us. We said to him, "In order to make it worth your while and to ensure a harmonious interior, we want you to do our nave and chancel decoration, our lighting fixtures, our windows. We hope to have the windows given as memorials. Please tell us

what kind of windows we should have and how much we should pay for them." He answered, "You do not need extremely expensive windows. In your climate with its dull winter days, the primary purpose of a window is to admit light. If you have a wide border of translucent mat, your windows will cost less than if they were solid color, and your church will be lighter and more cheerful." It was sound advice.

There are six bays on either side of the church, each bay having three windows. The decorator suggested that each bay be treated as a unit, the middle window in each portraying a central theme, the windows on either side subsidiary themes. On this basis he asked me to submit to him themes for the thirty-six side windows. Having in mind their teaching value, I promptly decided on a series portraying the main aspects of the life and work of Jesus.

Of the first group, the Nativity was naturally the central theme, with the Annunciation and the Magi on either hand. The central window of the second group depicts Jesus as the Carpenter of Nazareth. To men in an industrial center like ours, the day's work, by which they get their daily bread and make their contribution to the world's life, means much. I am sure that his craft meant much to Jesus, and I wished to have him shown working at it. The side windows in this group represent two illustrations, used by Jesus in his teaching, which he drew from his work as a carpenter: The House Built on the Rock and The Easy (the Greek word means "well-fitted") Yoke.

Another group represents three characteristic phases of Jesus as a teacher: central window, Teaching the Multitude (The Sermon on the Mount); to its right, Teaching an Inner Circle (the disciples); to its left, Teaching an Individual (the woman of Samaria). Another depicts three parables, the parable being Jesus' most characteristic teaching form: the Lost Sheep, the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan. Another represents Jesus as a doer of mighty works: central window, Feeding the Multitude; to its right, Stilling the Storm; to its left, Restoring Sight to a Man Born Blind.

When the Gospel writers come to the last

week of Jesus' life, their pace slackens. Hitherto they have been episodic; now they go into careful detail. Following their example, four of our bays are devoted to Jesus' last week: the Palm Sunday group, with the Triumphal Entry in the middle, Jesus Weeping over the City on one side, and the Anointing at the Home in Bethany on the other; the last night of his life — the Last Supper in the middle, with Washing the Disciples' Feet and In Gethsemane on either side; the Good Friday group — the Crucifixion in the middle, In Pilate's Judgment Hall and Carrying the Cross to Calvary on either hand; and the Easter group with the Resurrection in the middle, Peter and John Running to the Tomb at one side, and at the other, the most moving of all the post-resurrection incidents, The Walk to Emmaus.

I go into this detail to indicate the care with which the themes were selected. It was equaled by the fine imagination and artistry with which the windows were wrought. To make them, the decorator chose a famous Dutch artist who had escaped from Holland just before the Nazi invasion. This was his first big commission in America. It meant much to him. It was an unusual opportunity because, all the windows having been given, he could do the whole thirty-six at once. (Usually churches have to put in some temporary windows; and stained glass windows never show to best advantage till they are all in.) In his treatment of some of the themes, he was unconventional to the point of being daring. Yet his delineations are based on his own careful study of the Gospel text. There is no lack of reverence and no monotony. Jesus is depicted not as a wan ascetic, as in many medieval windows, but as a masculine and forceful personality. The artist has imparted a *living* quality to his portraiture in greater degree than I have ever seen in many years' study of stained glass.

Beside the side windows, there is a large façade window, which we wished to be the church's crowning glory. The decorator asked for a "big" theme. I suggested the fifth-century hymn, "Te Deum Laudamus,"² most famous of all non-Biblical hymns. The colors of this window are sumptuous.

The conception is bold and original. It represents the Trinity, the four evangelists, the angelic host, the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs. When the artist, a devout Roman Catholic, came to the line, "The holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee," he said, "I am at a loss what to do. If it were a Catholic church, I should show the Pope and the College of Cardinals, but that would not do for you." The chairman of our trustees made the brilliant suggestion that he represent our own church as a typical worshipping congregation. Accordingly, at the base of the window we see the façade of the new church with a group of people of all ages before it, as they were gathered the day the cornerstone was laid. Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts are in uniforms. The organist is seated at his console, his white-robed choir about him. In the center is the pastor (somewhat idealized!), his hands upraised in benediction o'er his flock. It may seem almost sacrilegious to include ourselves in the same window with the Trinity; but it signifies that this typical twentieth-century American congregation is part of the historic movement which embraces the apostles, prophets, martyrs, and Jesus Christ himself. We are joined with them in a continuing faith.

The pulpit, lectern, communion table, and chancel cross were wrought by a local wood-carver with a loving care and a craftsmanship worthy of the late Anton Lang of Oberammergau. The background of the chancel cross is a dossal of exquisite texture and rich color. The richness of the chancel is in contrast with the austerity of the nave.

To the architect, the general contractor, and the various craftsmen we said, "We're putting ourselves in your hands: do the best you can for what we can afford to pay." To a man they responded to our confidence — went far beyond the bare requirements of the situation, as though to prove how well-grounded our confidence was. Competition may be the life of trade, but in building a church coöperation brings a finer result.

The same spirit spread through our congregation, which includes many strong-minded people. I feared lest the sharp differ-

ences of opinion as to when and how we ought to build, plus the necessity of raising a large sum in a comparatively short time, might have a divisive effect. Instead, the building enterprise unified our people as never before.

4

On Palm Sunday — exactly a year after the first contract was signed — we worshiped in the new sanctuary for the first time. There was no fanfare. We simply worshiped as though we were continuing something that had been going on for a long time. (For nineteen hundred years Christian worship has persisted. If you regard the church as the outgrowth of the synagogue, then the chain of prayer is longer still.) The Palm Sunday hymns and anthems were sung. The sermon continued a Lenten series on The Words from the Cross. But to the 1265 people who succeeded in crowding into the church, it was a rare and exalting hour, the fulfillment of a long-cherished dream, the end of a congregation's quarter-century of endeavor to provide a structure worthy of the devotion of its members and the culture of its community.

There is romance in building a bridge, a factory, a department store, a school, anything which develops a community and helps humanity on. But the romance of building a church is greater still. Not many months ago, there was a tract of bare ground with a

blank wall at one end of it. The stone was still in the quarries. The wood was standing timber. The glass was in neat piles of tiny panes in the cubbyholes of a faraway shop. The tin, copper, and brass of the organ pipes had not yet been so shaped that they could sing. Now these various fabrics have been fashioned into a shrine beneath whose high and hospitable roof men engage in the highest act of which men are capable, communion with the infinite and eternal Creator Spirit to whom our spirits are akin.

Already its walls are bathed in the atmosphere of prayer and praise. To it through the years young men and women will come to plight their marriage vows. To it little children will be brought to be dedicated to God in the beautiful rite of baptism. To it our dear dead will be borne for the tender offices of faith and hope and love. From its pulpit the good news of a gracious God will be proclaimed. From its altar will be distributed the sacred symbols of God's grace, validated by a love of which the Cross is the measure and the sign. We who built it dare to hope that our children and children's children will gather in it long after we are gone, to pledge their allegiance to the ancient loyalties which alone can transform this beautiful but shadowed world into a family of God, wherein men know and feel themselves brethren because of their common origin and destiny in Him.



A POEM

by VLADIMIR NABOKOV

WHEN he was small, when he would fall,
on sand or carpet he would lie
quite flat and still until he knew
what he would do: get up or cry.

After the battle, flat and still
upon a hillside now he lies —
but there is nothing to decide,
for he can neither cry nor rise.

THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

Exploring the Dangerous Trades

The autobiography of
DOCTOR ALICE HAMILTON



CHAPTERS VII-XVI



From a drawing by
NORAH HAMILTON

“*P*rotection of workers in the dangerous trades,” writes Dr. Alice Hamilton, “is the chief but not the only subject of this book. Other things have played a great part in my life. I should never have taken up the cause of the working class had I not lived at Hull-House and learned much from Jane Addams, Florence Kelley, Julia Lathrop, and others. Living as I did with Jane Addams, I could not escape being drawn into the peace movement and the efforts to reconstruct Europe after the Armistice. So that too enters into my story. I have tried to paint a picture of life as I have seen it under the period of passionate and hopeful idealism in the nineties; of slowly increasing disillusion culminating in the shock of war in 1914; of the war years with their intolerance and bitterness and wave of reaction; of the ‘giddy twenties’ where, underneath the surface froth, I saw unemployment and exploitation; the soberer thirties with the increasing movement toward social justice. During those years I saw Europe at war, I saw the result of the starvation blockade of Germany and Austria, and the Quaker work of relief; I joined the League of Nations committee to fight disease; went to visit Russia under Lenin; took part in the Sacco-Vanzetti case; saw Germany under the early months of Hitler’s rule, Germany and France during the ‘Munich betrayal.’ All these go to make up my book.”

Alice Hamilton, M.D., was a warmhearted, attractive young American when she began her exploration of industrial poisons thirty-two years ago. She had been rather sheltered during her childhood in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Not until her graduation from Miss Porter’s School in Farmington, Connecticut, did she begin to show that scientific bent and unshakable courage which were to sustain her in her pioneering. She earned her medical degree at the University of Michigan, did graduate work in Germany and at Johns Hopkins, and then enlisted under Jane Addams at Hull-House. Her autobiography resumes at this point.

EXPLORING THE DANGEROUS TRADES

by ALICE HAMILTON

7

THE last decade of the nineteenth century (how amusing now to recall that the phrase *fin de siècle* used to connote extreme modernism, sophistication) was simpler in many ways than any period which followed it. Perhaps Edith Wharton was right when she called it "The Age of Innocence." We had more uncertainty then, but on the other hand we had more faith. We were far less certain of what was needed to make society over. We were groping and seeking. We, ordinary Americans, had no ready-made system into which we could fit, which we could accept in its entirety as a communist accepts Marxian dialectics, with an end after that to all questioning. On the other hand, we had more faith in human nature then; we really believed in a steady progress of mankind; we never dreamed that the pendulum would swing back and an age of barbarism would return — and in our own time.

Hull-House was founded in 1889, two years after the terrible Haymarket riot and the trial and executing of the anarchists which had stirred Chicago to its depths and implanted in the minds of ordinary people a horror of radicalism, — then called anarchism, — a horror which every now and then broke out in blind panic and cruelty.

It is hard for a Chicagoan to realize that most Americans now living have never heard of the Haymarket bombing which affected Chicago so deeply for decades after its occurrence. But since I am assured that this is true, I must describe as briefly as possible that shattering event in the spring of 1886. For some time there had been a growing movement among Chicago's trade-unionists in favor of the eight-hour day. This cause had been taken up by radicals — anarchists — who, though a small group, made a great noise. They openly advocated "direct action," the "propaganda of the deed." Then there came a strike and a lockout in the great McCormick

Harvester works, in the course of which several workmen were shot by the police.

This affair led to a protest meeting in Haymarket Square, a big market place on the West Side about a mile north of Hull-House, where a great crowd of strikers and sympathizers assembled one evening. Toward the close of the meeting a group of policemen suddenly marched into the Square as if to disperse the crowd, and at that moment someone threw a bomb. It killed seven policemen and wounded several others. A wave of terror and anger swept over Chicago. Nobody knew who had made or who had thrown the bomb, but the anarchists who had advocated violence were promptly arrested, eight of them. One of the group, Parsons, felt so confident of acquittal that he came back to Chicago and gave himself up to share trial with his comrades.

But so intense was the feeling against these men that all the usual rules about selection of jurymen and about court procedure were abrogated. The demand for conviction spread over the whole country, and though none of the eight men could be shown to have had any part in the crime, all were found guilty. Four were hanged, one committed suicide, three went to the penitentiary. Six years later Governor John P. Altgeld pardoned those three, in the face of bitter denunciation not only by the conservative press but by such men as Lyman Abbott and Theodore Roosevelt. Sigmund Zeisler, a young lawyer then, set back his professional career for many years, I was told, because he espoused the cause of the anarchists. The Haymarket riot cast its sinister shadow on all of us working at Hull-House in the late nineties.

Miss Addams has given so fully the history of Hull-House, of the birth of an idea and of its fulfillment, that I can make only a modest addition to the picture. As one reads her earlier writings one sees that she was moved not only by the greater inequalities and injustices of society

but perhaps even more by the less evident, more intangible, and rarely voiced evils from which men and women suffer but which sociologists often miss. She knew, because she understood people, that political equality meant little in comparison with social equality; she knew that the social exclusiveness of the well-to-do, the social ostracism of the "Dago," "Polack," "Hunky," "Greaser," Negro, was harder to bear than political corruption and rotten city government. Bad government led to wretched conditions, but it did not degrade the poor man in his own eyes; on the contrary, the clever political boss flattered the voter's self-respect, made him feel himself of importance. Contempt, she said, is the greatest crime against one's fellow man.

When I look back on the Chicago of 1897 I can see why life in a settlement seemed so great an adventure. It was all so new, this exploring of the poor quarters of a big city. The thirst to know how the other half lives had just begun to send people pioneering in the unknown parts of American life. Now, when we have floods of books and plays on every aspect of that life, — from Southern sharecroppers to Pennsylvania coal miners, from Scandinavian farmers in the Northwest to the Cajun fisher folk of Louisiana, — it is hard to believe that when Miss Addams came to Chicago the first book of that kind was still to be written. Jacob Riis wrote his *How the Other Half Lives* in 1890.

My first evening there is still clear in my memory. There was a large company at dinner that night and former Governor Altgeld was the guest of honor. I saw the admiration and appreciation with which he, the defender of the Pullman strikers and the pardoner of the imprisoned anarchists, was greeted by Miss Addams, Mrs. Kelley, and Miss Lathrop. I listened while Mrs. Kelley talked with him about her experience as Chief State Inspector of Factories under his administration, when for the first time such inspection was enforced. She had carried out the short-lived eight-hour law for women (declared unconstitutional two years later), had worked for the control of sweatshops and child labor, and had always been able to count on his backing. I heard them discuss also his attack on the Supreme Court for declaring a Federal income tax unconstitutional, and I listened to his denunciation of the Carnegie Company's actions in the bloody Homestead strike in 1892. But I was not allowed to override Altgeld, for while to Mrs. Kelley he was the champion of labor, to Julia Lathrop, who admitted his achievements

there, he was the man who sacrificed the insane asylums to politics, starting the long demoralization in their service which she had to struggle against for many years.

8

In those early days at Hull-House the group of residents was rather small and we had a fairly intimate life, if one can use such a word to describe a relation which was almost entirely devoid of personal intimacy. We knew each other's opinions and interests and work and we discussed them often and freely, but the atmosphere was impersonal, rather astonishingly so for a group composed chiefly of women. Miss Addams was warm and outgoing, but she never tolerated the sort of protecting, interfering affection which is so lavishly offered to a woman of leadership and prominence. Nobody ever ventured to refuse her to visitors, or even to take her telephone calls unless authorized to do so. She was impatient of solicitude, and her attitude brought about a wholesome, rather Spartan atmosphere.

Mrs. Florence Kelley, Julia Lathrop, and Alzina Parsons Stevens were all there when I came. Mrs. Kelley was one of the most vivid personalities I have ever met. She used to make me think of two Bible verses: the one in Job about the war horse who scents the battle from afar and says among the trumpets, "Ha, ha"; and the one where the Psalmist says, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." It was impossible for the most sluggish to be with her and not catch fire. A little group of us residents used to wait for her return from the Crerar Library, where she was in charge evenings, and bribe her with hot chocolate to talk to us. We had to be careful; foolish questions, half-baked opinions, sentimental attitudes met with no mercy at her hands. We liked to hear her and the Scotch lawyer, Andrew Alexander Bruce, discuss the cases they had had under Governor Altgeld's administration.

Mrs. Stevens came of a good Maine family, a Parsons of Parsonsville, but her father's death in the Civil War reduced the family to poverty. She had had to go to work in a textile mill at the age of thirteen, and had lost one of her fingers in the machinery. She had gone into the labor movement from the bottom and had thrown all her energy and intelligence into it. I remember her as equally intolerant of opposition to the labor movement and of sentimentality about it. Once, when one of the residents stood up for a notoriously crooked labor leader, Mrs. Stevens turned on her fiercely. "That is the worst kind of

snobbishness," she said, "to assume that you must not have the same standards of honor for working people as you have for the well-to-do!"

It was Mrs. Stevens who introduced me to Eugene Debs, that lovable, warm, vivid personality whom I remember as I do few men. She was a close personal friend of his, one of the little group who used to stand by him during the hours of dark discouragement in the Pullman strike — keeping him from drowning his depression in drink or, when he could bear it no longer, shielding him till he came back to himself. She did not live to see him sentenced to prison for opposition to the war; but those of us who admired him felt deep indignation over this act of intolerance and over Wilson's refusal to release him when the Socialists nominated Debs for the Presidency, although by then the war was over.

When I try to describe Julia Lathrop, the word that comes first to my mind is "disinterest." It is a rare quality even in philanthropists, in people who are devoting their lives to others, for sacrifice and devotion often go with a certain kind of self-centeredness. Julia Lathrop did not see herself as the center of what she was doing; she really was not thinking at all of her relation to it. Julia never roused one to a fighting pitch, for fighting was not her method. Nor was it mine. I have always hated conflict of any kind, but with me this led to shirking unpleasantness. Never with her. She taught me a much needed lesson: that harmony and peaceful relations with one's adversary were of value only if they went with a steady progress toward what one was trying to achieve. So often when I have succeeded in breaking down the hostility of an employer and in establishing a pleasant relation with him I have been tempted to let it go at that, to depart without risking any unpleasantness. Then I have remembered Julia Lathrop and have forced myself to say the unpleasant things which had to be said.

It was during my early days at Hull-House that I went with her to visit one of the large insane asylums of Illinois. The superintendent was at first distinctly hostile; but Julia's tact gradually softened him until at last he was pouring out all his grievances and difficulties, and they were many. She listened with sympathy and I thought that would be the end, that we should depart feeling we had won him over and left him friendly and well-disposed. But to Julia that was only the preparatory spadework. She then proceeded to tell him gently, but with devastating clarity, what was wrong with his administration of the asylum for which he, after all, was the only one responsible. He took it

with startled meekness, and I learned a lesson I never forgot.

Julia Lathrop had more than her share of human wisdom. I think women have more than men. I know that when I have wanted a solution of an intellectual problem, I have taken it to a man, but when it was a problem concerning people, I have gone to a woman for wisdom — most often to Julia Lathrop, Jane Addams, or Mary Rozet Smith.

9

I cannot describe Jane Addams. When I try, I get only bits of her, pieces that should be fitted together in a pattern of great beauty, but it is a pattern that I am unable to produce. All I can do is to give something of the impressions made upon me.

She had intellectual integrity; there was nothing of what George Meredith has called "merciful muddle" about her. She never sentimentalized the poor, or labor, or the half-baked young radicals, or the conscientious objectors; and so she could never be disillusioned or disappointed, because she had no illusions to start with. She never shrank from painful facts; she never refused to listen to damaging evidence. I well remember how indignant I was when she told me that she had invited a grief-stricken young couple to come for a visit, and I knew that those very people had treated her with a contemptible injustice born of panic and fear. When I reminded her of it, she said vaguely, "Why yes, that's true, they did. Strange, wasn't it?" And then she dropped it. She did not excuse them, for there was no excuse, but her pity was just as tender as if she had shut her eyes to the facts.

She was a pragmatist in the best sense before that word was popular. She held that anything one had learned in college and from travel must be tried out in actual life. "Truth must be put to the ultimate test, the test of the conduct it dictates and inspires." Her young womanhood was passed largely in study, reading, travel, for she was a semi-invalid for years; and she had had more than her fill of theoretical knowledge — it made her rather impatient. She turned from it eagerly to practical application, to action. As was natural, John Dewey, then in the University of Chicago, became one of her closest friends and counselors.

This practical approach, together with her complete absence of personal pride, made her ready to try out a new scheme and equally ready to drop it if it proved a failure. Always she held that a settlement should be a place for experiment

and when a new enterprise had proved its worth the settlement ought to try to make the city take it over and go on to other new fields. And this happened again and again. Our playground, our public baths, our kindergarten, our volunteer probation officers and truant officers — all were taken over by the city; and though sometimes it seemed to us that we had managed these services better and more disinterestedly than the city did, Miss Addams insisted that it was a step forward from private charity to public responsibility, even when it was poorly done.

She never took a stand for the sake of consistency; she was no slave of her own theories. When we were in Paris just after the war, she shocked the French women of the pacifist group by accepting an invitation to a reception given her by a group of American doughboys who were waiting to be demobilized. The women begged me to remonstrate with her, to make her see that this would be a public abandonment of her principles. I labored in vain to convince them that she had no principles against conscripted men, whatever she thought of conscription, and that to hold herself aloof from them would require a fanatic belief in her own rightness which she never possessed.

She had two conflicting traits which sometimes brought her great unhappiness. She was very dependent on a sense of warm comradeship and harmony with the mass of her fellow men; but at the same time her clear-sighted integrity made it impossible for her to keep in step with the crowd in many a crisis. Most reformers I have known have enjoyed, more or less, the sense of being in advance of their times, of belonging to a persecuted minority. Nothing of that was ever true of Jane Addams. The Pullman strike, the rise of the I.W.W., the war fever of 1914–1918, the sudden, panicky persecution of the radicals after the war, — to mention only a few incidents, — were for her the most painful of experiences, because she was forced by conviction to work against the stream, to separate herself from the great mass of her fellow countrymen. Nor did she ever fall into the mire of self-pity or take refuge in a sense of self-righteousness; she simply suffered from the spiritual loneliness which her farsighted vision had imposed on her.

One supremely lovely figure rises to my mind whenever I think of Hull-House in the years from its founding to 1934, and that is the figure of Mary Rozet Smith, Jane Addams's closest friend and the most universally beloved person I have ever known. She left no mark on history but she left a deep mark on all who knew her even slightly, for she had a genius for personal rela-

tions. I suppose that means quick insight, warmth, and a "heart at leisure from itself." She was one of those persons whose biographies are never written but who have a deep and abiding influence on their time. Her large, gracious home on Walton Place was a refuge for Miss Addams — who could hardly have carried on had she not been able to slip away from the West Side to it now and then — and a place of refreshment for many of the rest of us. And to Hull-House her coming was not only a joy but a sustaining help in time of trouble and perplexity for all the years up to her death in 1934. Miss Addams survived her by only one year.

I did not know Louise de Koven Bowen in those early days. My intimacy with her began in 1912 in connection with the Pullman incident, which I shall relate in due course. Mrs. Bowen was one of the earliest friends of Hull-House and is now its oldest friend, for she still guides its destinies when all the others are gone. She was always a prop and a stay to Miss Addams, even when, as in 1917, she did not take Miss Addams's anti-war stand, for her generosity is of the spirit as well as the purse.

10

Hull-House was a very attractive place. It was built in 1846 and on much the same plan as my grandfather's Fort Wayne house, which was five years older. There were the same hall and stairway, long drawing room with carved white marble mantelpieces, French windows at both ends, and the same lofty ceilings with elaborate cornices.

Life at Hull-House was very simple so far as luxuries went, but it was full of beauty. The two founders had brought with them many charming furnishings, and whatever they bought later had the two qualities of durability and beauty. Our food was inexpensive, but dinner was served to us in a long, paneled dining room, lighted with chandeliers of Spanish wrought iron; breakfast, in a charming little Coffee House built in imitation of an English inn. To me, the life there satisfied every longing — for companionship, for the excitement of new experiences, for constant intellectual stimulation, and for the sense of being caught up in a big movement which enlisted my enthusiastic loyalty.

My part in it was humble enough. At that time there were few of the social services which now we take as a matter of course. Hull-House had to run its own day nursery, kindergarten, public baths, playground, as well as all the other activities which settlements still carry on. There

were no baby clinics, and though I did not feel at all competent to treat sick babies I did venture to open a well-baby clinic, which very soon was taking in all the older brothers and sisters up to eight years of age. Miss Addams let me use the shower-bath room in the basement of the gymnasium and provided a dozen little bathtubs, soap, bathing towels, for most of the work of the "clinic" was bathing the children.

Some of them came all sewed up into their clothes for the winter, but I found I could get past the Italian mothers' dread of water if I followed the bath with an alcohol rub and anointing with olive oil. Then I gave what I had been taught was the best advice about feeding babies: nothing but milk till their teeth came. When I see the varied diet modern mothers give their babies, anything from bacon to bananas, I realize that those Italian women knew what a baby needed far better than my Ann Arbor professor did. I cannot feel I did any harm, however, for my teachings had no effect. I remember a young mother who brought her fine specimen of a three-year-old son to me and told me of his difficulties when he was a baby. "I gave him the breast and there was plenty of milk, but he cried all the time. Then one day I was frying eggs, and just to make him stop I gave him one and it went fine. The next day I was making cup cakes and as soon as they were cool I gave him one, and after that I gave him just whatever we had and he got fat and didn't cry any more."

So now when I see an Italian baby sucking a slice of salami I feel quite serene. Garlic, we are told, is full of most valuable vitamins, and salami is full of garlic.

The Italians around Hull-House were from Calabria, Naples, and the Abruzzi — parts of Italy which then must have had few if any schools, for many of the men and most of the women were illiterate and quite appallingly ignorant of what life in a large modern city necessarily requires. Keeping the nanny goat in the tenement, throwing the slops out of the window, using the gutter as a water closet, were all accepted ways in Calabria, and so was sending children to work as soon as they were big enough to get a job. Employers in Chicago were none too scrupulous and factory inspectors few and far between.

I had a struggle over a ten-year-old boy whose widowed mother simply could not understand my protest against sending him to work in the big biscuit factory near-by. So I went to the factory and reported to the office that a child was being employed there illegally. The officials were

shocked and sent for a foreman, an Italian, who swore that no Tony Calabrese had a job there. Since this did not convince me, the manager told me to go through the departments in which young workers were employed and see if my boy was there under another name. I looked over all the Italian boys and girls, many of whom greeted me with excited smiles, but there was no Tony, so I made my apologies and withdrew.

That evening Teresina and Assunta came over, bursting with glee, to tell me that Tony was there all the time. "Where?" I demanded. "In the sugar barrel. When they sent for the foreman he picked Tony up and dropped him in the sugar barrel and told him to keep quiet or he'd lose his job." It was a long time before I could eat any of that company's biscuits. The vision of filthy little Tony squatting on the sugar was too much for me.

I had more to do with Italians than with any other foreigners and I learned to speak a sort of peasant Italian, which was useful though far from cultivated. They had, as all European peasants have, a hard time adjusting themselves to American ways and American ideas. A very fine couple from Cosenza kept a saloon near-by and had their unusually pretty daughter Cristina act as barmaid. Mrs. Fortunato came to me in great distress because her Irish and German neighbors were saying she was turning Cristina into a bad girl. "They send their daughters away from home to work in a factory with strange men; I keep Cristina under my own eye and I know all about the men she talks to, for they come from our province. In Italy a wineshop is the nicest place in the village, but here they think it is wicked."

Many Italian girls went into the factories without gaining economic freedom, or indeed freedom of any kind; parental authority was as strict as ever and marriages were made by the parents. That was a hard time for Italian girls, seeing the liberty of other girls and helpless under the iron rule of their fathers. And then slowly the change began to come. I remember one family where the oldest daughter had led the life of a slave and been married to a man she had seen only twice. Her two younger sisters, born after a succession of five brothers, went their own way gayly and saucily, opened their pay envelopes and gave mother what they considered fair, spent the rest on clothes and fun, and when the "old man" made a scene they "told him where he got off." I rejoiced in their emancipation, yet I could not help seeing how much more lovable and dependable the older sister was. The early stages of revolt do not produce a lovely type.

Now when I go back to Hull-House I meet the daughters of these girls, of the submissive ones and the rebellious ones. They are modern Americans now, capable, independent, up on the latest newspaper and radio teaching on child hygiene and psychology, and even interior decoration; their homes are pleasant and hygienic; their conversation is interesting. They have even broken through the strong taboo against hospital nursing which obtains in all Latin countries. Up to some twenty years ago an Italian would fly into a rage if I suggested that his intelligent and attractive daughter become a trained nurse. That was a profession so loathsome and so fraught with moral dangers that only holy nuns, dedicated to a life of chastity and service, might undertake it. Now there is more than one Italian hospital in Chicago and they are full of Italian nurses.

11

Living among the foreign-born makes one aware of ancient wrongs and oppressions which have left deep scars and lasting hatreds; and we Americans are the innocent inheritors of these hatreds and loyalties, which often complicate our national life. Of all the foreigners we met at Hull-House the Poles were most difficult to deal with, for they were suspicious and hostile toward all outsiders. They thought any approach, no matter how friendly, meant some kind of governmental interference, and this attitude was easy to understand in a people who for centuries had known only oppressive government. They hated their Austrian rulers least, their German masters most. The Russians, they said, were cruel but they came down on you only at intervals; in between they forgot you and let you go your own way, but the Germans never.

The Poles were naturally fanatic Catholics and nationalists and they sent their children to the Polish Sisters' schools, not the public schools. I remember a German expert on primary education expressing to Miss Addams his amazement that this should be allowed. "Surely you should do everything to detach them from Poland, to make them Americans," he said. Miss Addams answered that if we attempted to force Americanization we should get the contrary result, and that as it was, the children learned English as fast as they could, dropping the old ways and adopting the new with almost incredible speed.

Hull-House had once been the center of a large Bohemian colony, but by the time I came most of these immigrants had moved to the far West Side, to what is called Pilsen, the largest Bohemian city in the world, we are told, except Prague. The few

Bohemians I knew were fine people. They reminded me in many ways of New England Puritans, for they had the same respect for hard work and thrift, they were inclined to be strict with the children, not encouraging pretty clothes or dances or other extravagances, but ready to make many sacrifices to keep their youngsters in school. Protestant missions flourished in the Bohemian quarters as they did nowhere else, for Bohemians seem to be instinctively Protestant, even after three centuries of Catholic rule.

There were many Jews, Russian and Polish, in our neighborhood and always they made up the majority of the adult education classes which Clara Landsberg ran in those days — at least of those that went beyond elementary English. The Jews more than any others loved learning for its own sake and were ready to plunge into the study of Shakespeare, Browning, Ibsen, after a long day of factory work. Some of the Bohemians and Irish studied also, but the immigrants from Southern Europe cared more for the other things Hull-House had to offer — dramatics, art, music, and social clubs where they could dance.

Settlement life shows clearly how deep and fundamental are the inequalities in our democratic country. The belief, so dear to Americans, that opportunity is open to all, that the exceptional child can rise to the highest position in the community if he will, is true in certain fields only: in politics, in business, even in the learned professions, but certainly not in the arts. One of the saddest things in the lot of the poor is the crushing down of artistic talent. "Chill penury" still freezes "the genial current of the soul," in spite of public schools and art museums and free concerts. My sister Norah, who had art classes in Hull-House for several years, used to suffer again and again the grief of seeing some promising young artist, Italian or Mexican or Bohemian, leave school for the barren monotony of factory work, too tired after hours of it to do anything creative, his gift wasted. Yet everyone must admit our need of just those gifts which the immigrants could bring us from countries with an artistic life more widely developed than ours.

As I look back I can remember the indignation I used to feel over the unfair and even cruel treatment I so often saw meted out to these immigrants; it was a feeling so strong that it even perverted my attitude toward my own country. When a visitor from uptown would glow with enthusiasm over a group of Hull-House neighbors singing "America," I would feel only impatience. What reason had they to feel devotion to a country that treated them with callousness and

injustice? My excursions into the dangerous trades only strengthened this feeling. And when we entered the war in 1917, that impression was so strong at the back of my mind that I could not join in the outburst of patriotism sweeping over the country.

I stopped over in Fort Wayne that May to visit my cousins. As I listened to their talk, full of deep devotion and admiration for our country, I realized that there was another America than the one I had been seeing for so many years; that my picture was one-sided, narrow. I must take a larger view. And as I looked back over my years at Hull-House I could see that, hard as life had been for those uprooted Europeans, their path almost always had gone up, not down. I could hardly think of any family that had not, sooner or later, moved to better quarters, made its way up.

The Greeks moved fastest. They were single-minded in their pursuit of business; they came to our classes long enough to get a working knowledge of English, but they wasted no time over unpractical subjects. The Jews came next, for though they too were good in business, even then they had a wide range of other interests and some of them were dreamy idealists. Bohemians soon took the upper jobs in industry; Italians and Poles were slower to reach prosperity, but they too climbed up.

The only exceptions I ever met were a few Irish families which were wrecked by drink and went steadily down from bad to worse. An Irish policeman once said to me, "There's nothing better than a good Irishman and there's nothing worse than a bad one." It is true. Among the Irish I met in the slums were poets and artists. They had the manners and the charm of an old aristocracy — and they could sink to lower depths than any other immigrants. I wonder if those two things go together — that to be capable of the highest carries with it a capacity to fall the lowest. Certainly among the Irish wrecks from drink were some of the warmest, most generous, and most lovable people I have known.

Two things I acquired from my life at Hull-House were certainly undesirable: a deep suspicion and fear of the police and a hostility toward newspaper reporters. At long last I have rid myself of both feelings, but they had plenty of foundation in experience. Chicago's police were Tories in their political thinking and they treated those they considered rebels against the social order with little consideration for the Bill of Rights. Also, though many were foreign-born, they despised the foreign-born of other nations.

My first experience with the Chicago police came during my first year at Hull-House. At that time our neighborhood streets were lined with big wooden garbage boxes, very convenient seats on a pleasant day. At the noon hour two Italian workmen were sitting talking on the one in front of their tenement when a Polish-born policeman told them to move on. The command was senseless; it was their garbage box and they refused, whereupon he drew his revolver and shot them both. I came by a few moments later to find an angry mob of Italians storming our little playground house where the policeman had taken refuge (he was soon rescued by a patrol wagon), and the wounded men with their weeping wives waiting for the ambulance. One of them died in the County Hospital from a wound in the lungs.

This was so shocking a deed that we felt we could not let it be passed over in silence, as the Chief of Police had decided was best. When a delegation of Italians came to us to appeal for some sort of action we asked Clarence Darrow, then living not far from Hull-House, to bring charges against the Polish policeman, and we collected in nickels and dimes some four hundred dollars for a retaining fee. But nothing came of it. Darrow never pushed it, explaining that his role was that of defender, not prosecutor, and the policeman was never even suspended.

At our mass meetings the sight of an officer in uniform, instead of bringing a sense of security, would fill us with dread of some violent deed on the part, not of the audience, but of the police. There was a big meeting of Russians one evening, Mensheviks and Bolsheviks, gesticulating furiously and shouting at each other, but I knew nothing worse than that would happen if the police would let them alone. A panicky resident had called up the Maxwell Street station, and a group of burly Irish policemen stood in a corner muttering to each other. I went up to them and said that it was only a discussion of two theories of government and that I was sure it would end peacefully. "Lady," said one of them, "you people oughtn't to let bums like these come here. If I had my way they'd all be lined up against a wall at sunrise and shot." I lived through an hour of wretched suspense, but luckily there was no chance for the use of police clubs. The meeting broke up without any incident.

But I feared the newspaper reporter almost as much. My fear was shared by all the residents, because we knew that anything that went wrong at Hull-House was a "story," that ingenious twisting might turn the most innocent answer into a ridiculous or a damaging statement, and,

of course, that there was no redress. To write a protest only made matters worse by giving added publicity to the story. It was an unwritten rule that these gentry were not to be handled by anyone but Miss Addams or Miss Lathrop, a rule we were all thankful to follow.

One of our worst experiences was over the Averbuch murder, a story that Miss Addams has told in her *Twenty Years at Hull-House*. Averbuch was a young Russian Jew, an anarchist, who had been in this country only a short time. He went, on some errand never explained, to call upon the Chief of Police, who when he saw a swarthy foreigner facing him lost his head and emptied his revolver in the lad's body, most of the bullets entering from the back. Averbuch had no connection with Hull-House. He was studying English at the Maxwell Street Settlement — but Hull-House had more news value, so the reporters came in swarms to interview us and to prove that Hull-House was a nest of anarchism.

I learned then the deadly use the papers can make of the word "admit." Clara Landsberg, who was in charge of our adult education department, insisted that Averbuch was not among the students. "Would you have accepted him if he had applied and you knew he was an anarchist?" "Certainly," she said. "We do not ask anyone what his political theories are." But the reporter's words read: "Miss Landsberg admits that there are anarchists in the classes at Hull-House." Miss Addams was in bed with tonsillitis just then, and Julia Lathrop was away. I struggled in vain with a relentless young man and finally in despair took him up to Miss Addams. He listened to her in silence and then, blinking his colorless eyes behind his thick spectacles, he remarked, "I may as well tell you, Miss Addams, that I have orders from my paper to link Averbuch up with Hull-House and that is what I'm going to do."

12

At Hull-House one got into the labor movement as a matter of course, without realizing how or when. As I look back I can remember a few startling experiences which must have pushed me farther along the way, but I cannot remember when I began to see the working world through the workers' eyes.

One of these experiences came to me through an Italian girl whom I was helping with her English. Filomena was the eldest of a large family and, as used to happen fairly often, she was sent to this country to pave the way for the rest, to earn money for the family's passage. It was hard

to understand an Italian family sending a young girl out into the world alone, especially when one knew how strictly she would be guarded as soon as her family arrived. Only complete ignorance of what such a journey meant and of the difference between Chicago and a Calabrian village could explain it.

Filomena had but one purpose in life, to earn money. She worked in one of the great men's-clothing factories and soon rose to the skilled job of making buttonholes on the lapels of men's dress suits. This was shortly before the great strike of 1910, Sidney Hillman's strike, and the work in the factories was let to subcontractors who acted as foremen and whose one idea was to push the work as much as possible. There was talk of revolt among the girls in Filomena's department, but she told me she paid no attention to it. She stuck to her buttonholes and the girls called her a mean pace-maker.

Then one day the boss said to her: "How many needles of thread do you use in a day, Filomena?" "About three hundred," she answered. "Why don't you take your needles home with you and thread them evenings?" he suggested. "You'd make a lot more if you did." Filomena was much impressed. She followed the suggestion, and that week she made more buttonholes than she had ever dreamed of. The foreman let all the other girls know what Filomena had drawn in her pay envelope, and one after another the girls began threading their needles at night. Then, when nearly all were doing this, he cut the pay so that they would make just what they had before. That was at last too much for Filomena. When the strike broke she went out with the others.

Another memory concerns a young Irish girl of sixteen, gentle and shy, with the natural good breeding one finds often among the poorest Irish. Celia was a waitress in an all-night restaurant, for at that time a girl might work ten hours a night, seven nights a week, in Illinois. For her own protection I had her join the waitresses' union, and when her place went on strike she took her turn picketing.

Chicago police have never felt it part of their duty to observe the law toward strikers, and violence, often needless and unprovoked, has been the rule. I felt personally responsible for Celia and made my way through the crowd outside the restaurant just in time to see her dragged along, unresisting, by a huge policeman and hustled with abusive words into a police van. We got her off without a jail sentence but not till the next day. Only those who have had to look on helplessly while servants of one's own govern-

ment treat humble people with brutality can realize what rage it arouses, how all one's love and pride of country vanishes.

Another time this bitter anger came over me was during the Kuppenheimer strike in Chicago. I told Miss Addams I had seen nothing in occupied Belgium that so enraged me. I had undertaken to picket in that strike and had just reached a factory on the far West Side when I saw a little group of men running wildly in all directions. They were the pickets — thin, stoop-shouldered young Jews and Italians — and they were pursued by big thugs hired by the company, who struck and kicked them as they ran. A little knot of uniformed policemen, sent there “to keep law and order,” looked on idly.

In the great Hart Schaffner & Marx strike of 1910 I did not picket but went on a citizens' committee formed by Miss Addams, which met at Hull-House. She has told the story of that strike and how wisely it was settled, with a joint board of arbitration composed of employers and employed with an impartial chairman, a method which has helped to avert strikes ever since. Sidney Hillman emerged as leader of the new union. I met him in the course of the strike when Julia Lathrop and I called on him in a tiny hotel bedroom with only one chair. He was a slender, very youthful-looking man, quiet and a bit shy, but wise and steady beyond his years.

Picketing in different strikes was no unusual job in those days. I used to volunteer for the early morning picket usually, because the police were much less in evidence then and I was in mortal fear of having one seize me and drag me about. The fact of arrest was not so bad as the way it was done. But late one winter afternoon I found myself marching up and down in perfect safety because I was with Professor Hale, head of the Latin Department of the University of Chicago. We were discussing the poems of Catullus, his favorite Latin poet. He was tall and very impressive, every inch a scholar and a gentleman, yet he could not understand why the police would not arrest him. “I am doing exactly what those poor fellows are doing,” he said, “but they pay no attention to me.” Of course the police had too much sense to provide such headlines for the papers.

13

It was while I was working at the Memorial Institute in the fall of 1902 that an opportunity came for me to bring my scientific training to bear on a problem at Hull-House. (My efforts in the baby clinic could not be called scientific.) I came back from Mackinac to find Chicago in the

grip of one of her worst epidemics of typhoid fever. At that time the city water, drawn from the Lake, was not chlorinated. The only precaution taken against dangerous pollution was to make cultures daily of samples from the different pumping stations. The next day, when the cultures had had time to develop, the results would be published and the public told whether or not to boil the water. It was assumed that housewives would look up these instructions every day and act accordingly, but the actual result was that typhoid was endemic in Chicago and periodically reached epidemic proportions. On this particular occasion Hull-House was the center of the hardest-struck region of the city — why, nobody knew. Miss Addams said she thought a bacteriologist ought to be able to discover the reason.

It was certainly not a simple problem. The pumping station which sent water to the Nineteenth Ward sent it to a wide section of the West Side; the milk supply was the same as that for neighboring wards. There must be some local condition to account for the excessive number of cases. As I prowled about the streets and the ramshackle wooden tenement houses, I saw the outdoor privies (forbidden by law but flourishing nevertheless), some of them in back yards below the level of the street and overflowing in heavy rains; the wretched water closets indoors, one for four or more families, filthy and with the plumbing out of order because nobody was responsible for cleaning or repairs. Swarms of flies were everywhere. Here, I thought, was the solution of the problem. The flies were feeding on typhoid-infected excreta and then lighting on food and milk. During the Spanish-American War, when we lost more men from typhoid fever than from Spanish bullets, Reed, Vaughan, and Shakespeare had made a study of conditions in camps — open latrines, unscreened food — which led them to attribute an important role in the spread of typhoid fever to the housefly. That was what started the “Swat the fly” campaign.

Naturally, my theory had to be put to the test, so with two of the residents to help me, Maude Gernon and Gertrude Howe, I went forth to collect flies from privies and kitchens and filthy water closets. We dropped the flies into tubes of broth and I took them to the laboratory, incubated the tubes, and plated them out at varying intervals. It was a triumph to find the typhoid bacillus, and I hastened to write up the discovery and its background for presentation before the Chicago Medical Society. This was just the sort of thing to catch public attention: it was simple and easily understood, it fitted in with the reve-

lations made during the Spanish War of the deadly activities of houseflies, and it explained why the slums had so much more typhoid than the well-screened and properly drained homes of the well-to-do.

I am sure I gained more kudos from my paper on flies and typhoid than from any other piece of work I ever did. Even today I sometimes hear an echo of it. In Chicago the effect was most gratifying: a public inquiry resulted in a complete reorganization of the Health Department under a chief from the Public Health Service; and finally, an expert was put in charge of tenement house inspection.

But unfortunately my gratification over my part in all this did not last long. After the tumult had died down, I discovered a fact which never gained much publicity but was well-authenticated. My flies had had little or nothing to do with the cases of typhoid in the Nineteenth Ward. The cause was simpler but so much more discreditable that the Board of Health had not dared to reveal it. It seems that in our local pumping station, on West Harrison Street near Halsted, a break had occurred which resulted in an escape of sewage into the water pipes — and for three days our neighborhood drank that water before the leak was discovered and stopped. This was after the epidemic had started.

The truth was more shocking than my ingenious theory, and it never came to light so far as the public was concerned. For years, though I did my best to lay the ghosts of those flies, they haunted me and mortified me, compelling me again and again to explain to deeply impressed audiences that the dramatic story their chairman had just rehearsed had little foundation in fact.

As the years went on — my life there covered twenty-two years — Hull-House grew till it covered more than a city block. Its activities increased in variety as the little group of residents expanded and came to include many people of many interests. We had Gerard Swope and his wife Mary Hill, Frederick Deknatel, whose son now continues his father's devoted service, George M. R. Twose, Edward and Charles Yeomans, William L. Chenery, Edith and Grace Abbott, Sophonisba Breckinridge, Harriet Monroe, the Robert Morss Lovetts, and many others. Once when I expressed to Mrs. Kelley my wonder that a group of people so individual and so different could be held together, she answered, "We have a common cult." She meant the personality of Jane Addams, but there was something more than that.

Hull-House still lives on, still works along the

lines Jane Addams laid down fifty years ago. New features have appeared, some of the old ones have vanished, the old order changeth, yielding place to new, but the spirit remains much the same. Miss Addams always said that if after she was gone we opposed changes because "Miss Addams never did that," it would mean that a dead hand was crushing out the life of what should be a growing plant. Each generation should approach the problems of its day with fresh ideas, perhaps building on the foundations of the past, but following the lines of its own inspiration.

Under the wise guidance of Mrs. Joseph G. Bowen and the warm and vivid leadership of Charlotte Carr, Hull-House is doing that. It is still a place for experiment in new ways, still a place where problems are studied not theoretically but with firsthand, intimate observation, a place where no one political or religious creed is followed but where all may be discussed under a hospitable and tolerant roof, where the rare gifts of musical and artistic talent which are hidden by poverty can be discovered and fostered, where the young can come for pleasure and the old for comfort.

One often hears it said that settlements have had their day, that they belong to the sentimental era of the nineties, that there is no longer a place for them. I do not think that is true. I think that now, when the tendency is away from the individual toward the mass, the intimate, personal touch is much needed. We have no longer the same sense of the supreme importance of every human being; rather our tendency is to absorb the individual in the state or the class or the movement. There were many evils in the old, unrestrained individualism, but the new collectivism is not without its dangers. After all, was not the great gift of Christianity just that — the declaration of the supreme importance and worth of every soul in the sight of God? If we lose that, we shall have lost greatly. In all the multitude of organizations which work for the betterment of society, the settlement movement still has its place.

14

My experience at Hull-House first aroused my interest in industrial diseases. Living in a working-class quarter, coming in contact with laborers and their wives, I heard many tales of the dangers that workingmen faced, of cases of carbon monoxide gassing in the great steel mills, of painters disabled by lead palsy, of pneumonia and rheumatism among the men in the stock-yards. Illinois then had no legislation providing

compensation for accident or disease caused by occupation. A striking tragedy about this time in Chicago brought vividly before me the unprotected, helpless state of workingmen who were held responsible for their own safety.

A number of men were sent out in a tug to one of Chicago's pumping stations in Lake Michigan and left there while the tug returned to shore. A fire broke out on the tiny island and could not be controlled; the men had the choice between burning to death and drowning, and before rescue could reach them most of them were drowned. The contracting company which employed them paid the funeral expenses, and nobody expected it to do more. Their widows and orphans could turn to the county agent or private charity — that was the accepted way back in the dark ages of the early twentieth century.

William Hard, then a young college graduate living at Northwestern Settlement, wrote of this incident with a fiery pen, contrasting the treatment of the wives and children of these men whose death was caused by negligence with the treatment they would have received in Germany. His article and a copy of Thomas Oliver's *Dangerous Trades*, which came into my hands just then, sent me to the Crerar Library to read everything I could find on the dangers to industrial workers, and what could be done to protect them. But it was all German, British, Austrian, Dutch, Swiss, or even Italian or Spanish — everything but American. In those countries industrial medicine was a recognized branch of the medical sciences; in my own country it did not exist. When I talked to my medical friends about the strange silence on this subject in American medical magazines and textbooks, I gained the impression that here was a subject tainted with socialism or with feminine sentimentality for the poor. The American Medical Association had never had a meeting devoted to this subject, and except for a few surgeons attached to large companies operating steel mills, or railways, or coal mines, there were no medical men in Illinois who specialized in the field of industrial medicine.

Everyone with whom I talked assured me that the foreign writings could not apply to American conditions, for our workmen were so much better paid, their standard of living was so much higher, and the factories they worked in so much finer in every way than the European, that they did not suffer from the evils to which the poor foreigner was subject. That sort of talk always left me skeptical. It was impossible for me to believe that conditions in Europe could be worse than they were in the Polish section of Chicago, and in many Italian and Irish tenements; or that any

workshops could be worse than some of those I had seen in our foreign quarters. And presently I had factual confirmation of my disbelief in the happy lot of the American worker, through reading John Andrews's manuscript on phossy jaw in the match industry in the United States.

Phossy jaw is a distressing industrial disease. It comes from breathing the fumes given off by white or yellow phosphorus at room temperature, or from putting into the mouth food or gum or fingers smeared with phosphorus. Even drinking from a glass which has stood on the workbench is dangerous. The phosphorus penetrates into a defective tooth and down through the roots to the jawbone, killing the tissue cells, which then become the prey of suppurative germs from the mouth, and abscesses form. The jaw swells and the pain is intense, for the suppuration is held in by the tight covering of the bone and cannot escape, except through a surgical operation or through a fistula that bores to the surface. Sometimes the abscess forms in the upper jaw and works up into the orbit, causing the loss of an eye. In severe cases one lower jawbone may have to be removed or an upper jawbone, perhaps both. There are cases on record of men and women who had to live all the rest of their days on liquid food. The scars and contractures left after recovery were terribly disfiguring and led some women to commit suicide. Here was an industrial disease which could be clearly demonstrated to the most skeptical. Miss Addams told me that when she was in London in the 1880's she went to a mass meeting of protest against phossy jaw, and on the platform were a number of pitiful cases, showing their deformities.

All this I had learned, but I had been assured, by medical men who claimed to know, that there was no phossy jaw in the United States because American match factories were so scrupulously clean. Then in 1908 John Andrews came to Hull-House and showed me the report of his investigation of American match factories and his discovery of more than 150 cases of phossy jaw. It seems that in the course of a study of wages of women and children, made by the Bureau of Labor under Carroll D. Wright, investigators came across cases of phossy jaw in women match workers in the South. This discovery impelled Wright to institute an investigation in other match centers. Andrews was asked to carry it out and did so, with a result most disconcerting to American optimism. Some of the cases he discovered were quite as severe as the worst reported in European records — the loss of jawbones, of an eye, sometimes death from blood poisoning.

15

This episode in the history of industrial disease is very characteristic of our American way of dealing with such matters. We learned about phossy jaw almost as soon as Europe did. The first recognized case was described by Lorinser of Vienna in 1845; the first American case was treated in the Massachusetts General Hospital only six years later, in 1851. All over continental Europe and England there was eager discussion of this new disease; many cases were reported and all sorts of preventive measures proposed — but practically nothing was published in American medical journals from 1851 to 1909. Both laymen and public health authorities here contented themselves with the assurance that all was well in our match industry. When, however, the facts were at last made public in 1909, action was prompt. A safe substitute for white phosphorus, the sesquisulphide, had been discovered by a French chemist. The Diamond Match Company had bought the American patent rights for it. This company waived its patent rights with rare generosity and allowed the free use of sesquisulphide to the whole industry. This move made it possible for Congress to pass the law which imposed a tax on white phosphorus matches high enough to cover the difference in cost between them and sesquisulphide matches. In this way phossy jaw disappeared from American match factories.

There were few other voices in the wilderness. I remember a trip to Washington, to a medical meeting, when Frederick Hoffman of the Prudential Insurance Company gave us a demonstration, with statistics and charts, of the relation between occupation and tuberculosis. It was a startling eye-opener to me and I feel sure that I was not the only one who was hearing such facts for the first time. Dr. George M. Kober of Washington and Dr. William Gilman Thompson of New York were two other pioneers in this field, and only a few years later Josephine Goldmark published her famous brief on the employment of women in industry. So with stirrings here and there, the flood was rising slowly.

Professor Charles Henderson was teaching sociology in the University of Chicago at the time I am speaking of. He had been much in Germany and had made a study of German sickness insurance for the working class (the *Krankenkassen*), a system which aroused his admiration and made him eager to have some such provisions made in behalf of American workmen. The first step must be, of course, an inquiry into the extent of our industrial sickness, and he determined to

have such an inquiry made in Illinois. Governor Deneen was then in office, and Henderson persuaded him to appoint an Occupational Disease Commission, the first time a State had ever undertaken such a survey. Dr. Henderson had some influence in selecting the members and, as he knew of my great interest in the subject, he included me in the group of five physicians who together with himself, an employer, and two members of the State Labor Department made up the Commission. We had one year only for our work, the year 1910.

We were staggered by the complexity of the problem we faced and we soon limited our field almost entirely to the occupational poisons. At least we knew what their action was, while the action of the various kinds of dust, of temperature extremes, and of heavy exertion were only vaguely known at that time. Then we looked for an expert to guide and to supervise the study, but none was to be found. In the end I was asked to do what I could as managing director of the survey, with the help of twenty young assistants, doctors, medical students, and social workers. As I look back on it, our task was simple compared with the one that a State faces nowadays when it undertakes a similar study. The only poisons we had to cover were lead, arsenic, brass, carbon monoxide, the cyanides, and turpentine. Today the list involved in a survey of the painters' trade alone is many times as long as that.

But to us it appeared far from a simple task. We could not even discover what the poisonous occupations in Illinois were. The Factory Inspector's office was blissfully ignorant, yet that was the only governmental body concerned with working conditions. There was nothing to do but to begin with trades we knew were dangerous and to hope that, as we studied them, we should discover others less well known. My field was to be lead; Dr. Emery Hayhurst took brass; and Drs. G. Apfelbach and M. Karasek carbon monoxide in the steel mills. Caisson disease had appeared in the State, in connection chiefly with the construction of tunnels in Chicago. This is a disease caused by work in compressed air when the return to normal air pressure is too quick. If the pressure is released too suddenly, the air absorbed by the body under pressure expands and causes damage especially in the delicate tissues of the brain and the spinal cord. Violent pain in the limbs (known as "the bends") and brain disturbances (called "the blind staggers") result if the worker passes too quickly into normal air pressure. Dr. Peter Bassoe undertook the study of the 161 cases of caisson disease

which had occurred up to this date. Dr. George Shambaugh contributed a chapter on boiler makers' deafness, and Drs. F. Lane and J. B. Ellis one on the rhythmic oscillation of the eyes of coal miners, known as nystagmus.

While we were visiting plants, we set our young assistants to reading hospital records, interviewing labor leaders and doctors and apothecaries in working-class quarters, for we had to unearth actual instances of poisoning if our study was to be of any value. I set out on the trail of new lead trades — for instance, making freight-car seals, coffin "trim," and decalcomania papers for pottery decoration; polishing cut glass; brass founding; wrapping cigars in so-called tin foil, which is really lead. Hospital records yielded cases of poisoning from these and from many other jobs which were not mentioned in foreign textbooks.

One case of colic and double wrist-drop, which was discovered in the Alexian Brothers' Hospital, took me on a pretty chase. The man, a Pole, said he had worked in a sanitary ware factory, putting enamel on bathtubs. I had not come across this work in the English or the German authorities on lead poisoning, and had no idea it was a lead trade; but the factory was easy to reach on the near West Side and I stopped in to ask about the man's work. The management assured me that no lead was used in the coatings and invited me to inspect the workroom, where I found six Polish painters applying an enamel paint to metal bathtubs. So ignorant was I that I accepted this as the work of enameling sanitary ware, and did not even notice that all the men were painting the outsides of the tubs. I did note the name of the paint and went to the factory which produced it, but there I was told that enamel paint is free from lead.

Completely puzzled, I made a journey to the Polish quarter to see the palsied man and heard from him that I had not even been in the enameling works, only in the one for final touching up. The real one was far out on the Northwest Side. I found it and discovered that enameling means sprinkling a finely ground enamel over a red-hot tub, where it melts and flows over the surface. I learned that the air is thick with enamel dust, and suspected that this dust might be rich in red oxide of lead. From a workman who said he often took some home to his wife for scouring pans and knives, I secured a specimen which proved to contain as much as 20 per cent soluble lead — that is, lead that will pass into solution in the human stomach. Thus, I nailed down the fact that enameling of sanitary ware was a dangerous lead trade in the United States, whatever was true of England and Germany.

16

It was exploration in an unknown field. Everything I discovered was new and most of it was really valuable. I knew nothing of manufacturing processes, but I learned them on the spot; and before long every detail of the Old Dutch process and the Carter process of white-lead production was familiar to me, as well as the roasting of red lead and litharge, the smelting of lead ore, and the refining of lead scrap. From the first I became convinced that what I must look for was lead dust and lead fumes, that men were poisoned by breathing poisoned air, not by handling their food with unwashed hands. Nowadays that fact has been so strongly established by experimental proof that nobody would think of disputing it. But in 1910 and for many years after, the firm (and comforting) belief of foremen and employers was that if a man was poisoned by lead it was because he did not wash his hands and scrub his nails, although a little intelligent observation would have been enough to show its absurdity.

Lead is the oldest of the industrial poisons except carbon monoxide, which must have begun to take its toll soon after Prometheus made the gift of fire to man. Lead poisoning was known in Roman days, for Pliny the Elder includes it among the "diseases of slaves" — potters' and knife-grinders' phthisis, lead and mercurial poisoning. Men have used this valuable metal in many ways throughout all the succeeding centuries; and from time to time an observant physician has seen the results and described them, notably Ramazzini in the eighteenth century, and early in the nineteenth century the great Frenchman, Tanquerel des Planches. It is a poison which can act in many different ways, some of them so unusual and outside the experience of the ordinary physician that he fails to recognize the cause. I could never feel sure that I had uncovered all the cases in any community, no matter how small, even after I had talked with all the doctors and gone through the hospital records, for some doctors would not pronounce a case to be lead poisoning unless there was either colic or palsy — which is as if he refused to recognize alcoholism unless delirium tremens accompanied it.

It is true that a severe attack of colic is the most characteristic symptom of lead poisoning, and palsy — usually in the form of wrist-drop — is the one most easily recognized; but there are many other manifestations of this protean malady, as every physician knows today. Thirty years ago it was easy to find extremely severe forms, such as could come only from an exposure

so great as to seem criminal to us, although then it attracted no attention. Here are four histories picked at random from my notes of 1910: —

A Bohemian enameler of bathtubs had worked eighteen months at his trade, apparently without becoming poisoned, though his health had suffered. One day he fainted at the furnace, and for four days he lay in coma; then he passed into delirium, during which it was found that both forearms and both ankles were palsied. He made a partial recovery in the course of the next six months, but when he returned to his home in Bohemia he was still partly paralyzed.

A Hungarian, thirty-six years old, worked for seven years grinding lead paint. During this time he had three attacks of colic with vomiting and headache. I saw him in the hospital — a skeleton of a man, looking almost twice his age, his limbs soft and flabby, his muscles wasted. He was extremely emaciated, his color was a dirty grayish-yellow, his eyes were dull and expressionless. He lay in an apathetic condition, rousing when spoken to and answering rationally but often with an appreciable delay, then sinking back into apathy.

A Polish laborer worked only three weeks in a very dusty white-lead plant at an unusually dusty emergency job, at the end of which he was sent to the hospital with severe lead colic and palsy of both wrists.

A young Italian, who spoke no English, worked for a month in a white-lead plant but without any idea that the harmless-looking stuff was poisonous. There was a great deal of dust in his work. One day he was seized with an agonizing pain in his head, which came on him so suddenly that he fell to the ground. He was sent to the hospital, semi-conscious, with convulsive attacks, and was there for two weeks. When he came home, he had a relapse and had to go back to the hospital. Three months later he was still in poor health and could not do a full day's work.

Life at Hull-House had accustomed me to going straight to the homes of people when I wished to learn something, and talking to them in their

own surroundings, where they had courage to speak out what was in their minds. They were almost always foreigners — Bulgarians, Serbs, Poles, Italians, Hungarians — who had come to this country in search of a better life for themselves and for their children. Sometimes they thought they had found it; then, when sickness struck down the father, things grew very black and there were no old friends and neighbors and cousins to fall back on as there had been in the old country. Often it was an agent of a steamship company who had coaxed them over with promises of a land flowing with jobs and high wages. Six hundred Bulgarians had been induced by these super-salesmen to leave their villages and to come to Chicago. Of course they took the first job they could find, and if it proved to be one that weakened and crippled them — well, that was their bad luck!

It sometimes seemed to me that industry was exploiting the finest and best in these men, their love of their children, their sense of family responsibility. I think of an enameler of bathtubs whom I traced to his squalid little cottage. He was a young Slav who was once so strong he could run up the hill on which his cottage stood and spend all the evening digging in his garden. Now, he told me, he climbed up like an old man and sank exhausted in a chair. He was so weary that if he tried to hoe or rake he had to give it up; his digestion had failed; he had a foul mouth; he couldn't eat; he had lost much weight. He had had many attacks of colic, and the doctor told him if he did not quit he would soon be a wreck.

"Why did you keep on," I asked, "when you knew the lead was getting you?" "Well, there were the payments on the house," he said, "and the two kids." The house was a bare, ugly frame shack; the children were little underfed things, badly in need of handkerchiefs — but for them a man had sacrificed his health and his joy in life. When employers tell me they prefer married men, and encourage their men to have homes of their own because they are so much steadier, I wonder if they have any idea of what that implies.

(To be continued)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR

SHIPS FOR LILLIPUT

by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

1

SOUTH STREET, New York, was an avenue of enchantment fifty years ago. Tall ships still tied up at its wharves, their long bowsprits reaching across the street to poke out the eyes of the red-brick ship chandlers that lined the other side. There from their deep holds square-riggers debouched foreign-looking merchandise in picturesque containers: carboys, mats, jute wrappers, wicker panniers, stenciled with strange distant names — names not so strange today, alas, as we learn our geography in a cruel and bitter school.

That street gave me my first lessons in naval architecture. I was born a thousand miles from salt water. I never saw a ship until I was twenty-three years old. But from earliest childhood I had sought to make them. With only the picture under the word "ship" in Webster's dictionary as a guide, I had tried to build miniature replicas of those gallant barks that fascinated me so completely. I had never heard of ship models, which was just as well, for the crude vessels I made were models of no ship that ever sailed.

When I arrived in New York to take up the serious business of earning a living I had few possessions, but I still had my preoccupation with the sea and its ships, and a hand familiar with tools. The place where I worked was but a few blocks from Coenties Slip, and all the time I could snatch from a hasty lunch I spent roaming the waterside, studying each vessel with loving scrutiny, often going aboard when bosuns were amiable. I got the feel of a ship as an entity, and my enthusiasm remained undimmed.

A native of Illinois and a graduate of Knox College, EARNEST ELMO CALKINS came to Manhattan where he made a name for himself as one of the ablest advertising men on the island. Writing has been a lifelong hobby of his (as anyone who read *Louder, Please!* will remember), and so has the building of ships — those tiny ships of Lilliput which he has carved year after year in his workshop high above the New York traffic.

But those were precarious days, and there was no opportunity for the indulgence of activities unconnected with the main problem of living. Many years later, when I had a house of my own where I could give rein to such fancies, I set up a workbench and began again as a man where I had left off as a boy, to create miniature copies of those fascinating objects that appealed so strongly to my imagination and sense of craftsmanship.

One reward of making model ships is that there is no known way to fake them. They are works of craftsmanship and can be no more turned out by mass production than oil paintings or Oriental rugs. No matter how simple or sketchy the rigging, it must be done by hand, and in a full-rigged ship the amount and intricacy of the rigging demand patience and skill to an unusual degree. You may sometimes see in souvenir shops the cheap and gaudy papier-mâché models made, I believe, in Germany (or possibly Japan), clumsy contrivances with none of the charm of a ship, unconvincing stage properties that deceive none but the ill-informed.

A real model must be painstakingly set up, following in each step the order in which the original ship was rigged. The earlier the period the simpler the rigging. As men advanced in knowledge of shipbuilding the number of sails increased until we had the full-rigged ship, of which the clipper with its long graceful lines, convex bows, and clean narrow run, was the most perfect type. Such a ship carried thirty sails, with all the horses, tyes, lifts, halliards, clews, sheets, reef points, buntlines, and bowlines needed to set or furl them; and the effect of that bewildering network, all taut and shipshape, every line belayed to its proper pin in the fife rail or bulwark, is an inspiring sight whether viewed in the actual ship or in a faithful and understanding model of it.

2

A block of hard white pine is best for the hull. There is no need to consider beauty of grain as in carved work to be left nude, for the hull will be hidden by paint, perhaps even coppered. A block thick enough is not easily come by in conventional lumberyards, but an admirable substitute is two or more boards glued together. By having one of the joints in the median line you have a constant convenient base for setting off measurements, no matter how deeply you cut.

This is for a solid hull, sufficient for all but determined realists, as none of the inside construction shows in the finished model. Those determined realists, however, cunningly omit a few strakes from their finished models so that you can peep in and admire their craftsmanship. And craftsmanship it is, that beautiful assemblage of tiny timbers as painstakingly measured and scaled as the interior of a clock. But for my purpose a solid hull is sufficient and gives amusing occupation in my spare time for months.

The hull is shaped by templets, cross-sections of the hull at regular intervals, traced from plans of famous vessels that still exist, reduced to scale. For modern sailing ships the carving is simple; for those of Pepys's navy, with their gilded sterns in flattery of the sprigs of nobility who nominally commanded them, it is more elaborate.

Not enough has been said or sung about the joys of wood carving. The feel of tool against wood, the mere making of shavings, yield a certain satisfaction. Whittling is an authentic American folkway. The pioneers whittled as they talked. Nearly every village boasted a virtuoso who could and did fashion a linked chain from a single piece of wood. Wood carving is merely advanced whittling. You learn in the first few cuts the disposition of your block, for each bit of wood has its own character that must be humored. "Against the grain" is a saying born of woodworking. One of the finest tonics for the human spirit is that sense of mastery afforded by the extension of the hand with a tool one knows how to manipulate. It gives a thrill the poet must feel who has completed a successful sonnet. For, after all, the word "poet" means merely "maker." Poetry can be done with a flat gouge as well as with a pen.

Carving ends when the last mast and spar as well as the deck furniture have been fashioned. Then comes the rigging, which is in another category—somewhere between lacemaking and tying hooked rugs. The model-maker combines functions that are separate in the world of reality, for ships were built by shipwrights but rigged by

sailors. Scale is as vital in the rigging as in the hull, and this presents some pretty problems. One sees models in which the topsail halliards are as thick as the mainstay, from ignoring the delicate gradation in size as the rig mounts aloft. The different weights of fishline afford an excellent assortment of make-believe ropes ranging from heavy to light. But there are also the seizing (that is, the binding of one rope to another) and the serving of a rope-end so that it will not fray. I long sought a thread fine enough to play the part of the spun yarn with which such work is done, and found it among the gossamer filaments of Belgian lace-makers, a thread so fine its number is 1000. You can guess how small that is by glancing at the numbers on the spools in your wife's workbasket.

The search for both material and tools is part of the game. To secure tools small enough for some of the more delicate operations, I raided the dentist, the watchmaker, and even the manicurist. In space where hands cannot penetrate, lines are belayed, knots tied, by means of a stiff wire with a notch in the end and a pair of long tweezers. The loose ends are snipped off with surgeon's scissors. Considerable legerdemain is needed at various stages in rigging. While pine does admirably for the hull, for small parts, particularly the numerous blocks and deadeyes, a close-grained wood, not too hard to work easily, is indicated. Cocobolo, a beautiful brown the color of a weathered block, answers the purpose. Blocks are shaped one by one, mainly with small woodworking files.

One of the problems was to find a substitute for the pull of a gang of men on a line to bowse, or tauten, a stay or shroud. If made fast it is too static; there must be a certain amount of give. I am modestly jubilant over my solution. An elastic band with a wire hook bent tight so as to hold a line is made fast to the rail and the stretched hook engaged with the mimic rope to be set up. When the stay or shroud has been securely seized the tackle is removed and the loose rope-end cut off. I hope this is clear, for I was as tickled as Archimedes must have been.

Little ships have a stronger hold on our imaginations than most miniature models. It is the rare mixture of the patient, loving work that has gone to their making with a quickened sense of all that they stand for. To many of us they are Romance—the age of sail and the strong men it bred; the days of oak and hemp, privateering, piracy, slave running, whaling; Columbus, Drake; Frobisher, Magellan, Captain Ahab; glittering argosies, "apes, peacocks and ivory." How those little galleons, frigates, and clippers fire the imagination!

3

The very names of types of vessels are full of suggestion — xebec, felucca, polacre, carrick, bilander, hoy, caravel, snow, lugger, junk, sloop, schooner; each a bit of marine history, each a step toward victory in the agelong contest with wind and wave and tide, which do not change but lie in wait to tussle with each new product of man's ingenuity. And finally came the clippers, the most inspiring structures devised by man, cathedrals of the sea, with the lines of a yacht and a sail-spread never equaled before or since, with tea chests below their hatches, clipping miles off the China run and filling stately Salem mansions with the products of Oriental art.

To some of us they spell craftsmanship — the skill and patience necessary to put together the thousand tiny parts; to rig and reeve the gear at each mast and yard; doing with clumsy giant fingers delicate operations supposedly performed by men an inch high; never forgetting the effect of the whole, the ensemble, the picture the ship should make when completed: taut and neat and shipshape "Bristol fashion," every rope belayed, all sails drawing, gallant and upstanding.

One joy of model-making is salt-water archaeology — the history of marine architecture, the story of sail from the first coracle with a hide stretched to catch the wind down to the last square-rigger. There are old books with prints and plans to be found by searching, foxed volumes that show how ships were built and rigged in other days — Steel, Charnock, Jal, Captain John Smith, Falconer, Admiral Paris, and "Darcy Lever" — by which the pleasures of book-collecting are added to those of model-making, driving a span of hobbies double harness.

Information is strangely disproportionate. There is no record of what the *Mayflower* looked like, but we have the veritable plans of Columbus's three ships. It is a fascinating field of research and he who wishes to make authentic models of real ships, *Ark Royal*, *Great Harry*, *Constitution*, *Trafalgar*, *Dreadnaught*, must study old books as well as the writings of modern enthusiasts and experts.

One such expert is the informed and amiable Professor F. Alexander Magoun of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who gives himself a busman's holiday from his work of teaching modern naval architecture by playing with ancient naval architecture. His researches have added considerably to our knowledge of the *Mayflower* and the *Constitution*. R. C. Anderson has gone into marine lore with typical English thoroughness. He is editor of the *Mariner's Mirror*, the

magazine that binds together what Christopher Morley calls "kinsprits," from President Roosevelt the collector to Henry Culver the constructor. The magazine has survived one war and is bravely carrying on amidst another. His remarkably clear and helpful book, *The Rigging of Ships in the Days of the Spritsail Topmast*, is a must for all makers of ships before 1720. And we have Captain Charles C. Davis, published by that conservatory of naval history, the Marine Research Society of Salem, whose three books tell almost all one needs to know to build a *Flying Cloud* or other clipper. It would be hard to find another leisure-time occupation that has roots in so many inspiring interests.

The love of old ships adds richness to living and affords unfailing amusement. It draws one to the waterside, wharves, quays, ports, docks — especially in the Old World, where sailing ships were still to be seen when I last saw Europe. One looks with new interest on the craft of various countries, noting how different problems are met by different rigs. It is significant, for instance, that on three Italian lakes — Maggiore, Como, and Lugano — only a few miles apart, the rigs of fishermen's boats are wholly unlike. Each is an inherited tradition. So also the fishing vessels of France have the same occupational diversity. The *bateau boeuf*, or ox-boat, — so-called because the nets are so large the boats are yoked in pairs to drag them in, — does not resemble the *homardier* that fetches the lobsters, or the *sardinier*, or the *pêcheur d'Islande* that makes the long voyage to the Grand Banks for cod, described so movingly by Pierre Loti.

Much of this innocent pleasure has been blotted out for the time being. "Ship" has become a distressing word in our vocabulary. But nothing can take away from the sequestered satisfaction of making them — an occupation that requires little space, that grows and widens in interest, lasts a long while, and calls upon so many kinds of skill, both mental and manual.

In the brave days of American supremacy on the sea, ships built at Bath or Salem and manned by American-born seamen outsailed the world. Lithographs of famous clippers, *Young America*, *Sea Witch*, *Red Jacket*, *Great Republic*, were published by Currier and Ives, sold for a few cents. Today such prints sell for hundreds of dollars in Madison Avenue antique shops. The new interest in ship models has spurred many to make them. Some are doing it for love (a literal translation of *amateur* is "lover"); others are professionals selling models to those who feel they simply must have a little ship to stand on the mantelpiece as the last touch in interior decoration.

OF EDITORS AND MEN

Will Irwin On and Off the Record

THE MAKING OF A REPORTER. By Will Irwin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75

REPORTERS are born so, but these fifty years Will Irwin has lived up to the full possibilities of his profession. If he had been riding the hook and ladder to every fire since his boyhood he could scarcely have been more active. It is hard to picture him doing anything in preference to smelling out the news or writing at a hard gallop. Give him the stuff for a story, put the pressure on, and he ascends straight into heaven.

Of education, as schoolmasters know it, Will Irwin has had little. To be fired from Stanford University at an early age probably did little to curtail his book learning, for he took important post-graduate courses in the two best schools for the Making of a Reporter that America has yet established. He studied his profession first on Dana's *Sun* when Chester Lord was in the saddle — "When you saw it in the *Sun* it was so" — and where office discipline was complete. And then Irwin served a long term on McClure's *Magazine* in the great days when it took Sam McClure about fifteen minutes every morning utterly to disorganize the office and to give every member of the staff the separate inspiration of his young life.

The legendary *Sun*

The Brotherhood of Dana's *Sun* is still the legend of newspaperdom. The tale of the dissolution of the *World* may have touched a sharper note of sentiment, but the *Sun* remains America's classic newspaper, where all for one was really one for all, and where the art of writing, and still more notably the art of writing headlines, was taught so that it could never be forgotten.

At that school, Will Irwin learned much: tireless investigation, zest and buoyancy in writing, absorption in the job. But though he may have taken the course in Accuracy it was not a lifelong lesson, for in this book of his any old hand can detect errors of fact and occasionally, I think, errors of impression.

At McClure's School for Genius, too, he did not learn everything that was taught. Although McClure could not write himself, he could get others to do it in a manner little short of miraculous. If there was one quality in literature which he admired, it was the gift of understatement. This reviewer well re-

members the teacher in electric action. "Always," McClure would say, running his hands through his perpetually dislocated hair, "understate the facts. Always, always, *always* understate the facts. Why, when I call Tom Platt a moral leper, I always understate the facts." Will Irwin never fully learned this lesson. His emphasis usually thumps the point.

If F. P. Adams knows almost everything, Will Irwin has certainly known almost everybody. To any man who has lived through the same days, his chronicle is absorbing. After McClure's, Irwin jumped to the *Saturday Evening Post* and was directed by the gifted Lorimer; thence to *Collier's* where Bob Collier, who for some of us is a legend all by himself, was in charge and Norman Hapgood's cool, ironic talent was in the ascendant. Magazine stories took him here, took him there, took him for a ghostly interlude to a land of Spooks, took him back to California, and to Europe many times, where he described a number of dramatic phases of the war.

At Northcliffe's instigation he did a remarkable job of bringing the war home, and in the teeth of the War Office hauled out the facts. Never idle, if a breathing spell occurred Irwin would fill it with a novel or two, or just a book, or half a dozen stories. He was in the war and in the peace up to his neck. He was even in the censorship; and when a miserable peace followed a horrible war, he dreamed dreams with his lifelong friend, Mr. Hoover, of two cars for every garage and eternal economic felicity.

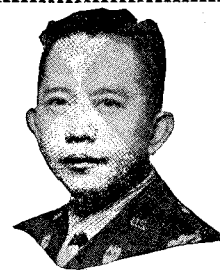
The book is alive with anecdotes and incidents, told with gusto and the love of life, but the remarkable men Irwin met at every turn of the road do not wholly come alive. Perhaps his most interesting personal sketch is of that strange and eerie genius Homer Lea — humpback, dreamer, prophet, and general in the Chinese Army, to whom a vision came of the future history of Japan and America.

Will Irwin is a lovable man believing in his friends, and in spite of indignation against the wicked, a natural lover of mankind. It is an honorable trait in him to stick fast to his friend Mr. Hoover, through the very thick and the extremely thin, to have a kindly word even for President Harding, to damn the sin and love the sinner. He has lived a good life, a mad life, a successful life, and the record of it is a captivating peep-show of an age that is past.

ELLERY SEDGWICK

Corregidor...

A VISION OF GRIM, GAUNT
GHASTLY MEN, STILL UNAFRAID*



From the fox holes of Bataan, from the bomb-blasted forts of Corregidor, and from the ravished streets of Manila comes the most terrible and the most poignant story of the war. Carlos P. Romulo, last man off Bataan, native Filipino editor, Pulitzer Prize winner, colonel on MacArthur's staff, writes for the first time the saga of the gallantry, the hope and the despair of those Filipinos and Americans who fought to the last man a hopeless, dogged, tragic fight against a merciless invader. This story is written not so much by a great editor, a magnificent commander, a warmly human man—although Carlos Romulo is all of these; it is written in the

blood, sweat, tears, hopes and heroism of that incredible band of men, outgunned, outmanned, ill-housed, ragged and starving, who were the defenders of Bataan.

This story, in its awful tragedy, in its splendid record of human endurance and idealism, in its magnificent demonstration of the price of freedom, cannot help but awaken every American to America's need, to the desperate need of a world in chains. Carlos Romulo has written this book for the sole purpose of awakening the American people to the enormity of the task before us. No American can afford not to read it. *Ready December 31st.* \$3.00

I SAW THE FALL OF THE PHILIPPINES

*From the statement of
Gen. Douglas MacArthur

by Colonel Carlos P. Romulo



Praise FOR A GREAT AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY!

CLIFTON FADIMAN was the first reviewer to discover this book. In his *New Yorker* review, out the day before publication, he said: "I have read no other biography this year that has interested me half as much or from which I have learned one-tenth as much."

BERNARD JAFFE reviewed the book in the *New York Herald-Tribune*: "Muriel Rukeyser has given us not only a stimulating biography of Gibbs, but also a significant and sensitive interpretation of Gibbs' connection with his times."

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN wrote reviews both for *Harper's Magazine* and for the *New York Times*. In the magazine review, he declared that "Miss Rukeyser's biography of Gibbs is fascinating by virtue of its truly global perspectives..."

But beyond everything the biography lives and moves in Miss Rukeyser's easy mastery of the significant events in American cultural history." In the *Times*, he says that he cannot vouch for the scientific aspects of the book, but that if Miss Rukeyser's assumptions are correct, "this is a biography which all Americans should read. It is impossible to do it justice in a few hundred words; essays can, and will, be written about it."

ALBERT EINSTEIN says of Gibbs, the scientist: "Willard Gibbs is, in my opinion, one of the most original and important creative minds in the field of science America has produced."

HORACE GREGORY is among the many who have written letters about the book. He writes: "*Willard Gibbs* is among the few books published this year which will be remembered for many years to come."

At your bookseller's • *Illustrated* • \$3.50

Willard Gibbs

AMERICAN GENIUS by Muriel Rukeyser

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

BROADCAST TO GERMANY

Dorothy Thompson Speaking

LISTEN, HANS. By Dorothy Thompson. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50

"THE last time we met, Hans, and drank tea together on that beautiful terrace before the lake, you told me, 'Listen, Dorothy, there will not be a war.'" This is Dorothy Thompson speaking over the air to the German people as personified in her friend Hans. For Hans is not a fictitious character. He is real, and a man "whose mind is thoroughly familiar" to her.

Dorothy Thompson is one of the few who realized from the beginning what Hitler and the Nazis stood for. She boldly challenged the general apathy and indifference long before most of those who are now shouting revenge and hatred. Undoubtedly this clairvoyance, as some have called it, resulted from her really knowing and understanding Germany. What is more important, she was thereby enabled to see clearly the universal dangers of which the Nazis are merely the most blatant outward manifestation. "To believe that Naziism is an exclusively German phenomenon is to disregard the evidence all about ourselves." But also "the frustrations which caused it to burst forth are not frustrations imposed upon Germany from the outside. They are inherent frustrations growing out of inherent conflict in itself never harmonized." Dorothy Thompson is no sentimental pro-German but a dauntless fighter for a new world. She knows that to indulge in hatred and revenge does more harm to ourselves than to the enemy.

Invasion of the German mind

Listen, Hans is one of the most remarkable books that have come out of the war thus far. It is a document which every thoughtful American will want to read and ponder. It is "written with blood." Its first half is a striking discourse on political warfare — the invasion of the German mind based upon a real grasp of the weaknesses of the enemy. It is devoutly to be hoped that our political warfare will be carried forward in terms such as these. Miss Thompson has given a masterly sketch of the German mind in terms of German history, geography, and culture.

She minces no words in describing the confusions and contradictions of this mind. "The world is sick and tired of German wars that are apparently fought by Germany partly for the purpose of determining

through them what the German destiny may be." "If the German mind cannot make itself up, then we must make it up for her, by force." But "we should never despair of German aid in achieving this." She concludes that "the most dangerous idea with which certain persons in and out of foreign offices are playing is the idea of securing permanent European peace by German dismemberment."

Clearly *Listen, Hans* is a book written with passion and a measure of prejudice. But the passion and the prejudice are not centered in Germany. Let no one tell you so. Dorothy Thompson's one great concern is mankind. She here joins us who have discovered a new belief in the common man. And who are these "common people"? "They are all those who recognize their kinship with the commonalty of mankind." And "we must create our revolutionary allies in enemy countries by creating revolutionary principles for ourselves." Are there such common people in Germany? Can we make peace with them? "We do not know how many Germans in Hitler's Reich would rally to such a banner. But we shall never know until we raise it. And when we raise it, we will find the answer to the question: With what Germans can we make peace?"

Miss Thompson takes a clear and unequivocal stand in favor of world government. "The world is one single habitation for mankind and must at long last be governed. For the absence of world government is world anarchy." She formulates ten principles for a people's peace which have the ring of genuine conviction. They go far beyond the feeble conservatism of the Atlantic Charter, the poetic vagueness of the Four Freedoms. I will not quote them here, because you must read the book to feel their impact. But they certainly set the stage for the conversations with Hans that fill the second half of the book: "the strangest talk that Dorothy Thompson has ever made in her life — speaking to thousands of people to reach a single one."

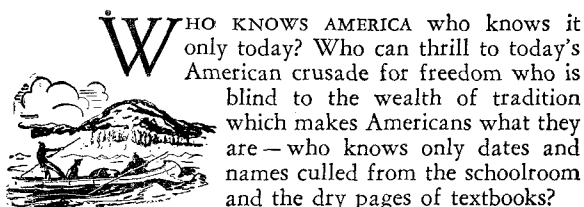
These broadcasts make strange and inspiring reading. They belong to our extraordinary world. No such thing has ever happened before. There is wisdom here; there are tenderness and much straight good common sense. These conversations between Dorothy Thompson and her enemy-friend are a living symbol of an emerging new world.

CARL J. FRIEDRICH

The birth of Freedom... the beginnings of America

are captured forever in the exciting novels of

KENNETH ROBERTS



WHO KNOWS AMERICA who knows it only today? Who can thrill to today's American crusade for freedom who is blind to the wealth of tradition which makes Americans what they are—who knows only dates and names culled from the schoolroom and the dry pages of textbooks?

From the beginnings of America there first arose that belief in man's freedom which is today sweeping like a conflagration across the globe. The birth of this ideal and of our nation itself, is bound within a trilogy of three gruelling wars ranging between 1752 and 1815: the first, when a small band of settlers beat back the French and the savages converging from North and West; the second, when the thirteen colonies fought against the British and broke the bonds of overseas oppression; the third, when a new nation struggled on land and sea to repulse an invader and so established its place in the world.

THIS is the *America* of Kenneth Roberts! This trilogy of wars he has made his own property, bringing its vibrant, epochal events to the pages of his books. His vigor of style and ability to paint vast color-splashed canvases of characters and scenes, have few parallels in our literature; his painstaking respect for fact gives his work solid strength; his seasoning of historical fact with plot and romance, make history an exciting adventure.



Reviewers everywhere have acclaimed Kenneth Roberts as America's greatest historical novelist.

★ THE CLEVELAND PRESS writes, "Kenneth Roberts' *Arundel* proved that he was the best historical novelist now practicing in America. Its sequel, *Rabble in Arms*, continued the proof. Consensus of critical opinion still is that each of these books should have received the Pulitzer Prize. *Northwest Passage* proves him to be not only the best historical novelist now practicing in America; but as far as American readers are concerned, the best historical novelist who ever practiced anywhere, used any subject matter."

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You will *enjoy* these books—not just because the critics gave them superlative reviews, not because they are best-sellers today as they have been from the first, nor because they are important books by a great historical novelist, but because of their marvelous *readability*—because they are packed with romance and adventure, with the whole of America's early struggle.

* * * * *

Check the books which you may have missed, and buy them at your bookseller's:

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THE *Atlantic Bookshelf*

CRAZY HORSE

By *Mari Sandoz*

\$3.50

KNOPF

"A PEOPLE without a history," says an old Sioux, "is like the wind over the dry buffalo grass." To all intents and purposes, in spite of the distinguished writings of people like Stanley Vestal, the Lakota or Sioux people are just that to most Americans. Yet it is only a freak of history that the deeds of the Trojan Hector are known to a third of the world, and those of Crazy Horse are almost completely forgotten. Thanks to Miss Sandoz, Crazy Horse is more likely to be remembered now.

Crazy Horse is technically a biography of the greatest of the Lakotas, a chief worthy to rank with Tecumseh and Chief Joseph and Logan among great Indians; it is also a history of the decline and fall of a powerful nation robbed and plundered and betrayed; and beyond that it is a story with the inevitable movement and the dignity of great tragedy.

There are the very smell and color of the traditional life of the horse-Indians in this book, the texture of their thinking, the impressive and devout patterns of their ceremonies; and in the actions of the best of the Sioux — the hostiles under Crazy Horse — there is a heroism that goes beyond mere physical courage. The Sioux were undoubtedly, as warriors, what Stanley Vestal has called them: the finest cavalry the world has ever seen. But the weight of historical inevitability lay over them, and in spite of the leadership of the slight, pale Indian they called Our Strange Man, who whipped both Crook and Custer in a space of eight days, they went down. The best tales are always the tales of lost causes.

Miss Sandoz has now, with *Old Jules* and *Crazy Horse*, written two of the great stories of the West, and written them in the spirit of the sagas, with a scrupulous regard to truth and history. W. S.

ON BORROWED PEACE

By *Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein*

\$3.00

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

If there had been more Germans (and more Japanese) like this unusual prince, a descendant of an old noble family, a devout and rather mystical Catholic, a social radical and a passionate lover of liberty, we should not now be experiencing the sickening horrors of the Second World War. For the world's tragedy during the last generation has been a tragedy of mass conformity.

This very candid, human, and attractive description of his life and activities during the last decade shows that Prince Loewenstein likes to make gestures, but they are not gestures of conformity. A highly educated man, with a warm romantic feeling for both the classical and the medieval heritage of Europe, he gave up an idyllic retreat in his native Tyrol because

the castles and churches and mountains and forests of that lovely land lost their savor for him when there was no longer freedom there. He wandered over Europe fighting Hitlerism wherever he could, as in the Saar, and finally became an itinerant college professor in the United States.

The narrative has some of the weaknesses of youth along with the attractive qualities. The prince sometimes appears to follow his heart rather than his head, especially in his very optimistic estimate of the possibility of overthrowing Hitler by revolution from within at the time of the Munich crisis. But whether he is parleying with a traffic cop who asks him, "Where in hell is Loewenstein?" or correcting the paper of an artless girl student who writes, "Karl Marx was quite a socialite," he remains a thoroughly likable figure, warmhearted and humorous. One can only hope that some day he will realize his dream of broadcasting a message to America from a free Germany. W. H. C.

BARRIERS DOWN

By *Kent Cooper*

\$3.00

FARRAR & RINEHART

KENT COOPER, general manager of the Associated Press, tells in this book how he led the AP fight against the control that Reuters, the British news agency, exercised over the reporting of world news. The story begins in the 1870's, when Paul Julius Reuter, who had organized a news agency in England, agreed with Havas, the French agency, and Wolff, the German agency, to divide up the world into spheres of influence for the purpose of news dissemination. Privately owned, they were greatly influenced if not controlled by their respective governments. Reuters dominated the cartel.

For forty years the world received only the news of America that England, France, and Germany wanted it to receive. Much of the foreign news Americans read was distorted by the national points of view of England, France, and Germany. This fact, in Mr. Cooper's view, accounts for the belief abroad, until comparatively recently, that life in America was a round of lynchings, murders, and Hollywood scandals, interspersed with Indian uprisings.

The story is told in the lucid, objective style that has made the Associated Press famous. Perhaps Mr. Cooper spins out the tale unduly, and perhaps there is a surfeit of documentation. But as a casebook for the files of the Associated Press and students of the detailed organization of world news agencies, it is undoubtedly valuable. F. W. N.

THANKLESS CHILD

By *Frank Swinnerton*

\$2.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

It is really pleasant to be able to say, — as Mark Twain said of the weather, — "There is no war, no social problem, in this book." Time and place are of no great importance. A faint appealing flavor of Balzac and Dickens, an author who is interested in

When the world was not allowed to know...

WHY were some of the most fateful trends of history greeted with "thunders of silence"? . . . How was the struggling German Republic, with the cancer of Hitlerism already at work within it, cut off from the world by a newspaper *cordon sanitaire* tighter than any economic blockade — and more perilous to the rest of the world? . . . Why was it that everywhere—from Tokyo to London, from Washington to Moscow—men distrusted each other internationally? . . . Why did they have no way of knowing, really, what the other was up to? . . .

Because the news of the world was controlled by three great European agencies — Reuters of England, Havas of France and Wolff of Germany. And the greatest of them was Reuters.

THE story of how this control was smashed is in **BARRIERS DOWN**. On September 8, 1914, a young American newspaperman, an employee of The Associated Press, discovered that he could not comply with a cable request for a story on the war from *La Nacion* in Buenos Aires. Argentina, it seemed, was in Havas' territory . . . and that meant that The AP had to keep its hands off!

The young man, Kent Cooper, spent the next twenty years fighting for the principle that all news should be as freely available at the source and as freely exchanged between countries, as it had been and is through The Associated Press within the borders of the United States.

HE carried his fight to the citadel of entrenched news monopoly, the office of Reuters in London; and he crossed swords for twenty years with a suave and redoubtable antagonist, Sir Roderick Jones, the epitome of British conservatism and power. With the backing of farseeing American newspapermen, Cooper invaded first South America, then the Western Pacific, finally set up The AP news distributing machinery under the nose of the powerful Reuters in London! Roy Howard, of the United Press, competed with him but applauded when Cooper attacked the news barriers.

This is a great and thrilling story of a fight that ended in victory for the American way of free enterprise. And it is a stirring first person story of a man who believed that the news of all the world belongs to the people of all countries.

324 pages
\$3.00

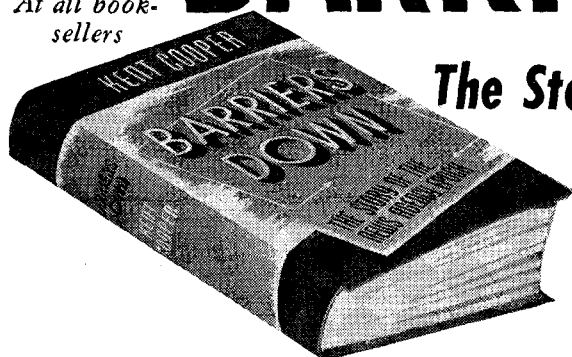
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BARRIERS DOWN

The Story of the News Agency Epoch

By KENT COOPER

FARRAR & RINEHART • 232 MADISON AVE., N. Y.



THE *Atlantic Bookshelf*

his characters and is fond of them, however grubby some of them are, and a style unflaggingly fresh and pointed, even if a little too labored at times — all this makes one settle back contentedly over a book that in a sense is so old-fashioned as to be quite new.

As for the story, it is a new kind of triangle, consisting of a girl, her father, and her lover. Mordred Snape, a defeated and almost friendless widower given to solitary tipping, concentrates his affections upon Frankie, his pretty and lovable daughter. She falls in love with Lovat Kyle, a young Scottish artist of genius. The resulting conflict of loyalties in all three makes a story which offers a fascinating study of human impulses and motives.

R. M. G.

ONE DESTINY

\$2.50

By Phil Stong

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK

MR. STONG has made himself — partly by unremitting practice, one gathers from his own account — an uncommonly adroit craftsman of the light topical novel on a serious theme. His present theme, serious to solemnity, is nothing less than America groping toward and growing into a consciousness of unity — the unity that it must have to give a truly effective account of itself in a global war. But solemnity stops with the title, which happens to be out of Daniel Webster ("one country, one constitution, one destiny"). For the rest the story is told largely in crackling, not to say wisecrackling, dialogue out of the mouths of persons to whom the flippant touch is almost a point of honor, especially about everything they deeply mean and feel.

These persons are chiefly of one Mid-Western clan and its connections. The farming Murdocks represent Pittsville, Van Buren County, Iowa; and Pittsville more or less represents the nation at large between the Sunday of Pearl Harbor and virtually the moment when *One Destiny* had to go to press. Those nine months, more or less, make room for variegated physical adventures — one in the Southwest Pacific, another on the Western Ocean, still another in moonlighted woods by the Des Moines River. But the chief substance, the real meaning, of the book is wrapped up in its exhibition of hard-working citizens, everyday Americans, gradually drawing abreast of the great problem, common to millions and yet different for each, of fitting the personal life and work into the requirements of a nation at war.

W. F.

A STUDY OF WAR

\$15.00

By Quincy Wright

UNIV. OF CHICAGO PRESS

THE present time, when far and away the greatest part of the globe is engulfed in a conflict that is being fought with the most perfected scientific weapons of destruction, is grimly appropriate for an all-out study

of the phenomenon called war. And Professor Wright's work is breath-taking in its massive comprehensiveness. It is embodied in two volumes, of a total length of more than fifteen hundred pages, and it represents the fruit of many years of research.

The result is almost an encyclopedia on the subject of war, with detailed information on subjects as far removed as the fighting habits of primitive tribes and some of the streamlined tendencies in modern politics and economics and science which make war in our time more universal in scope and more destructive for civilians as well as soldiers.

To some extent the diffuse character of the study may well militate against a wide popular audience, especially as some parts of it are written in that formidable "academic" style which is the peculiar property of college professors and social workers. At the same time a courageous and resolute reader can extract from these massive volumes a large variety of useful and varied bits of information, ranging from the eloquent condemnation of war by the great humanist Erasmus to the number of wars and the frequency of participation by individual states from 1481 until 1941.

Most interesting, perhaps, from the standpoint of the general reader, are Professor Wright's own ideas about the cure of war. He is a universalist in his approach, not a regionalist. He is also a staunch upholder of collective security, without which, as he believes, there cannot be voluntary adjustments and concessions as between states.

W. H. C.

THERE IS TODAY

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By Josephine Lawrence

LITTLE, BROWN

THE novels of Josephine Lawrence immediately raise the question that Howells and James debated, on a higher level but without definite answer, a long time ago: Is it possible to make good fiction out of the unhighlighted commonplace, the completely representative? The question can only be posed here, but it must be posed because Miss Lawrence herself poses it with every paragraph.

On one level this is a pure woman's-magazine story of a normally happy, normally sensitive, normally brave couple who grew up in a generation cheated first by depression and then by war, and who try to make what normal middle-class happiness they can, for as long as they can, out of the fragments. It has all the interior decoration and costuming of such novels; it appears to accept without question that feminine world of dress and domesticity that seemed to Havelock Ellis so little, so "paleolithically ancient," so pathetic.

Yet at the same time there is a sense of reality here, an understanding of the desires and dreams and thoughts and acts of the everyday white-collar American that must be honored. Everything, including the writing, is keyed to the level of the average, and somehow it sticks in the mind as important. Miss Lawrence is either very representative or very clever. I am not sure that it matters which.

W. S.

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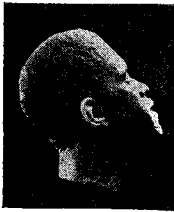
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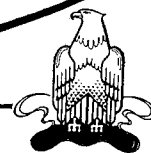
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By David Cornel De Jong

HARPER

MR. DE JONG quotes a Providence saying that "anything can happen on Benefit Street"; but everything in his novel happens in Penny McGuire's lodging house, which happens to be on Benefit Street. For a good many chapters one has the impression that Penny's lodging house is a cabinet of human freaks.

There is certainly very little that any Benefit Streeter would recognize as local and familiar except the housefronts depicted on the jacket. But as one reads on, the characters are seen to have been conceived in a kind of Dostoevskian pathos, as no more mad than most of us, but only lonelier. And so the novel grows steadily stronger, as if the author gradually becomes acquainted with his own mental population, just as we do. The dipsomaniac lady, the tubercular boy, the hare lipped professor, the peeping-Tom husband and his ferocious wife, the old maid mistress of the emasculated cat, the two prostitutes, the depraved young poet, and the rest, somehow finally click into a pattern; and just then comes the tornado-and-flood to wash everything and some of them away.

It is all very entertaining, some of it really sad, and much very good. If we choose we can read into this all sorts of larger significances.

R. M. G.

HIS MAJESTY'S YANKEES

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By Thomas H. Raddall

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

MR. RADDALL's chronicle of Nova Scotia in 1774-1777 has the same advantage over the common run of historical novels that Cooper's *Pioneers* had over his *Prairie*: that is, it is an outgrowth of prolonged familiarity with a region and of intense affection for it. The story told is probably new to fiction. It is the story of the events that brought Nova Scotia within an eyelash of adding a fourteenth stripe to the United States flag — a consummation thwarted partly by failure of the abortive expedition against Fort Cumberland, partly by the shameful abuses committed by the uncontrolled New England privateers, and partly by the farsighted political skill of such adoptive Nova Scotians as Michael Francklin. A lively tale well told, it is as exciting to Yankee readers as to any. But what makes the generous measure of fiction and history run over is the added element of pure lyricism, omnipresent in the form of the Nova Scotian landscape, its woods and weathers and tides and seasons, its smells and bird song. Mr. Raddall's pages give us the next best thing to a four-season residence somewhere between Halifax and Fundy, and some of them are so beautifully written that they will make many a reader homesick for a seaboard upon which he has never set foot.

W. F.

W. H. C. WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN
W. F. WILSON FOLLETT
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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

In the October number an American wife develops the thesis that "Letters Save Lives." For three years she has lived on letters, an ever growing pile of which are neatly filed.

I too know what it is to "live on letters." For longer and for shorter periods my calendar has been marked in red to indicate the days when they arrived. They have given sustenance to my spirit. But there came a day, a dreaded day, when my own letters began to come back to me. On the covers was stamped "Return to Sender, Service Suspended."

Since that day I have had no letters to live on. My husband and I now occupy different planets, perhaps "for the duration." Needless to say, this is not a happy situation. It has necessitated seeking other food to live on. It is there for the taking. In an amazing way, and to a surprising degree, I have been aware of his spirit, his sense of values, the code by which he has always lived. This is increasingly true, not only to me, but to our children, just out of adolescence. His influence is upon us in a way in which we did not have it when we had his physical presence or his frequent letters. It has given me a deeper realization of the things that abide.

A few days ago a small corner of the veil was lifted: one traveler from that other planet has succeeded in crossing the space that lies between. He was able to report that my husband was "well and cheerful." Now, for an indefinite period of time, I must live on that bit of information. But there are assurances that cannot be taken away, nor shaken by calamity. In the light of those, it is possible to go on, hoping meanwhile for a better day. — *Mrs. R. B. C., Auburndale, Mass.*

The Atlantic and the News

The date was November 4, 1942. Over the radio came the words of Cecil Brown in his evening broadcast of the news: "Rommel's army is in full and disorderly retreat."

A few minutes later I picked up the November *Atlantic*, received that very day, and read the article

by Mr. Thomas entitled "Hitler's Second Front."

It would be hard to imagine a more striking illustration of the ironical way in which the swift march of events can rob a carefully prepared magazine article of its validity and cogency.

Mr. Thomas's thesis may fairly be summarized, I think, thus: The situation on the African front is extremely precarious, extremely dangerous. Rommel has the advantage in position and equipment. Allied planning has been deplorably shortsighted. Today the only prospect of facing Rommel on equal terms depends on the delivery of American equipment now in production. "How long will it take to bring up enough of these to venture on a counter-offensive against Rommel?"

It is obvious that while this article was being written, and set in type, and proofread, and printed, and delivered to *Atlantic* subscribers, plans not so shortsighted were being not only made but carried out; that men, materials, and leadership were being provided, adequate in quantity and quality for the winning of a major victory. According to press reports, moreover, President Roosevelt has stated categorically that only a small part of the equipment used in this operation was of American origin.

In other words, the writer of the article simply did not know enough about the situation he was discussing to give a true picture of it. This is not to his discredit. Military secrecy, and the censorship which protects it, had prevented such knowledge from reaching him.

But it is a dangerous thing to form and express definite views on any subject when there is a considerable body of vitally important evidence withheld from you. And when, especially in discussing operations of this war, a writer uses the word "today," he ought to make it clear that it is not the day on which he enters my house, via the magazine, and invites me to listen to what he has to say, but some date several weeks, conceivably, before that time.

The problem concerns the author; it concerns also the editor. — *Arthur Harold Weston, Appleton, Wis.*

Mr. Thomas's article was received early in October and at that date he could not possibly have anticipated the extent of Rommel's re-

Atlantic Repartee

verses or of our invading force making up in North Africa. But this in no wise invalidates the value of the criticism which he applied, and fairly applied, to the earlier campaigns in Libya. In those were mistakes from which we can hope to profit in the present campaign, and if the article is read with this thought in mind I believe its usefulness will be conceded. If Mr. Thomas's case is accepted as an attempt to emphasize the immediate importance of the North African front, which in our opinion was his main theme, the campaigns now going on would seem to sustain him very creditably indeed. — THE EDITOR

In the case of the French West African campaign by the Americans, there were many indications that something was brewing in that area. There was news of ship concentrations off Gibraltar; but, on the other hand, reports were issued that General Dwight Eisenhower was on his way to Washington to confer with the President. These conflicting stories were deliberate. They were deliberate not to confuse us, but to confuse our enemy. But that they confused us along with the enemy cannot be gainsaid.

It is time now to clear up some of this confusion. A survey of most of the latest magazines shows how much the editors themselves were caught short, but here and there we can find articles that indicate a total view of the war situation, allowing for the possibilities which over the week-end became actualities. The Atlantic Report on the World Today, prepared by the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine, is such an article. I am going to read parts of this report because I think that, if we understand the points made by the editors, we can more easily see where the French West African or second-front campaign fits into the picture. As we read, it will be necessary to introduce the new facts that we now have. We must rearrange in our own minds our understanding of the war. — From a "Reading for War-time" broadcast, Wisconsin State Radio Station WHA

Naturalist at Large

Dr. Barbour's article in the November *Atlantic* interested me, and if oversize gallstones are essential to the equipment of that department I will gladly send him mine. They may not be larger than Mrs. Chase's but they filled the entire bladder cavity, the larger being boot-shaped with another stone on top which kept revolving, causing me to pat my side a good deal of the time. They are certainly cute and unusual in shape, and though I don't like to break up my Medical Museum I will gladly do so in the interests of science. Let me know if you desire them. — Miss M. R. Suydam, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

It is with great delight that we read the first of Dr. Barbour's reminiscences, "Naturalist at Large," in the November *Atlantic*. We await future installments with keen anticipation, and are thankful for the hint that the editor has enough of this "Burgundy to last all winter."

I am really surprised that Dr. Barbour has Captain Cook sailing in the *Golden Hind*. This was the ship in which Sir Francis Drake made his trip around the world. The British government tried to preserve it (all curators take notice) but was so unsuccessful that about a century later it was broken up and enough sound timber salvaged to make a chair. This chair was presented to Oxford University. The account ends here, but we hope this chair graces some "Glory Hole" to this day. (See *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.)

Captain Cook made three voyages into the Pacific: first in the *Endeavour*; second in command of the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*; third with the *Resolution* and the *Discovery*. — W. A. Anderson, Iowa City, Iowa

John Collier Replies

Mrs. Eastman's commentary (November *Atlantic*) upon my article, "Indians Come Alive" (September *Atlantic*), is valuable because it represents a whole lapsed century of world-view — a Caucasian presumption about non-Caucasian races. How that view was projected and inflicted upon Red Indians is only a special case. The successful Indian, Mrs. Eastman earnestly believes, is the de-Indianized one: the good Indian is the Indian culturally dead. A crumb of participation in Caucasian superiority is better than a whole loaf of native inferiority. And it's "all or nothing" in Mrs. Eastman's type of thinking. Encouraging Indians to be themselves is like multiplying rotten apples in a barrel; the Indian ingredient is a pathogenic virus in Caucasian life. It is infantilism, and Indians should be made to grow up. *Atlantic* readers will know that the voice is that of a lapsed century in race relations world-wide, although conversing in this instance about Indians. At least, they will hope and will that superior racism is coming to an end.

Now to Mrs. Eastman's factual averments. She errs in thinking that the renewed Indian spirit moves only in the Southwest of the United States. The distribution of organized tribes (organized since 1934 under the Indian Reorganization Act) is as follows: 18 in the Southwest, 87 in the other regions of the United States, and 44 in Alaska. Behind these simple figures, if Mrs. Eastman cared to look, is the whole courageous story of Indian people struggling to hold fast to their tribal selves, and to make the tribe functional in the present. They are succeeding, too.

She errs equally in believing that the Southwest tribes are culturally segregated, or insulated from American and world life. Completely she has missed the point of the condensed chapters of my article,

dealing with the Iroquois, the Navajos, the Apaches. It is into modern life, and into the American future, that these tribes and their members have marched. Only — their past lives on. Mrs. Eastman thinks their past is heathenish and should be willing to die. As protagonist of an earlier white-man's ideal of denatured Indians, she feels toward these living and marching Indians a sincerely charitable yet somewhat jealous contempt. They hardly even know that such attitudes exist, these "hundred thousand" of the tribes. They just go on being their native, humorous, centered, and kindly selves, "striving to save their own souls and their comrades' homeward way."

Concerning Indian vital statistics. My words, "These are statistics of Indians of pure blood and of strongly predominant native blood," were meant to refer to "the Indians from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn (who are) 28.2 per cent of the whole population." However, my article was not a discussion of biology vs. culture in Indians. It dealt with a stream of tradition, with social values which live on and a spirit now being renewed from of old — renewed as modern spirit in the present world. There are, in our country, full-blood Indians who keep little of the heritage and impulse, mixed-bloods who keep much. It is not their blood-quantum but their intensified social energy which is causing (for example) the Pueblos and Navajos to increase, currently, at more than twice the rate of our white population.

Mrs. Eastman darkly mentions the cult or Native American Church, without realizing that it destroys her own thesis. She rightly thinks that the Native American Church is a very Indian institution. That church is centered in Oklahoma and its distribution is up to the Canadian line, but only negligibly into the Southwest; that is, its growth is within the mixed-blood rather than the pure-blood Indian regions. Here is not the space to discuss this much investigated institution. I have before me now a list of 400 monographs and books in many languages which deal with it. — *John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C.*

I Personally —

The letters "From a Flying Tiger" are masterpieces of English — simple, limpid, and convincing. I think the sentence or two in which Major Bright referred to Steinbeck and Hemingway reveal his whole healthy philosophy of life. This alone should bring encouragement to multitudes of parents with boys in the service. I am proud that Princeton had even a small part in the development of such a man. — *Harold W. Dodds, President, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.*

I have just finished reading "Angel Mo' and Her Son: Roland Hayes." MacKinley Helm has told the story of this great Negro singer with a gracious integrity that reflects the spirit of the artist himself. And that story is a glowing incentive to Negroes and whites alike. — *Louis Adamic, Milford, N. J.*



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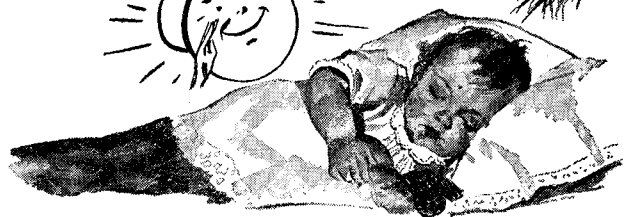


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Thomas Mann

The winner of the Nobel Prize tells us how he came to write the story of Joseph and His Brothers, and how that creative process, which began in Germany and continued in Switzerland, was finally transplanted to America, to be completed in contact with the American myth.

"Æ" (GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL). *An Atlantic Portrait*

Diarmuid Russell

A son's affectionate remembrance of that Irish poet and mystic who left his mark on America.

LETTERS FROM FRANCE

Anonymous

Now that France is barricaded, it touches the heart to realize that integrity such as this lives on there today. Courageous letters from a French mother to her daughter in America.

OPIUM SMOKING

Walter Duranty

Wracked by the pain of a broken hip, a famous journalist sought the ancient solace. He found release — and a new captivity.

IF WE ARRIVE IN ITALY

George de Santillana

Shall we be prepared for a political situation much more acute than that which we encountered in North Africa? How strong is underground Italy, and what does it want?

and

"THUMBLINGS," by Llewellyn Howland



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